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A LOST ARCADIA

OR

The Story of My Old Community

By WALTER A. CLARK

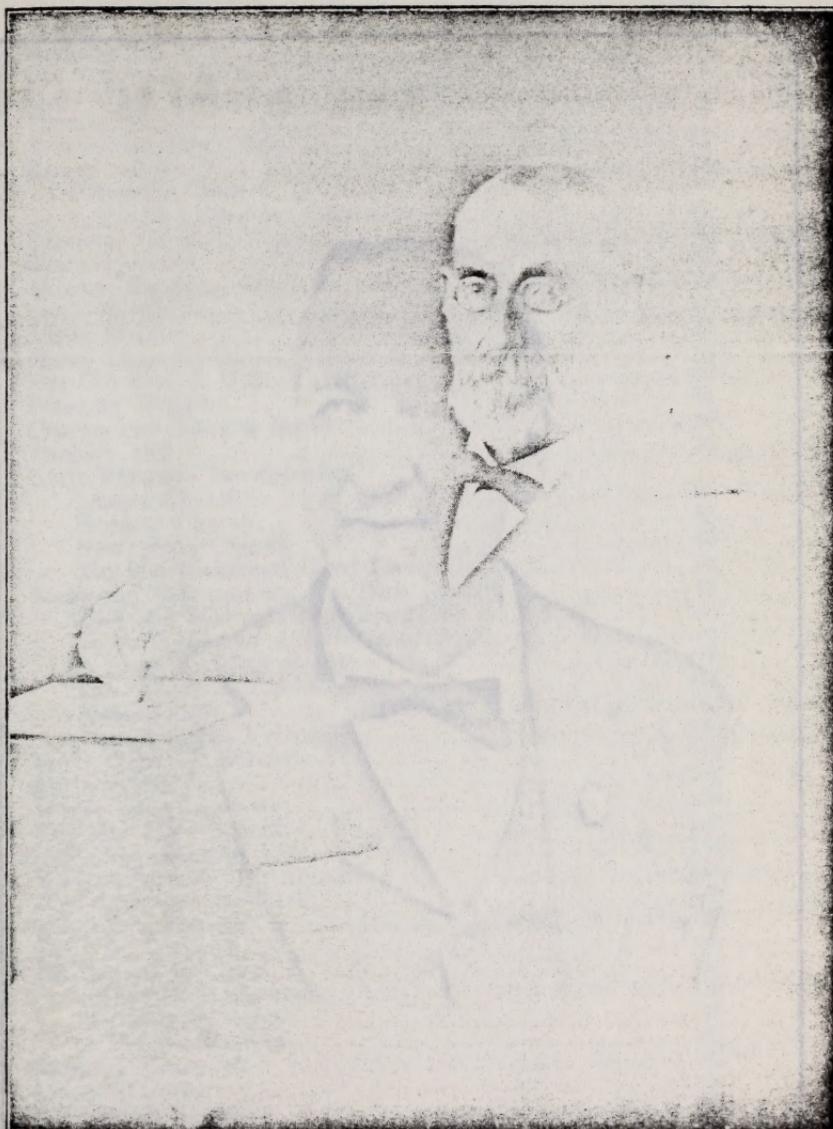
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Yours very sincerely
Walter A. Lelonek

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**WILLIAM J. STEED,
My Literary Sponsor.**

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PREFACE

In the old days at Emory College, students who failed to attend the sun rise prayer service in the antiquated chapel, were required at evening prayer to render excuses for their absence. A professional delinquent along this line fell into the habit of singing out "corporeally indisposed" when the charges against him were preferred. Through frequent reiteration the plea grew a little monotonous to the grim old President, Rev. James R. Thomas, and one day he answered: "Yes sir, I'm afraid you are morally indisposed and if you don't convalesce very rapidly I shall send you home for your health." And so if the reader feels indisposed "corporeally" or otherwise to tackling this preface no statutory provision, legal or moral compels him to do so. These literary accessories before the fact are not as a rule of specially absorbing interest and usually exhibit abnormal talent for being skipped by the average reader. And yet in deference to long established custom these initiatory words are penned.

And now in patient discharge of this implied duty I do not mind saying to the reader, a la Artemas Ward, that "this is a book." or at least that this in Celtic vernacular is the "intintion." There are many books of many kinds and this volume properly classified would probably belong to the "sui generis," "sic trasit gloria mundi" variety. If the reader has grown a little rusty on classic Latin I do not mind saying to him further that the latter phrase has been sometimes translated, "My glorious old aunt has been sick ever since Monday," but I do not think that this revised version has been generally accepted as strictly orthodox. This book can not be said to have been written without rhyme or reason for its pages hold more rhyme than poetry and three reasons at least, have conspired to give it literary existence.

First, I have written it to please my friends, who bear personal kinship to its records.

Second, I have hoped to please myself by making some little contribution to a bank account whose surplus has never been a burden.

Third, a hundred years and more from now it may be that some far descendant of the author, while fingering the musty shelves of some old library, may find some modest satisfaction in the thought that his ancient sire had "writ" a book.

Whatever its shortcomings may be, it bears at least the merit of being the first distinctive effort to gather and preserve the historical, genealogical and traditional records of a rural community in Georgia, and possibly in all the South. Treating largely of the early pioneers it is in a literary way a pioneer itself. It may not meet a long felt want and yet through all these later years many inquiries have come to me for just such information as this book has tried to furnish.

In the morning of our lives our hopes and aspirations like our shadows lie before us, but when the noontide has been passed and our steps are tending towards the sunset our thoughts and feelings, like our shadows still, stretch backwards towards the morning. Our interest in the old, old days increases with our added years and the glamour of the long ago grows stronger as we near the twilight.

And yet, dear reader, whether the skies that rest above you are radiant with the breath of morning or paling in the shadows of your eventide, if you will give these old time memories as kindly a reception as met my first attempt at authorship I shall be more than satisfied.

INTRODUCTORY

Filed away on a page of the writer's scrap book there is a letter that I have treasured and preserved not only for the gifted hand that penned it but for the tone of tender kindness that breathes and glows in its every written word—a letter that in large degree must stand as sponsor for the story that will follow. Some years ago I published another story, the record of my company and regiment during four years of Confederate service. A copy was sent to gentle and genial Bill Arp, humorist and sage, always witty and never perhaps unwise, and his reply acknowledging the gift contained these words: "What a pity that every regiment, and indeed every company, did not have a historian." This expressed regret has brought to me the kindred thought that possibly it may be equally a pity that every community does not have its chronicler to gather up the tangled and raveled skeins in its own history and preserve them in coherent form not only for the living, but for their children and their children's children, in all the years to come. To fill this need if need it be for the community in which the writer was born and reared will be the purpose of this perhaps imperfect story.

Its data has been garnered from many sources—from conference with many whose memory goes farthest back into the past, from musty and antiquated records, from fading entries in old time family bibles that have been heirlooms for a hundred years and more, and from the moss stained slabs that mark the mounds where rest our earliest pioneers.

For the vein of unpretending humor that clothes in part its storied detail I have only this apology to make. When Henry Clay had closed one of his magnificent orations in the

city of New Orleans, Sargent Prentiss, who sat upon the stage was called for by the shouting audience. Rising he said, and only said: "When the eagle is abroad owls and bats must hide their diminished heads." Washington Irving and William Nye have with their own inimitable genius given to dry historic fact a touch of genuine humor, but the mountain eyries where these proud eagles fledged their literary young have long been tenantless and in their absence I can but trust that in the lowlier efforts of an humbler pen the kindly reader beneath whose eyes this story falls may find at least no serious ground for cavil or regret.

THE RED MAN'S RULE

No proper historic setting can be given to our rustic village without some reference to its antecedents, to the early story of the community in which it stands and to the social, moral and educational forces that brought it into municipal being and without which it would have had no individual entity and no history corporate or otherwise. Looking backward then to a period some centuries ago, when the writer and the town were both absolutely unknown quantities, a period when this section was covered by primeval forests untouched by the woodman's axe, a period when the policy of "benevolent assimilation" had not begun its fateful work and the Red man's foot had not been taught to press the rugged path that leads to race extinction, roaming over these hills and valleys there lived and loved another race of beings. When Oglethorpe, in the Fall of 1735, established for the benefit of his struggling colony a trading post on the banks of the upper Savannah and gave it the name of his friend and patron the Princess Augusta, he found the territory extending Westward from the river occupied both above and below the post by a tribe of Uchee Indians. Their original habitat had probably been located near the Coosa river, in upper Georgia and North Alabama. On their migration to this section they became a component part of the great Muskhogee or Creek confederation, whose dominion extended from lower Florida to the Cherokee lands in North Georgia. The Uchees were not a large tribe, their territorial limits covering probably only the present area of a few counties adjacent to Augusta, among them Richmond, Burke, Jefferson and a portion of Columbia, the occupation and control of the last named county being shared by the Kiokees, another subordinate tribe owing allegiance to the Creeks. The names of both these minor tribes are perpetuated by gurgling streams that traverse their former hunting grounds in that county. Although seventy-one years have passed since the Creeks were removed from Georgia by the Federal gov-

ernment and a longer period has elapsed since their moccasined feet pressed the soil of this immediate section abundant evidences still exist of Indian occupancy. The Murray Road in this county was once an Indian trail and was probably used by George Galphin in his trips from his home at Silver Bluff on the Savannah to his trading post at Ogeechee Town or Galphinton, now Old Town, in Jefferson county. The following reminiscence of this celebrated Indian trader may be new to some of my readers. There are probably several versions of it, but I give Rev. George Smith's, first because he is a preacher and ought to tell the truth, and secondly because it is the only one I have.

On one of Galphin's visits to Ogeechee town an Indian chief was attracted by the bright red coat he wore. Gazing with admiring and covetous eyes on the crimson vestment he said to the trader:

“Me had a dream.”

“Oh,” said Galphin, “what did you dream?”

“Me dream you give me dat coat.”

“You shall have it,” said the wily trader.

Months passed and they met again. After the usual salutations Galphin said:

“Chief, I had a dream.”

“Ugh,” said the chief, “what you dream?”

“I dreamed that you gave me all the land in this fork of the creek.”

“Ugh,” said the chief, with a shrug, “you have it, but we dream no more.”

Evidences of the Red Man's rule are not confined, however, to traditional Indian trails. During my schoolboy days at the old Brothersville Academy, it was the habit of the students to utilize many of the midday intermissions in periodical visits to the bathing house built by Mr. Alexander Murphy, one of the old-time Brothersville residents, for the benefit of that community. Our pathway led across a stream that finds its source within the limits of our town, and in a cultivated field lying along its borders we gathered a goodly collection of Indian arrow heads. Half a mile away, on a

neck of land formed by the confluence of this stream with another, that begins its gurgling life near my father's old home, the subsoil plow in recent years has unearthed many fragments of ornamented Indian pottery. The contour of some of these specimens indicates that they formed part and parcel of large vessels probably used for boiling the beans and other vegetables cultivated by the Indians. How was this done? This clay ware was unable to endure a high degree of heat applied to its outer surface, and the squaw cook, when she decided to "boil the pot" for the midday meal, filled the vessel partially with water and then dropped into it heated rocks until it reached the boiling point. If this was an every day occurrence the Red Man scarcely failed to consume the proverbial "peck of dirt" before making his exit to the happy hunting grounds beyond the sunset. Not far away from where this pottery has lain for nearly two centuries, on the old James Anderson place, and near a spring, whose limpid waters mingle with the streams already named, there is a mound supposed to be of Indian origin—a mound within whose hidden bosom there may have rested for all these years the antiquated dust of some old Uchee chief. These corroborating facts seem to furnish satisfactory evidence that within the limits of our town or just beyond its boundaries, there was once upon a time a thriving Uchee village where

The Indian warrior wooed his dusky mate,
And like his "pale face" brother, sat up late;
Yet wooed and won without the helpful aid
Of soda-fount, ice-cream, or even lemonade.

And when the happy honeymoon was over,
He played the gentleman, and lived in clover,
While she, his faithful squaw, was up at dawn,
To cook his meals and hoe his patch of corn.

She kept his wigwam and his food warm, too;
And when with trusty bow his aim was true,
She jerked his venison and may likewise,
Have jerked the scalp-lock o'er his Uchee eyes.

Since the above doggerel was written I have learned from a statement made by Col. Charles C. Jones, Jr., who was not

only a very learned scholar and historian, but an eminent Indian authority as well, that these dusky sons of the forest were in the habit of doing their courting by proxy. The delicate and generally delightful preliminary negotiations that antedate a matrimonial alliance among the whites in all civilized lands were delegated by the Indians to the prosy lips of a mother or sister, whose personal interest in the arrangement was untouched and untinged by any halo of sentiment or romance. While I can but deprecate the lack of good taste shown by these dusky lovers in foregoing voluntarily the pleasure of "popping the question" I can make no refutation of a fact which seems to throw a shadow of discredit upon the absolute historical accuracy of a few lines in the foregoing verse. But what is writ is writ, and as my learned and clever friend, Rev. L. P. Winter, who sometimes woos the muse and whose opinion, therefore, on the matter of wooing ought to be "expert," has suggested that the unintentional error be charged up to poetic license, the reader can let it go at that.

Before closing this feature of my story I am glad to be able to give, as a matter of interest to the reader of these chronicles, the signification of some of the beautiful Indian names still in use in this and adjoining States. This information has come to me through the kindness of Rev. Milton A. Clark, who for more than twenty years has devoted his life to missionary service among the Red Men of the West, and who, at my request, has furnished it for use in these memories:

Indian	English	Tribal Origin
Catoosa	High-up	Cherokee
Dahlonega	Gold	Cherokee
Savannah	Open Glade	Cherokee
Oostenaula	High Tower	Cherokee
Chattahoochee	Figured Rock	Creek
Ockmulgee	Foaming Water	Creek
Opelika	Owl Roost	Creek
Ocklawaha	Boggy	Creek
Seminole	Wanderer	Creek
Tallahassee	Broken Down Town	Creek

And now in taking leave of the Brother in Red I can but express my regret that any of my own kith and kin should have been accessory to the spoliation of these aborigines of their broad and beautiful domain—a regret just as keen and possibly a little more sincere than that, which shadowed Mark Twain's soul as he stood with misty eyes over the ancient grave of Adam.

EARLY WHITE SETTLEMENTS.

In the early years following the establishment of a military and trading post at Augusta the whites began to make inroads into the territory adjacent to that point. Rev. George G. Smith, who is never happy save when he is fingering musty records, says in his "Story of Georgia and Her People," that as early as 1753 there were white residents in Jefferson county. In this immediate section, lying so much nearer the protecting arm of the military post, white settlements must have been made at an earlier date. Who was the original pioneer. After all these years and in the absence largely of any written or printed record it is difficult to determine with any degree of certainty or assurance. The men who cleared these primeval forests were making and not writing history, keeping the wily Indian at bay and not keeping diaries or journals for their remote posterity.

Collating all the historic and traditional information that I have been able to gather, it seems probable that if not the first, certainly among the very earliest settlements made in the community, was that of

THOMAS WALKER.

In the old days the landed estates of the King of England were patrolled by royal guards—men who were required to "walk" over and inspect a certain area every day. In this way they came to be known as "walkers," and finally the term denoting their occupation was adopted as a surname. Some of the impecunious members of the tribe have probably been "walking" ever since.

During the civil war in England a large contingent of the Walkers were staunch adherents of the Stuarts, and when that dynasty fell into temporary eclipse at the hands of Cromwell and his Roundheads, Cavalier heads were at a premium. Many of the Walkers, having no inclination to lower the price by placing their own on the market, sought on foreign soil the safety denied them at home. Among them there was a family whose roll contained a Peter, whose father had spent his fortune in the royal cause and fled to Ireland, where Walkers were practically unknown. The Encyclopedia of Heraldry, in listing the coats of arms of this family name with its "Nil Desperandum" motto gives in a record of fifty-two, only one from the Emerald Isle.

In 1735, two brothers, George and Thomas Walker, and their sister, Mary, who were probably descendants of this refugee family, emigrated to Pennsylvania, settling on the Delaware river. Five or ten years later, Mary, having in the meantime joined the married sisterhood by weding a Mr. Dallas, George and Thomas came to Georgia, the former locating on Brier Creek in Burke county, probably near the bridge over that stream that bears his name. Thomas settled either in this section of Richmond, and near the spot where he now lies buried, or lived for a time in Burke and then came to Richmond. In 1750, on account of Indian troubles, he left Georgia and lived for eighteen years in Beaufort District, South Carolina. Returning to this State in 1768, he lived in this community until his death in 1809, at the age of 90 years. His wife, Mary, died in 1825, aged 83. Who was she before her marriage? On this point my ignorance is about as dense as that of a member of an old time debating society who, on rising to discuss the justifiability of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, asked the presiding officer if a question for information was in order. "Certainly," said the official. "Well, sir, before discussing this question I'd like to know who this Mary Scott was anyhow?"

So the writer would like to know who Mary Walker, his great-grandmother, was, but there seems to be no present accessible source of information. A penciled memorandum made

by my uncle, the late Col. A. C. Walker, states that Thomas Walker, his grandfather, had seven sons and five daughters. A similar memorandum, made by Mr. Peter G. Walker, of Morgan county, says that George, his ancestor, had seven sons and five daughters, and it is a rather singular fact in connection with the above that the Bible should stand sponsor for exactly nine of the names in each of these groups of children. A stranger chancing in at a Christmas reunion of the two families, when all were present, would have had his acquaintance with old time Bible worthies refreshed by a presentation on the Thomas side of the table to Abraham and Isaac, Rachel and Rebecca, Reuben and Benjamin, Elijah and Amos, winding up with the loved and loving John. Across the table George would have taken him back through antediluvian days to Enoch, and then on down, with Rebecca and Moses, David and Esther, closing up among New Testament records with Mary and Elizabeth, Thomas and John. Each group had a William and each a Margaret, while George had a namesake among his children.

In this schedule of Thomas Walker's sons I have added an Amos to Col. A. C. Walker's list for two reasons. First: Mr. Peter Walker, who suffered from an attack of pedigree fever some years ago, credits him with a son of that name, and for the additional and convincing reason that the grave of Amos lies beside the mounds that cover his father and six of his brothers and sisters, and in matters genealogical graveyards make mighty good witnesses.

Of the personality of Thomas Walker I know but little. The memorandum left by Col. Walker, already referred to, states that he and his sons were a fine looking race of men. As I am one of his descendants and as I have at divers and sundry times been the victim of mistaken identity in being taken or mistaken for four of the homeliest men in Richmond county, there would seem to be strong circumstantial evidence that my share of the family inheritance on that particular line was still an undistributed patrimony.

One traditional incident has come down to me that shows at least that Thomas Walker's manly heart was not lacking

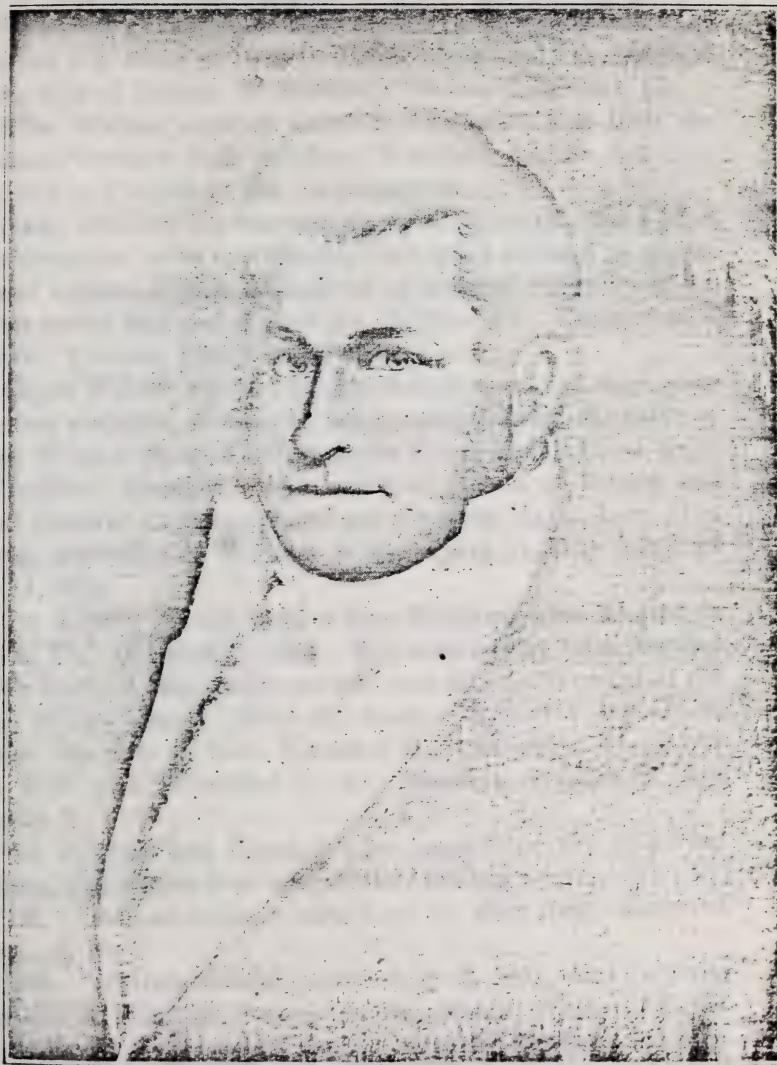
in the milk of human kindness. He owned a large body of land and many cattle and hogs, the early settlers relying more upon their flocks and herds than cultivation of the uncleared forest. Riding over his estate one day, he chanced upon a poorer neighbor, who had slaughtered one of his beeves and was flaying it for use at his own table. After reprimanding him for the theft he asked: "Have you any salt to cure it?" "No, sir." said the man. "Then send to my house and I will give you what you need," and putting spurs to his horse he went his way, little thinking that a hundred and fifty years later his great-grandson would be placing before the public eye this little story to his credit.

It is not the purpose of these records to enter into the construction of family trees, lest such a course might trench upon the domain already pre-empted by a clever friend and relative of the female persuasion, who thinks pedigree, talks pedigree, writes pedigree, and who possibly wanders in happy dreamland through mammoth groves of every blooming family trees. So many inquiries have come to me, however, in these later years on genealogical lines that some information as to the descendants of the early settlers will not, I trust, be lacking in interest to the reader. Taking Thomas Walker's children in the order already given, Abram married a Miss Whitehead, lived at Athens, Ga., and died childless.

Isaac Walker married Bethia Whitehead and eleven children were born to them, James B., Thomas, Amos, William, Isaac, Jr., John, Hester, Mary (Garlick), Rebecca (Harlow), and Susan who became the wife of Wm. S. C. Morris.

Dr. James B. Walker married Julia Woolfolk, lived in Augusta, Ga., and was a very prominent figure in its commercial life. His sons, the late James W. and John W. Walker, his daughters Virginia Schley, Lucy Caswell and Mary Wallace, and his grandchildren through these sons and daughters have filled and are filling now large space in the business and social life of the city.

To Wm. S. C. and Susan Morris was born one daughter, Maria, who on July 3, 1861, was married to Major Thomas Spaulding McIntosh, Adjutant General of McLaws Division



ELIJAH WALKER.

C. S. A. While rallying skirmishers at the battle of Sharpsburg, Maj. McIntosh was killed, and in 1868 she married Dr. John M. Madden, Asst. Surgeon C. S. A. She and her daughter Fleurine (Tucker) are now residents of Brunswick, Ga., while her son Maurice lives in Jacksonville, and her daughter Susan, wife of Samuel B. Hatcher, lives in Columbus, Ga.,

John Walker married Cornelia Woolfolk, and their descendants through their children, Woolfolk, Louise and Cornelia, live in Columbus, Ga., or elsewhere.

Isaac Walker, Jr., married his wife, of course, but I have no information as to her identity, nor am I advised as to the place of residence, past, present or to come of either Isaac Jr., and his better half nor of their six children, viz: Isaac, Amos, William, Thomas, Hattie and Polly.

Elijah Walker married Elizabeth Collins and to them were born two children, Robert T., who married Anne daughter of Judge William Polk of the Supreme Court of Maryland, niece of President James K. Polk and first cousin of Bishop and Lieut. General Leonidas Polk, and Cynthia Maria, born Dec. 7, 1799, married Col. William A. Carr July 31, 1817 and died July 12, 1833.

To Robert T. was born a son, William, who married in Macon, Ga., and died in 1853. His widow was later married to Col. Philip Tracy of Macon who was killed afterward at the battle of Gettysburg. After the death of Robert T. his widow became the wife of Gov. Herschel V. Johnson to whom she bore four sons, Herschel V. Jr., Emmett, Winder P. and Thomas L.

To William and Cynthia Carr were born the following children, aside from four who died in infancy:

1st. Thomas Walker, born Sept. 17, 1822, died unmarried March 28, 1895.

2nd. William Walker, born Aug. 8, 1824, died in 1903, married first Caroline Tucker, children Robert Walker, Florida C., William A.; married second, Mattie Rawles, children, Charles, Joseph, James and Goode.

3rd. Elijah Walker, born March 28, 1829, married Anna, daughter of Dr. Edwin H. Macon Dec. 19, 1860, and died Dec.

24, 1872, children Lilius Amanda, Susan Crawford, Florida Agnes (Orr) and Thomas.

4th. Florida Cynthia, born July 11, 1831, died Feb. 14, 1905. She was the youngest born and was never married. I never knew her but have gathered the following data from a loving tribute paid to her by her niece Florida Orr, now living with her husband, Robert C. Orr, and her children Robert C. Jr., and Julia W. at Carrs Hill, Athens Ga. Cynthia Carr died when Florida was in her babyhood and her childhood years were spent at the home of her grandmother, Elizabeth Walker on the Northern border of Burke county near McBean Creek and now owned by Pauline C. Rhodes.

During her girlhood her father married a widow who had been the beneficiary of two previous matrimonial alliances and when after her grandmother's death young Florida returned to her childhood home she found herself domiciled with brothers of her own blood, two batches of step brothers and sisters and a little half sister, a rather strenuous situation. Despite such environment however she retained her sweetness of temper and developed into a womanhood of rare and charming beauty, a claim confirmed by her pictured face.

Eschewing marriage she devoted herself for ten years to the care of her invalid father and for many years to orphaned ones committed to her care. And so though childless she was indeed and in truth one of 'God's mothers.' For sixty years she kept a quiet nook near the old home all abloom with flowers of every tint and hue, perpetuating among others roses and narcissus, that her mother Cynthia had carried from the old homestead in Burke nearly a hundred years ago, and that are still shedding their fragrance on the summer air at Carrs Hill today.

Such in brief is the story given me of her by my good friend and relative Florida Orr, and while she has written lovingly I am sure that she has written truly.

Thomas Walker's daughters, Rebecca, Rachel and Margaret, were never married, but whether from choice or necessity I do not know. After their father's death in 1809 they kept bachelors' hall or old maids' hall at the old home. Aunt



**"AUNT BETSEY," WIFE OF ELIJAH WALKER
and
HER GRANDDAUGHTER, FLORIDA CARR.**

Rebecca was the last survivor and her later years were spent at my father's home. In her old age she was rather an odd genius and as Rev. Thomas F. Pierce once said of her: "If the English tongue holds any word that expresses singularity more strongly she was that."

* * *

In the memorable debate between Alexander H. Stephens and Benjamin H. Hill at Lexington, Ga., during the Presidential campaign of 1856, Mr. Hill requested his opponent to read certain extracts from his public utterances tending to show marked inconsistency in the positions he had taken on pending political issues at different stages of his public career. In order to ensure faithful rendition of the incriminating record he placed copies in the hands of a little boy with instructions to notify the audience if omissions were made. Mr. Stephens had proceeded but a little way with the unwelcome task when the boy sang out: "He's a skipping—he's a skipping." This incident has no earthly connection with the statement that if any reader of these family details should find them lacking in interest he has my cheerful permission to "skip."

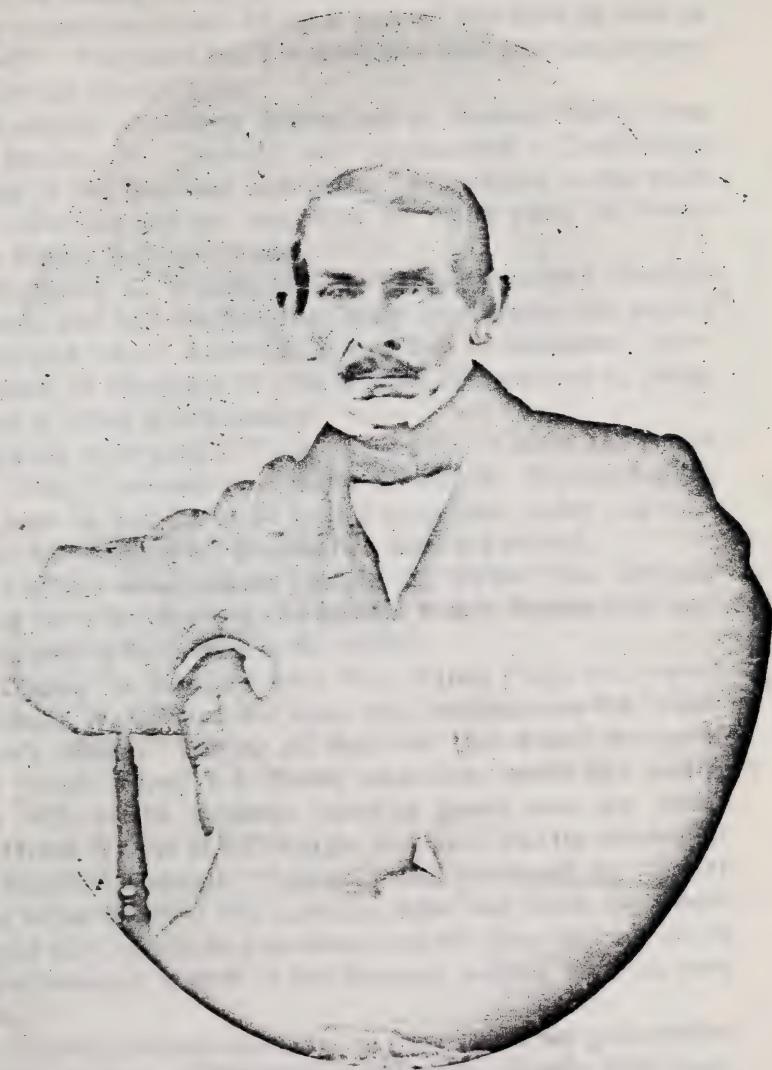
Returning then to the Old Testament progeny of Thomas, his son Reuben, my grandfather, married Martha Jones Evans, daughter of Daniel Evans, a Revolutionary soldier whose name appears upon the roster of Captain Patrick Carr's company of Burke Co., Rangers in 1782.

As a result of this marriage there were born one son, Alexander C., who married Virginia Anderson and after her death, Mary Louise Stafford, and two daughters, Celestia V., who was married to Edward R. Carswell and Martha R., who became the wife of Dr. Samuel B. Clark. Numerous descendants of these families now live in Richmond, Burke, Jefferson and other counties. Reuben Walker died in 1820, aged thirty-two years, his death having been the result of accidental poisoning at the wedding supper given by Mrs. Nancy Bugg on the occasion of her marriage to Alexander Kennedy. This marriage occurred at the "Goshen Place" near where Hephzibah now stands and as some inquiries have come to me in regard to the details of the accident, the following version furnished by Col.

A. C. Walker to his daughter is given. Some days before the wedding a demijohn, that had lain open or stopperless for months was sent to a wine dealer to be filled. The servant failed to rinse it thoroughly and after my grandfather's death the attending physician found mingled with the wine the remains of a poisonous species of spider. Other guests were made seriously ill, but there were no other fatal results.

Among the descendants of Reuben Walker, his son, Col. A. C. Walker deserves special mention. An intimate personal friend of Toombs and Stephens, Jenkins and Cobb, he was one of the brainiest men and most brilliant writers in the State. He represented Richmond county in the General Assembly for many years and on the retirement of Mr. Stephens in 1859 from long continuous service as representative of the old Eighth Congressional District Col. Walker was nominated unanimously as his successor. Having no political ambition he declined the honor. A political drama written by him about 1850 and entitled "The Conspirators," created a decided sensation and was first accredited to the brilliant and virile pen of Robert Toombs.

During the heat and bitterness of the slavery agitation and soon after the death of "Uncle Frank" one of his trusted and valued negroes he wrote for N. P. Willis' Home Journal of New York "The Night Funeral of a Slave," a sketch whose beauty and tender pathos attracted wide attention and was largely copied by the Northern and Southern press. His ability as a writer was acknowledged by Gov. Johnson even when they were at enmity. During the Johnson and Jenkins gubernatorial campaign the former became offended by something Col. Walker had said or written against him and when they met in Milledgeville the Governor declined to speak although they had been schoolmates and friends from earliest boyhood. Passing each other on the street or in the corridors of the capital for weeks without recognition, Gov. Johnston stopped one day abruptly and said: "Walker, I want to ask a favor of you." "What is it Governor?" said Col. Walker. "I want you to write an obituary of _____" naming a relative by marriage who had recently died. "I know of no man



COL. ALEXANDER C. WALKER.

about whom I could say less that was commendatory," was the reply. "I know that," said Johnson, "and that is my reason for asking the favor. No man within the whole range of my acquaintance can fix up a case of that kind as well as yourself." The paper was prepared and their relations became friendly and cordial again.

Another prominent descendant of Reuben Walker was Gen. Reuben W. Carswell, who commanded a Confederate brigade in the '60s, was nominated for Congress in the early years following the war and filled for many years the bench of the Middle Judicial Circuit.

Benjamin G. Walker, son of Thomas, married Caroline Edwards, and had one daughter Mary who became the wife of Martin and whose descendants now live in Alabama. After the death of Benjamin G., his widow was married to Judge Robert A. Allen of this county.

Of the other sons of Thomas, John D., William and Amos, what I don't know would probably fill a book. Beyond the fact that John D. and Amos lie buried near their father and have left no descendants my information does not extend.

And now before taking leave of the Walker tribe there are two or three incidents in the general family history that may not be lacking in interest to the reader.

During the Revolutionary War, Valley Forge was owned by Joseph Walker and his home was headquarters for Washington's officers. During all that cold and dreary winter of 1777 Joseph's good wife Sarah made corn mush and sent it with milk to the sentinels standing guard near her home.

Helen Walker of Edinburgh, Scotland, was the original of the beautiful character, Jeanie Deans, portrayed by Walter Scott in his Heart of Mid Lothian. After her death, the tender hearted novelist placed a monument at her grave bearing on its face a beautiful tribute to her memory written with his own hand.

Allusion has been made to the marriage of my grandfather Reuben Walker to Martha Jones Evans. Nearly fifty years later William Evans Walker, son of Col. A. C. Walker was married to Sarah Eleanora Evans daughter of William Evans.

These two unions of the two families add interest to the fact that some centuries ago the marriage of Hannah Walker to Samuel Evans of Wales, connected the Walker name and blood with the King of Wales and the King of Man both of whom were descended from King Lind who ruled Brittany when invaded by Julius Caesar in 54 and 55 B. C.

Some years ago Camp 1389 U. C. V. secured the services of Rev. Mr. Ledbetter, Pastor of the Methodist Church at Louisville, Ga., in a lecture for their benefit. Major Wm. T. Gary was selected to introduce the speaker. While waiting for the audience to materialize, which I regret to say it failed to do, and while engaged in conversation with the lecturer and Major Gary, the matter of pedigree became the subject of discussion. Mr. Ledbetter said that he was a descendant of King George of England, and Major Gary, not caring to be overshadowed in ancestral prestige replied that he was more than sixty years of age before he learned that he was a lineal descendant of King Robert Bruce of Scotland.

The writer, absolutely unconscious of any trace or taint or royal blood in his plebeian veins, sat by in still unbroken silence. And yet if I had known then what I really do not know now, that my Evans ancestral line carried me back to Mervyn Vrych the King of Man and Essyx his wife the daughter of the King of Wales and through them both to old King Lind of Early Brittany, whose brother Caswallon had with his sturdy yeomanry driven back the veteran legions of Julius Caesar from the British Coast, my tongue would scarce have been so silent nor my lips so mute.

And yet if my friend Peter G. Walker is not off in his arithmetic and if old King Lind had lived only a thousand years ago and if as Tom Watson would say, he was "some punkins" in his day, and if my Evans ancestral line came directly from him, my share of his royal prestige would be represented by the fraction one divided by one billion, three hundred and seventeen thousand eight hundred and twenty-four. Run it back another thousand years to this old sovereign's ancient era and there my royal strain would vanish into thin and misty air.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Roll back the curtained panorama of the years for an even century and what does its pictured canvas show to our modern eyes? In the forefront of its shifting lights and shadows sits Thomas Jefferson writing Presidential Messages with his virile grey goose quill by the flickering light of a tallow candle. Six years before, he had mounted his horse at Monticello, had ridden unattended and alone to the newly constructed capital at Washington, had hitched his mettled steed to a sapling in its front, had brushed the dust of travel from his Sunday clothes and in republican simplicity had delivered his brief inaugural. In 1807 he was filling his second term as Chief Magistrate of the nation and was filling it mighty well.

In a less pretentious structure in the little village of Louisville, Ga., Jared Irwin was serving his second term also as Governor of Georgia. But scan the canvas as closely as you may, you will find on its pictured face no railroad, no steam-boat, no cooking stove, no sewing machine, and not even a box of matches, nor a postage stamp in all the land. The pole boat and the old time stage were the "public carriers" of those old days, while the tinder box or horn with its flint and steel attachments took the place of the modern match, when the burning "chunk" though carefully imbedded in ashes failed to preserve its incandescent glow through the long winter nights. Letter writing in that day was a rather expensive pastime as every missive, loveladen or otherwise, reduced the writer's bank account just twenty-five cents.

And what were the local conditions in this immediate section? Augusta, although it had received its city charter seven years before, was only a struggling town over whose municipal destinies Gen. Thomas Flourney presided. There were only two public roads in Richmond County—one leading to Savannah and the other to Louisville, where for twelve years the State Government had lived and moved and had its legal being. During the old slave days Mr. James Anderson, who will receive further notice in these records, owned a negro

whose name was George. A stranger passing the Anderson home one day found George working in the grove, and being uncertain as to his route said: "Uncle, where does this road go to?" "Well boss," said the old man, "I bin here a long time and I never see dat road go anywhar. It just nach'ully stay right dar." So this old Louisville road that forms the commercial avenue of our town lies today where it lay a hundred years ago and more, with no material changes in its maiden path. Over its ungraded hills and unpaved sandy stretches the old time stage lumbered and jolted and toiled while the driver probably "cussed" his team in conventional Western style. The first stage station on this road was at the old A. W. Rhodes place in our town and the room used for this station still forms a part of the Rhodes dwelling. It was kept by a certain Stringfellow or some other fellow, but I have been able to secure no information as to his antecedents or his post-cedents.

Col. Augustus H. Anderson, of old time Brothersville, once went hunting and a little pet dog that had never heard the report of a gun followed him into the woods. When the first shot was fired the dog was standing by his side, but when its echoes had died away the dog had adjourned sine die, and was never seen again. The "Col.'s" solution of the matter was that his canine pet through excessive fright had simply "evaporated." My friend Stringfellow seems to have suffered a similar fate.

Oliver Cromwell once had his portrait painted. The artist thinking to please the grim Protector left off the warts that marred his rugged face, and when the stern old Puritan looked upon the finished canvas he said: "No sir, I won't have it, paint me as I am, warts and all." Tom Watson says that a book is worth only the truth it holds, and so in giving a faithful portrait of this community in its early days I fear I shall have to paint at least one wart upon its old time face.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity and pity 'tis true," that in the early years of the 18th century Stringfellow or the other fellow, who kept this stage station, not only looked upon the wine when it was red but reddened the noses of the stage passengers by

furnishing them liquid refreshments at so much per glass. With the exalted reputation this community has sustained for sobriety and good morals for all these years, I regret to place this blur upon its otherwise stainless record but as a truthful chronicler I can not ignore the fact. The patrons of the old stage routes did not enjoy a "two-cent fare" rate in those old days. Rev. Adiel Sherwood in the 1829 edition of his Gazetteer gives the fare charged on a number of these routes but none from Augusta to Louisville, probably for the reason that when the latter place was shorn of its prestige by the removal of the State Capitol to Milledgeville in 1807 the stage line was possibly abandoned. The figures given indicate that the rates were from 8 to 12 cents per mile. One statement made by this clerical authority may both puzzle and amuse the reader. It is as follows: "From Augusta to Charleston \$15.00 and found." Those unfamiliar with the provincialisms of other days might infer from this record that passengers on the route named were sometimes lost and that the rates charged covered the expense of finding them. To prevent any misapprehension on this line it may not be amiss to say that the language quoted simply means that the fifteen dollars guaranteed to the patron of this route not only transportation but "hog and hominy" in transit.

The early years following the close of the Revolutionary War brought to this section a tide of immigration from other and older States, notably from Virginia and North Carolina. Among those who came to this immediate community there was a Robert Allen who, as his grandson D. R. Allen informs me, was a native of the Tar Heel State and who settled within the present limits of our town. There were so many marriages and inter-marriages among the families of the early settlers and their stories are so largely blended that the clearness and interest of the narrative will be enhanced by an enumeration of Robert Allen's contemporaries all of whom will receive individual and special notice in these annals. Among them were Edmund Murphey who located at what is known as the old Murphey place on the Louisville Road and within the present limits of Hephzibah, about 1784, Elisha Anderson, Sr., who

lived near what is known as the Miller Spring and Aaron, Absalom and Lewis Rhodes who were named to me by grandsons of two of them as three brothers who migrated to this section with their sister Nancy Ann from North Carolina in the late years of the 18th century. The late Wm. W. Rhodes of Louisville, Ga., grandson of Aaron gave me this information some years before his death and within the past few weeks Judge R. H. P. Day grandson of Absalom has corroborated the statement and yet other documentary evidence that has come to me later has convinced me that they were both laboring under the same traditional error. From entries in the old family bibles of Edmund Murphey and Lewis Rhodes I learn that Edmund married Nancy, the sister of Aaron and Absalom in 1785, and that Lewis son of John Rhodes was born in 1787. If Lewis came to Georgia with Aaron and Absalom and Nancy, he must have made the trip several years before he was born, and this seems hardly probable. In addition to this, John A. Rhodes, son of Absalom referred to A. W. Rhodes, son of Lewis, as his third cousin, and this would have failed to express the true relationship if Absalom and Lewis were brothers. My inference from the above is that John, father of Lewis came with the Rhodes contingent from North Carolina and that he was a cousin and not a brother of Aaron, Absalom and Nancy. If the reader can reconcile the facts to a different theory he is at liberty to do so and no demurrer will be filed.

Within the soil of the old Allen burying ground in our town there lies today, and has lain for more than a hundred years, the dust of another and perhaps the earliest settler within the limits of Hephzibah. The stone that marks his grave bears this inscription: "Eleazor Brack—Died 1801," but his identity seems largely lost in the mist of the years that are gone. The only information that I have been able to gather is that Elisha Anderson married a Miss Brack and that Mrs. Virginia Davis thinks that Eleazor was her ancient kinsman. But of these matters and of others, as the rural correspondent said "More Anonymous."

ROBERT ALLEN.

Between the years 1757 and 1774 a section of land was granted to John Allen in Richmond County, and between 1785 and 1788 other sections were taken up by David, Gideon and Samuel Allen. Between 1787 and 1791 Daniel, Robert, Joseph, William and John Allen located in what was then St. Georges Parish, now Burke and Jefferson counties. The Allen tribe, therefore, seems to have been well represented in this immediate territory. Whether the Burke or Jefferson Robert was identical with the one under discussion, or whether the latter was related in any way to the others named, I do not know.

My friend D. R. Allen informs me that the residence of his grandfather Robert Allen stood about midway between the site of the old Kilpatrick or Mr. J. Carswell home and the Louisville Road, or just in rear of Mr. U. B. Frost's dwelling, and that the blacksmith shop where the first Allen plow was made, glowed and shone with its old-time furnace and bellows and rang with its ancient hammer and anvil near the present site of the Baptist Church. He stated, further, that the sites were pointed out to him by his father, Elisha A. Allen, who lived in the home and who probably in his early manhood hardened his muscles in the blacksmith shop. This seemed to settle the matter beyond a peradventure. But now cometh my old friend and schoolmate, James A. Carswell, who deposeth and saith that the location named can not be the correct one for the reason that there was no spring near it, and in addition to this that he has eaten fruit from the old Allen orchard near what was once known as the Allen spring half a mile away. I regret that my friend James has seen fit to "spring" such an objection to what I thought to be an established fact, and regret likewise that I have fallen into historical difficulties through the same agency that brought to the life of old Mother Eve her moral troubles, namely, the eating of apples.

Since modern research has thrown discredit on the Wm. Tell apple story and on the George Washington hatchet incident as well, the value of tradition as a historical asset seems

to be on the wane. It may be that in the days to come some skeptic will arise and say that no man ever hit Billy Patterson, but that he was simply struck by an idea and that the resultant injury from so unusual an occurrence was so grave that its distant echoes linger in the corridors of time.

Ah well, whatever may have been the exact site of his home, the fact remains that Robert Allen, a hundred years ago and more, lived within the present limits of Hephzibah, and was not only the father of the Allen plow but of a goodly number of sons and daughters. He married Elizabeth Anderson, the only child of Elisha Anderson, Sr., by his first marriage. His wife must have been a very lovable woman, or she must have had tact enough to induce her husband to think so, as he gave both his sons, Robert and Elisha, her maiden name. His daughters in their matrimonial alliances seemed to develop a predilection for men who wore judicial honors, his daughter Martha having married Judge Wm. J. Rhodes, son of Aaron Rhodes, and Jane having become the wife of Judge Edmund Palmer, son of Jonathan Palmer. A third daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Alexander, son of Edmund Murphey, but the judicial fever in that case did not rise above normal until the advent of a grandson, the present clever and genial postmaster of our town, who is known as Judge H. L. Murphey. Of four remaining daughters by his first marriage, Rosa married Benjamin Wooding, Polly, Crawford, Sarah, Jackson and Emily was never married. After the death of his wife Robert Allen married a widow living in Columbia county and Hattie, the only child of this marriage, became the wife of Henry Washburn of Savannah.

Of his sons, Robert A. married Priscilla Wood and after her death Caroline, widow of Benjamin G. Walker. Elisha A. married Jeannette Evans, daughter of Daniel Evans. Judge Robert A. Allen for many years a prominent and useful citizen of this county left two sons, Frank and Robert, and one daughter, Cornelia (Hull). Elisha A. had three sons, Robert H., Elisha A. Jr., and D. Richard Allen, and three daughters, Anna, Margaret and Jennie. He was a prominent and successful planter in the adjoining county of Burke. Through

the marriage of his daughter Jane to Edmund Palmer, Robert Allen became the grandfather of James E., John T., Robert and Savannah Palmer, and through the marriage of Rosa to Benjamin Wooding, of their children Mary, Martha and Edward. His descendants through the Rhodes and Murphey alliances will receive proper mention in the stories of Aaron Rhodes and Edmund Murphey.

If the information given me by his grandson is authentic Robert Allen in his early manhood varied his agricultural operations by sowing a lot of "wild oats," but finding the outcome from that particular method of diversion unsatisfactory he reformed, entered the communion of the Methodist church and for many years was a prominent and useful local minister. During all his later life Rev. Nicholas Murphey and Rev. Alexander Avret were his co-laborers in the propagation of the Arminian Creed in this section. The following story, in which the three were the *dramatis personae*, was told me by Rev. E. R. Carswell, Sr., and is probably absolutely trustworthy. I give it the alliterative heading of

PLANKGATE PIETY.

In the early days of Methodism any effort at ornamentation either in dress or domestic surroundings was looked upon as a direct inspiration of the Evil One. On one occasion his two co-laborers were traveling together the Louisville Road and in passing through what is now Hephzibah they came directly in front of the Robert Allen residence. Looking toward it they noticed that an old-fashioned set of "bars," that had formed the means of entrance to and egress from his barnyard or lot, had been replaced by a plain plank gate. It added much to the convenience of the situation and destroyed in that particular case at least the old-time boyish job of "minding the bars." The plank of which it was made was undressed and unpainted, but it looked better than the old and the change furnished to the two preachers strong circumstantial evidence that Brother Allen was growing worldly minded and in imminent danger of "falling from grace," and they both

then and there solemnly covenanted with each other that they would pray for him that he might be delivered from the snares of the Wicked One, and restored to his former strict adherence to the tenets of the Methodist Creed.

If old Father Murphey and old Father Avrett were alive today and were to ride together, as in the old days, from Tybee light to Rabun Gap no set of "bars" perhaps would greet their vision through all that weary travel, but gates enough to vex their righteous souls for all the years to come.

As it is not my purpose to confine this story to the narrow limitations of strict historic detail, and as my last instalment closed with an incident which may seem to have furnished "one on" the old time Methodists of this community, and as our town in its denominational alignment is confined largely to members of that creed and of the Baptist faith and order, it may not be amiss to even up by giving a similar reminiscence for the benefit and behoof of my many friends of the last named church.

Allusions have been made to the marriage of Edmund Palmer, son of Jonathan, to Jane Allen, daughter of Robert. With the tide of immigration that flowed into this section from the old North State a hundred years ago and more, there came to this country Jonathan, George, William, Nathaniel and Jeff Palmer, with two sisters, Mrs. Rowland and Mrs. Washington. These five brothers are the progenitors of the numerous family of that name now to be found in this and adjoining counties, as well as in other sections, and in other States. During my college days at Emory, Prof James E. Palmer, grandson of Jonathan and of Robert Allen, as well, occupied the Latin chair in that institution, and filled it ably as he did every other position to which public or private duty called him. His son, Howard E. W. Palmer, who has inherited in full measure the gifts and graces of his worthy ancestry, is filling large space in the official, professional and religious life of Atlanta today.

In the waning hours of a winter day in 1905, I had just taken my seat in the Augusta Southern train, preparatory to my ride to my home in Hephzibah, when a tall, fine looking,

well preserved man with a ministerial look on his open face and well dressed form, entered the coach and seating himself near me began a railway conversation, which revealed to me that after a break of thirty years and more I was renewing my acquaintance with Lewis D. Palmer, of Nashville, Tenn., son of "Uncle Jimmie" as he was familiarly known, and grandson of Jonathan Palmer. Among the delightful reminiscences with which he entertained me during our hour's ride together he gave me the following story of his grandfather, which I place among these memories as a sort of offset to "Plankgate Piety" and label it in the same alliterative way as

A CURIOUS CURE FOR CALVINISM.

Jonathan Palmer, after leaving his home in North Carolina, crossed the Savannah at old Petersburg, and after passing through the fertile lands and virgin forests of Lincoln and Columbia, by some strange perversity of business judgment, located on the thin pine soil that borders the waters of Sandy Run in Richmond county.

Though a Methodist by training and family tradition, he found himself surrounded in his new home entirely by Baptist neighbors, who were holding weekly religious services in one of God's temples, unprotected from sun and rain, save by a rude brush arbor. Jonathan joined in with them and when they were about to suspend on account of the approach of winter he suggested that they build a log church. The plans met their approval, the material was cut and hauled, and when the walls were finished and a shapely piece of timber had been placed in partial position as a girder they suspended work for the day. Frequent friendly spats as to doctrine had occurred between Jonathan and his Calvinistic neighbors and as they were about to separate for the night one of them pointing to the shapely girder said: "That log was everlastingly pre-destined from the beginning of time to lie on this church and no other log could take its place." "But," said Methodist Jonathan, "some one may come along here tonight and cut that log in two." "It couldn't be done," was the reply. "The

Lord would palsy his hand." They parted, and as they went their several ways Jonathan said to his slave, Ed, who was aiding in the work. "Take your axe and a pine torch tonight, go back to that church, and cut that log in two, but hitch up your team at daylight and have another piece of timber there to take its place when we begin work." Under the shadow of the autumn night Ed carried out his orders faithfully and when the laborers met to resume their work, the shapely girder lay on the ground cut into two sections and unfit for its intended use. The substitute was used and the work completed, but no palsied hands were found in all that section, and the incident so undermined the faith of the community that it resulted in the establishment of old Ariel Methodist church, that stood for many years near the scene of Ed's nocturnal labors.

My friend, Lewis D., gave me an incident in his father's life which while not directly connected with my story, may be worthy of record in these annals for the moral that it bears. On his last annual visit to his father's from his home in Nashville, he found him planting an orchard and though eighty-six years of age, setting the trees with his own hands. To his son's inquiry "why are you planting an orchard when you can have no hope at your age to gather fruit from it?" "I am not planting with any such purpose," was the reply, "I am planting for those who come after me." And then leaning on his spade he added "Lew, I want to give you two rules, one for working and one for living. A man ought to work as if he were going to live forever. A man ought to live as if he were going to die tomorrow." And his son as he finished the recital said to me: "I have never known more moral wisdom compressed into so short a space," a statement which the reader will scarcely feel disposed to challenge. Two months later, Uncle Jimmie went to his long home, and I am sure few gentler and purer, better men have ever breathed the air of earth or found a warmer welcome at the gate of Heaven.

The log church just referred to was not the only one of similar primitive architecture, that supplied the spiritual needs of the early settlers in this section. Contemporary with it and

only a little removed from the present limits of our town, there stood in those old days a hewn log church known in my early boyhood by the rather contradictory title of "Old New Hope." During the old days I enjoyed the friendship of a negro preacher who always referred to his pulpit service as "offishuating." The proximity of the church just named, and of "Old Liberty," to the residence of Robert Allen, furnishes presumptive evidence that at their sacred desks and within their primitive but prayer hallowed walls, a large measure of his own "offishuating" was done. I have in my possession an old register of New Hope Church, compiled April 9th, 1833. On one of its pages time stained and yellowed with age, there is a record of the baptism of twenty-two of my grandfather's twenty-five children. For the first three entries, made for the year 1812, my father among them, Rev. Robert Allen is named as administrator of the ordinance. The latest similar record with which his name is connected is made for the year 1816.

Aside from his ministerial labors, Robert Allen was an enterprising and successful man of affairs, owning a public mill and gin propelled by an overshot wheel on a small stream near his home. To this gin in those old days cotton was brought from sections twenty miles away to be prepared for market.

Of the date of his death and the exact location of his burial place, I am not advised, but after his second marriage he moved to Columbia county, and somewhere within its soil his dust has lain for all these years. No trace is left of his old time home where he lived and labored a hundred years ago. The busy clang of his ringing anvil and the drowsy hum of his rumbling mill have long since died upon the woodland air, and yet in the life and character of his descendants, noted as they are for intelligence, integrity and moral worth, he still lives and will live till earth is childless and time's no more.

EDMUND MURPHEY.

When Oglethorpe left the English shores in 1736, on his second visit to the Georgia colony, there came with him as immigrants Nicholas Murphey and wife, who settled in the then small village of Augusta. Nicholas served for five years as a member of His Majesty's Troop of Rangers and was granted one acre of land in the town and 250 acres on the river below Augusta. On November 24, 1745, the traditional stork made them a visit, and brought to their home a boy, to whom they gave the name of Edmund, and who by his own claim was the first white male child born in Augusta. I was not keeping a diary in those old days, and cannot therefore certify to the absolute accuracy of this claim; but from the number of white males now resident in this goodly city, and from the number who have made their entrance and their exit for all these years, this accommodating bird seems to have been kept reasonably busy in supplying prospective white voters ever since baby Edmund headed the procession.

The boy grew up to manhood and married a Betsey Ann, but of her further "trimmings," as they are sometimes termed, I am not advised. As the fruit of this marriage there was born to Edmund a son, James, whose descendants are now living in Augusta, and in the 1269th district of this county. There was also one daughter, Nancy Ann, who became the wife of Aaron Rhodes. As Edmund in later life married Nancy Ann, the sister of the aforesaid Aaron, and as he gave to a daughter by that marriage the name of Elizabeth Ann, it would indicate that among Edmund's personal family holdings there was a bunch of exactly four Anns. This seems a little unreasonable, and I have tried hard to figure out a different result, but the facts seem to be against me. At the morning meal of an old-time family, who kept up the commendable custom of requiring each of its members to repeat a verse of Scripture, after the "grace" was said, two transient guests once sat. The father asked the blessing, and then led off, while the children, trained to the habit, followed without a break, until the circuit of the table had been made, and the

guests were reached. The first responded promptly with, "And Peter went out and wept bitterly." The other ransacked his brain in vain for a familiar shred of Holy Writ; but his Bible knowledge at that particular juncture was filed away in the column of unavailable assets. Finally, to break the oppressive silence, and redeem his waning reputation he decided to endorse the last quotation made, and mentally referring to Peter's penitential tears, he smiled and said, "He sho' did." And so, in canvassing the evidence pro and con, as to whether Edmund Murphey really had this multiplicity of Anns in his family household, I am compelled to believe that "he sho' did."

Some years ago the public mind, mathematically inclined, was puzzling its wits to solve a problem whose main objective point was voiced in the query, "How old was Ann?" I do not know that the problem found its birth in the conditions named above, but if Edmund had ever tried to solve it, it would have surely vexed his worried brain to know which Ann was meant.

The first installment of his matrimonial life was marred in some degree by seven years' effort of the colonies to leave the maternal roof and set up housekeeping for themselves. He enlisted in the American army, was captured by the British, or Tories, was imprisoned in Fort Grierson, and afterwards in Fort Augusta, and was only released when the last named Fort was captured and its garrison surrendered to Pickens and Lee in 1782. During his incarceration in Fort Grierson, Col. Brown, the Tory commander, in retaliation for the murder of a British officer after his surrender, ordered twelve of the prisoners hanged on the stairway of the fort. Edmund must have been a man of some shrewdness, for having no special desire to have any part or lot in that matter, he quietly hid away in the cellar of the building until the drawing was over. But for this evidence of his thorough acquaintance with the law of self-preservation, he might have had no part or lot in this story.

When the war had ended, Edmund, for Revolutionary service, was granted in 1784 a section of land; and in further evidence of his good sense, he located in this community,

building his home within the present limits of our town. This home, with its landed estate, now known as the "Old Murphey Place," has remained in the possession of Edmund's descendants for all these years, and is now owned by his great-grandson, Dr. Eugene E. Murphey. About the date of this landgrant the Rhodes contingent consisting of Aaron, Absalom, their sister Nancy, and probably their cousin John Rhodes, came to this county from North Carolina. Nancy must have been a comely maid, for she had lived in her Georgia home but a little while when Edmund Murphey persuaded her to become his second wife. As Mormon elders had not begun missionary operations in this section at that date, it is hardly necessary for me to say that his first wife was not then living. This marriage occurred February 10, 1785. Some years later Aaron Rhodes, in order to recoup himself for the loss of a sister Nancy, married Edmund Murphey's daughter Nancy, and thus matrimonial matters between the families were evened up. This marital exchange seems to have developed in the family and its connections a sort of hereditary mania, or idiosyncrasy, on the subject of Nancys, Absalom, Rhodes, brother of Aaron, gave the name to one of his daughters, while Nicholas, son of Edmund, and grandson of Aaron, aside from having a mother, sister, daughter and granddaughter of the same name, married two Nancys, though not at one and the same time.

The writer disclaims very earnestly entertaining any personal grievance against the name of Nancy, for in other years his life was blessed by the love of an aunt, who bore that name, and who, like many of her sex, similarly christened, belonged to "the salt of the earth." And yet if I were a young man, and unmarried, and were looking out for some confiding woman, whose tender ministrations would bless my home, and whose gentle hands would darn my socks, and comfort my declining years, it does seem to me that there would be at least some slight inclination to draw the line at Nancy Ann, and Samantha Jane, unless of course there were extenuating circumstances.

With a vocabulary of such names as Ruth and Esther, Mary and Martha, Ethel and Agnes, and others of like euphony

and sweetness at their command, I have been at a loss to understand why these old-time people, sensible as they were, in other matters, should have been willing to burden and afflict their helpless and innocent offspring with some of the names they were compelled to bear through life, for names, like postage stamps and porous plasters, stick.

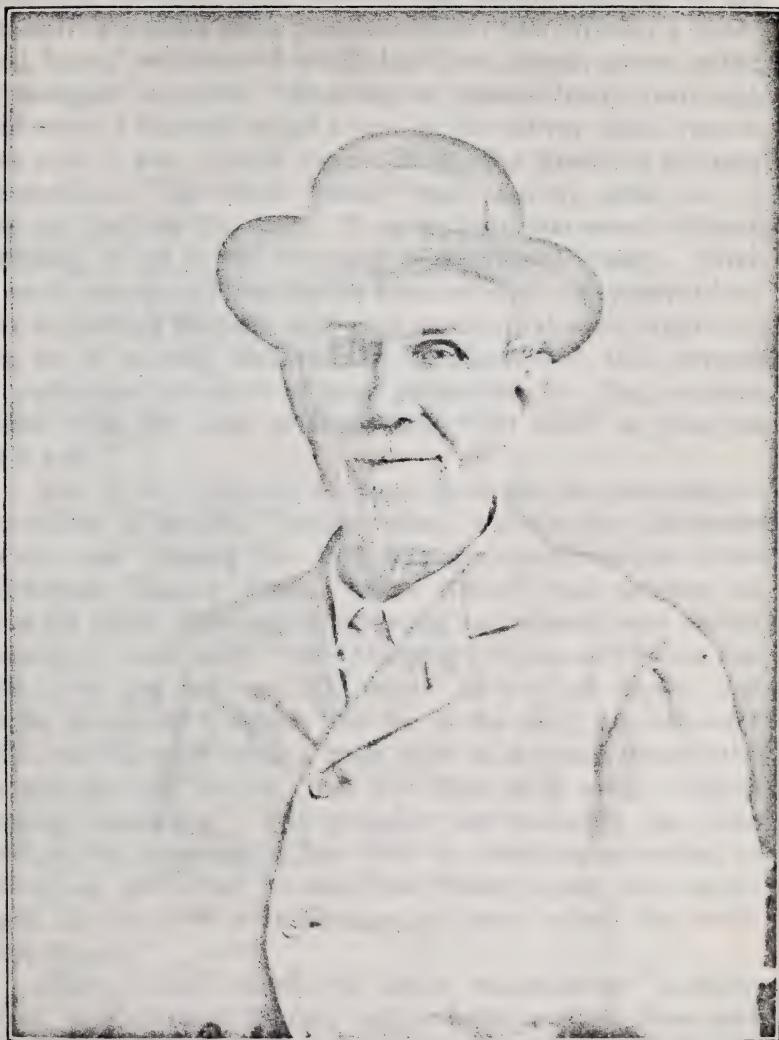
In a record of the "Old Colony Walkers" of New England I find 10 Mercys, 7 Mehitable, 6 Patiences, 5 Wealthys, 4 Comforts, 3 Keziah, 2 Experiences, 1 Thankful, 1 Rejoice, 1 Relief, 1 Mandaua, 1 Diadama, and 1 Hephzibah, with several precincts to hear from. In evidence of the fact that the Murphey family did not enjoy an absolute monopoly of the Nancys in that day, I find on this record twenty-two bearing that name, some of them plain Nancys, some of them with an attachment, two of them Nancy Tituses, who were probably also "plain." And now in justice to the Nancys past, present and to come I desire to say that in my humble judgment the name in comparison with some appellatives that were common in other days is as my friend Tom Pilcher would say, "Not only a daisy but a regular geranium." Some years ago there fell into my hands a batch of old letters written to my grandfather and running in date from 1806 to 1845. Among the items gleaned from them I found that among my own tribe on that particular line there had been a Peninah, an Azariah and others of like handsome and rhythmical nomenclature. A fair young relative who had in some way contracted a rather serious type of the D. A. R. fever wrote to me for some information as to her Revolutionary antecedents and in reply I told her that with a family tree whose branches bore such fruitage her chances for admission surely ought to grade "Strict Middling." Artemas Ward once stood behind the footlights on a London stage to deliver his famous panorama lecture. Having unbounded faith in the skill of the artist whose hands had traced the canvas he pointed to a figure on its pictured face and said: "That figure is intended to represent a horse — that is I think it is." To any reader therefore who may be unable to trace the connection, logical or illogical between

what I have just written and the story I am telling it may not be amiss to say that it is probably intended as a digression.

The dividends from Edmund Murphey's second matrimonial investment were larger than from his first, aggregating five boys, Nicholas, Alexander, Leroy, John and Edward; and five girls, Elizabeth Ann, (Evans), Levicy (Hull), Mary or "Polly" (Rheney), Maria (Brown), and Harriet, who died in 1829, unmarried. Taking the sons in order given, Nicholas, who in the waning days of 1785 came as a Christmas gift to his parents, was married February 7, 1805, to Nancy Collins. By this marriage there came to Nicholas two sons, Milledge and Moses C., and seven daughters, Sarah (Clark), Elizabeth, Mary (Daniel), Levinah (Avret), Nancy (Rheney), Jane and Martha (Daniel). Moses C. lived but a few months, and Elizabeth and Jane were never married. March 20, 1819, Nancy, first wife of Nicholas, died, and May 20, 1820, he was married to Nancy Carswell, daughter of John, and granddaughter of Alexander and Isabella Carswell, who came to Georgia from Ireland in or about 1770, and who were the progenitors, not only of the Hephzibah contingent of that name, but of many other contingents in many other sections of the State.

By his second marriage the family of Nicholas was increased by the addition of four sons, Edmund T., John C., John C. No. 2, the first having lived only a few months, and Nelson Wright, and two daughters, Caroline Elizabeth, who lived only a few years, and Elizabeth Ann, who married Needham Bullard.

Among the descendants of Nicholas through his son Milledge are Moses C. Murphey, Julian, Weems and Curtis Smith of Augusta and their several families. Sarah, who married Charles Clark, had only sixteen children, three of whom survive. One of these, Rev. Milton A. Clark, has been laboring as a missionary among the Indians for more than twenty years. Other descendants by the last marriage are, Dr. Eugene E. Murphey and Geo. S. Murphey of Augusta, Ellwood Murphey of Atlanta, Jno. M. C. Murphey of Hephzibah,



MOSES C. MURPHEY,
Great-Grandson of Edmond Murphey.

and Mrs. Ella Salter of Tampa, Fla. The limitations of these records forbid fuller specializing.

As a local minister of the Methodist church, Rev. Nicholas Murphey rendered able, earnest and faithful service to his Master. He was a strict constructionist of Mr. Wesley's "General Rules," evidence of which has been already given in the "Plankgate" incident. On a trip to Atlanta thirty years ago and more, I chanced to get a seat in the railway coach just in the rear of Rev. Lovick Pierce, D. D., the Nestor of Georgia Methodism. The word "picnic" was used by some one in the car, and the Dr. said: "I never hear that word without thinking of old Nickie Murphey of Richmond county. After a social occasion of this kind in his community, he preached on the succeeding Sabbath, and after dwelling at some length on the sin of worldly amusements, he closed with this climax: 'I understand you have all been picknicking it. Yes, you can picnic now, but some of these days "Old Nick" is going to pick you.'"

Rev. E. R. Carswell, Sr., once gave me the following illustration of another "curious cure," but not for Calvinism in this case. During Gov. Wm. Schley's administration of the Richmond Factory Plant, "Uncle Nickie" had occasion to visit his office. The governor, seeing an inflamed wart on the preacher's hand, said: "Mr. Murphey, if you will follow my directions, you can cure that wart. As you ride home, stop at the first smooth pebble you see in the road, rub its under side over the wart, make a cross mark in the road, deposit the pebble carefully in the cross and then drive away without looking backward." The preacher had probably but little faith in the prescription, but took the medicine according to directions, and when he saw Gov. Schley again, two weeks later, the unsightly protuberance had gone "where the woodbine twineth."

Uncle Nickie's ministerial labors embraced an "appointment" at Richmond Factory and probably at New Hope and Liberty churches, with an occasional service at the old Brothersville Academy. After serving his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep Jan. 8, 1853. His wife survived

him for sixteen years, dying May 23, 1869. They both sleep in the old Murphey burying ground, near Hephzibah, but on the stones that mark their graves, in deference to the wishes of the dead, no line or letter has been traced or carved to tell who lies beneath.

Alexander, second son of Edmund, was not a strong believer in single blessedness, having taken the oath of allegiance matrimonially on three separate occasions. His first marriage, to Elizabeth Kinlow, brought no olive plants to grace or bless his home or hearthstone. By his second marriage, to Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Allen, there came to him two sons, Robert and William, and a daughter, Frances. After the death of Elizabeth, and the conventional widowerhood had passed, forgetting the advice given by Mr. Weller to his son "Samivel," he married Margaret, the widow of Henry Seaborn Jones, one of the numerous tribe of that name, who trace with some degree of pride their lineage back to "Sweathouse Peter," for whom Petersburg, Va., is said to have been named. When their union occurred, Margaret had already to her credit as a legacy from her first marriage, four sons, William, Thomas, Batt and Henry Drummond, and three daughters, Grace Sarah and Henrietta. The union of the parents started the matrimonial ball to rolling, and its revolutions never ended until all the marriageable material in the two batches of children had been exhausted. William Jones married Frances Murphey, and Robert Murphey married Grace Jones, and after her death married her sister Henrietta, and William Murphey married Sarah Jones, whose gracious presence still today abides among us, as I write these simple annals, as a symbol and a token of the sweetness and the fragrance of the times that seem so olden, and the years that were so golden, and the days that are no more.

A father was once urging his son to marry, while the latter did not seem to take kindly to the idea. "When I was no older than you are," said the father, "I married your mother, and I think you ought to marry." "But, said the son, "that was different; you married ma right here at home,

and I'd have to go off and marry some strange gal." The conditions named above certainly relieved William Jones and Robert and William Murphey of the unpleasant necessity of going off to marry "some strange gal."

Two children were born to Alexander and Margaret, after their marriage, Margaret, who married William Womack, and Caroline, who died in her early womanhood. Leroy, son of Edmund, married Lucinda Brown, and lived between Hepzibah and Story's mill. Three sons and three daughters were born to them, John M., Emerson, Leroy, Isabella (Hillis), Sophia (Powell), and Maud Alice (Ratcliffe). Mrs. John W. Hillis, daughter, and Mrs. O. B. Stoughton, granddaughter, are now living in Augusta.

To Charles Rheney and his wife, "Polly" there came ten children: John W., who married Nancy Murphey, and afterwards Mary Eleanor Clark, Elisha A., who married Julia Rhodes, Frederick, who married Nancy Moore, Edmund, who married Martha Denham, Levicey (Rogers), Mary Ann (Cook), Rosa (McNair), Lucinda (Agerton), Amanda (Duke) and Harriet, who never married. Many descendants of "Polly" through her numerous offspring are now living in Richmond, Burke, Jefferson and other counties of this and other States.

Robert Evans and Elizabeth Ann, his wife, had only two children, Marcus, who married Emeline Palmer, daughter of Jonathan Palmer, by his second marriage, and Mary J., who married first William T. Malone, son of Robert, and afterwards John H. Rhodes, son of John A. Their children and grandchildren may be found at Bartow, Wadley, and in other sections of Jefferson, and at Tennille, in Washington county.

Edmund Murphey died December 10, 1821, and Nancy, his wife, August 12, 1825. Their bodies rest in the old burying ground near his old home, and on their graves there are lying today stones, the counterpart of which I have never seen on any other graves in all the land. Quarried in old time coffin outlines from a granite boulder that lies only a mile away, and weighing each a ton or more, they rest the full length of the graves, with seeming intent to bar a possible

resurrection of the sacred dust that has lain so still beneath their massive weight for all these years.

Edmund's generation of many names forms a material share of the present population of this section of the State, adding largely to its thrift, its intelligence, its good citizenship, its business integrity, and its moral and religious tone.

And now with the blood of these old-time people trickling through the veins of my wife and children, with personal knowledge in early life of four of them who bore these names, and with kindly reverence for them all, why have I emphasized this Ann and Nancy feature of these records?

A story given me by my old friend and comrade, W. J. Steed, may illustrate the reason. An old time negro, who had been in the service of a prominent Augusta family for years, came into the office to make his tax returns. In the conversation that ensued, he told my friend Phunie that he had found a large snake coiled in a nest where his hens were laying. When the intruder had been despatched it was found that he had gulped down not only the fresh eggs, but the porcelain nest egg as well, and the old man, with a twinkle in his honest eyes, said: "Speck he would a found that chinny aig right hard to injest."

So this little side line or by play has been interjected as a sort of mental peruna to aid the readers in "injesting" the genealogical meals my pen is trying to furnish. And now in winding up the matter not only sine die, but forever and a day, I am glad to give it a happy and fitting climax. On the day in which my tribute to the Anns and Nancys met the public eye there came to bless the home of my young friend, John E. Murphey and his charming wife, a baby girl, the great, great, great-granddaughter of Edmund Murphey. Her little brother, six years old, was so delighted with her advent that he went out to make announcement to the world, and when the question came, "What are you going to name her?" he promptly answered "Nancy Ann."

Elisha Anderson was probably an earlier resident of this community than any of those to whom special reference has been made in these records, save Thomas Walker. Between the years 1757 and 1774 James Anderson was granted a section of land in Richmond county, and between 1764 and 1774 similar headrights were taken out by James and Elizabeth Anderson in Burke county. The frequent recurrence of these two names among the descendants of Elisha Anderson and the ownership by him of landed estates in both of the counties named indicate very strongly that he was the son of this James and probably the nephew of Elizabeth. A hundred years ago and more Elisha lived near what is now known as the Miller Spring in our town and not far away from the site of the present residence of our townsman, Frank W. Carswell. I know very little of this earlier resident's characteristics, but his record shows that he entertained a very high regard for what is known as the better half of creation, having married four different and distinct times. His first wife was either sister or daughter of Eleazor Brack, whose dust has lain entombed in the old Allen graveyard since Oct. 11, 1801. By this marriage there was only one child, Elizabeth, who became the wife of Robert Allen. His second marriage to Miss Caldwell seems to have been barren of any issue. His third wife was the widow of William Rheney, and was originally Mary Holzendorf, whose parents lived in Glynn county and were probably descendants of German Salzburghers, who came over with Oglethorpe in 1736 and settled at Frederica, St. Simons and other points on the Georgia coast. By her first marriage Mrs. Rheney had three sons, John, William and Charles, and a daughter who married John Devine. My friend, Rev. George Smith, in his Story of Georgia gives the name of William Rheney in the list of settlers, who were granted headrights in Burke and Jefferson counties between the years 1783 and 1788. This was probably the William who married Mary Holzendorf, and who I am informed by his granddaughter Mrs. Vicie Rogers of Wrens, Ga., came to Georgia



from Virginia. To Elisha Anderson his wife Mary bore three sons, James, Elisha and Augustus and a daughter, Rosa.

James Anderson married first Sarah Bradley, to whom the following children were born: James, Augustus, John, Mary, Elizabeth, Rosa, William and Lawrence, the last two dying in childhood.

By his second marriage to Malvina Kinlow there were three children, Ella, Susan and Martha, the first named being the only one who survived her childhood years and reached maturity.

James Jr., son of James by his first marriage, married Julia W. Clinton, of Burke county, who bore to him one daughter, Mary, who is now living in Augusta. After the death of James Jr., his widow, Julia, was married to Gen. James Barnwell Hayne, to whom she bore one son, Linwood C. Hayne, now the popular and efficient president of the National Bank of Augusta. Augustus H. Jr., son of James, married Susan, daughter of Augustus H. Anderson, Sr., and their children, Martha, Howard and James now live in Burke county, Cora (Shewmake), the eldest, having died some years ago. Their mother still survives at a good old age.

John and Mary, children of James, died unmarried in early manhood and womanhood. Rosa V., was married to J. Jones Reynolds and her surviving children, Foster, Joseph and James, are living in Burke county. J. Jones was so well pleased with his first wife that after her death he married her sister, Lizzie W., who survives him, and is now living in Waynesboro, Ga. Ella E., daughter of James, was married to Rev. J. O. A. Clark, D. D., and she and her children are now residents of Macon, Ga.

Elisha Anderson, Jr., son of Elisha Sr., married Jane McCullers. My friend Steed, who seems to have an unlimited supply of illustrative stories, once told this: A lady was asked the number of her children and after the information was given there followed this additional inquiry: "What are they?" "Mostly boys and girls," she replied. Elisha Anderson's offspring seems to have differed from this descriptive family catalogue as they were not only "mostly," but entirely,

girls. They were four in number, Sarah, who was married to Edmund B. Gresham; Harriet, who married Henry D. Greenwood; Rosa, who married Elisha Harris, and Louisa, who died unmarried. Some further notice of these families will be given in the Brothersville feature of this story.

Augustus H., son of Elisha Sr., married Sarah Jones, and two daughters came to bless their union, Martha, who was married to Moses P. Green, son of Jesse, and Susan, who has been already named as the wife of Augustus H. Anderson, Jr. Two children were born to Martha and Moses P. Green; George, who married Kate Thomas, and Edward, who married _____ Fulcher. Rosa, daughter of Elisha Anderson, Sr., was first married to John Morrison, to whom she bore a son, Robert, and a daughter, Sarah (Dowse). After the death of her first husband she became the wife of Dr. Baldwin B. Miller, a Virginian, who came to Georgia in one of the early decades of the last century, and after his first marriage lived for a time at the old Elisha Anderson home in our town. Two children were born of this marriage, Baldwin Jr., and a daughter, Frances, who married Henry J. Schley. After Rosa's death Dr. Miller married Cornelia, daughter of Rev. Joseph Polhill.

Dr. Miller, after his residence at the old Anderson home, lived for a time at Mount Enon, then in Burke county, returning in his later years to Hephzibah, where his last days were spent and where his widow and two daughters Lavinia (Carswell) and Lula (Frost) now reside. The Dr. was a skillful physician, an eminently successful planter, a man of exceptional energy and business sense and accumulated during his long life a large landed estate.

Elisha Anderson, Sr., after the death of his third wife, married a Miss Womble, who bore him one daughter, Virginia P. After Elisha's death his widow married a Mr. Danforth and spent her later years in Alabama. Virginia first married Dr. Edward Hughes, brother of Judge William W. Hughes, and son of Capt. Henry Hughes, who served as an officer through the Revolutionary War. Capt. Hughes belonged to the order of the Cincinnati, organized by the American of

ficers after the close of the war and there is now in possession of his grandson, Benjamin S. Hughes, the original certificate of membership handsomely engraved and signed by "G. Washington, President." Dr Edward Hughes lived only a year or two after his marriage and his young and handsome widow became the wife of Col. A. C. Walker. Elisha, Sr., died and was buried at his Burke county home where his great-grandson, Foster Reynolds, and his family, now live. Some future reference will be made to his three sons in the Brothersville period of these records.

THE RHODES TRIBE.

ABSALOM.

Rev. Patrick H. Mell, D. D., learned, and witty, and wise, and probably in his day the most distinguished exponent of the Baptist faith in Georgia, once said to himself, if he failed to say aloud, as Simon Peter once did, "I go a fishing." The genial D. D. was amply able mentally to row his own boat or paddle his own canoe, but on this particular occasion, not wishing to be handicapped in his enjoyment of the sport, he engaged a rustic citizen living near his fishing ground to paddle for him. His companion for the day proved to be rather a garrulous individual and entertained the doctor with many "wise saws and modern instances," chiefly of an autobiographical character. But a single shred of that discourse has survived the wear and tear of time, and as reported by Dr. Mell to my friend, W. J. Steed, it was couched in the following words: "I was born mostly in Emanuel county."

And now what on earth has this incident to do with the story of Absalom Rhodes? Only this, that after exhausting all available sources of information, weighing the evidence and giving the defendant the benefit of the doubt, I have been unable to decide positively whether Absalom was born "mostly" in Georgia or "mostly" in North Carolina.

My friends, Richard H. P. Day, John H. and Absalom Rhodes, all grandsons of Absalom, Sr., unite in giving me the traditional information that the latter came from North Carolina to Richmond county, and Judge Day fixes the date at 1765 or 1770. A recent inspection of the stone that marks the grave of Absalom and of a transcript from the family Bible of his daughter, Mrs. Nancy Loyless, has convinced me beyond a peradventure that the 1765 theory will not hold water, for the reason that Absalom did not make his advent into the world until five years later, April 8, 1770. It also renders it rather improbable that he should have been wandering around this section in long dresses and before he had cut his teeth, prospecting for a place to plant his baby feet in 1770. Even at the date of his sister Nancy's marriage to Edmund Murphrey

in February, 1785, he had not completed his fifteenth year, and giving Nancy reasonable time after her arrival in Georgia to make the acquaintance of her neighbors, time to sit up at night by the light of a tallow candle during her courting days, time to consider Edmund's proposal and time to "make her clothes" for the wedding, and it would reduce Absalom's age to twelve or thirteen years. This seems rather early in the then unsettled state of the country, for a boy to be rambling around several hundred miles from home, looking for a job. And, as Mr. Dooly would say, "so there you are." The reader has as much right to a guess as to the real facts in the matter as the writer, and he is at liberty to draw his own conclusions.

I do not know that it will throw any light on the matter, but it is perhaps not amiss to add in this connection that headrights were granted in ante-Revolutionary days to Samuel and William Rhodes in St. Georges Parish, now Burke and Jefferson counties, and that John Rhodes, possibly the "John" already named as the father of Lewis was a Revolutionary soldier from this State.

And now whatever may have been the place of Absalom's nativity he was for the first three decades of the last century a very living entity and a very prominent factor in the business and official life of Richmond county. He lived for a time at the corner of Greene and Jackson streets where the engine house now stands. In 1808 and '09 and again in 1812 and '13 he was sheriff of the county and lived at the old jail building, corner of Broad and Center. During the last named term James Murphey, son of Edmund by his first marriage and great-grandfather of W. J. Murphey, now in similar service with Gen. John W. Clark, was appointed by Absalom, deputy sheriff.

From 1818 to 1822 and again from 1829 to 1836, he served as judge of the inferior court for this county. He was associated in that service with such prominent citizens as Valentine Walker, Holland McTyre, John and Abraham Twiggs, Samuel Hale and Edward Thomas. This court had control not only of the administration of county affairs, but dis-

charged the duties of the present court of ordinary and exercised large judicial powers in the litigation of civil cases.

In addition to these public services rendered by Absalom he was a member of the General Assembly, serving both at Louisville and Milledgeville, former Capitals of the State. I made an effort to secure through my old classmate and war comrade, Prof. Joseph T. Derry, of Atlanta, the years in which this legislative service was rendered, but through loss of some of the House Journals and through interruption in his search caused by his attendance on the Richmond reunion the data are not yet at hand. Joe would rather miss his breakfast than to miss a reunion of his old comrades in grey, and his desire to attend on this special occasion may have been intensified by the following fact. In the fall of '61, through the carelessness of a Yankee bullet, he lost a tuft of his curling hair. In these later days his ambrosial locks, like my own, have been growing thinner and thinner, year by year, and his trip to Richmond may have been in part another Argonautic expedition in search of the Golden Fleece lost on Virginia soil long years ago.

In the absence of railway transportation in those old days Absalom, in addition to his public duties organized a wagon train, which brought merchandise both from Charleston and Savannah for the merchants of Augusta. During the war of 1812 there was some apprehension of the occupancy of Savannah by British troops and this train was utilized to transport the specie and other funds of the city's banks to Augusta for safety from military spoliation.

Absalom Rhodes in his later life left the city and engaged in the milling business in the country districts. He built a mill on the waters of Spirit Creek, managed for a time by his son, Aaron, and afterwards sold to John Houghton, of Augusta. Later he built another just below the junction of Grindstone and Friendship branches, that still belongs to his grandson, Absalom Rhodes, and has always been known as the Rhodes Mill. The site of both these mills are on the Patterson Road and only a little way removed from the limits of our town. He built homes near these mills and occupied each of them for a time, living also at a place known as "Tranquilla"

within what is now Hephzibah. During his residence in the country he was known as the political boss of his district, dictating to his neighbors what they should eat, what they should drink, and how they should vote.

Absalom Rhodes was twice married, but of the identity of his first wife, I have no information. One son was born of this marriage Absalom Rhodes, Jr., who though dying in 1820, when only twenty-nine years of age seems to have been a man of some prominence as his name occurs frequently on the records of the old inferior court in some official way. His grave lies in the old Edmund Murphey burying ground.

After the death of his first wife, Absalom, Sr., married Mary Barton, who belonged to a prominent ante-Revolutionary family of this county. Willoughby Barton was a Revolutionary soldier, and was granted a section of land in this county between 1785 and 1788. Dr. Willoughby Barton of Jefferson county, informs me that his ancient namesake was a noted Indian fighter and at one time commanded a brigade of troops under Andrew Jackson. Mary, wife of Absalom Rhodes, was probably his daughter or otherwise nearly related to him. She was born in 1773, married in 1796, and died in 1825, having borne to Absalom two sons, Aaron and John A., and five daughters, Elizabeth, Nancy, Mary, Lavinia, and Caroline.

In addition to the children named there were born to Absalom Rhodes by his marriage with Mary Barton three others, who died in infancy or early childhood, viz: Maria in 1795, George W. in 1800 and Mary A. B. in 1804.

Absalom Jr., the sole issue of his father's first marriage, died in 1820, leaving a son, Thomas, who migrated to Alabama where his descendants are now probably living. John A. Rhodes, son of Absalom, and Mary, was born March 11, 1787; and on Feb. 11, 1819, married Margaretta Trippe, of Port Royal, S. C. Two children were born of this marriage, Mary (Chaplin) and Robert, who died unmarried. His second marriage to Cynthia Brown resulted in the following issue: Julia, who married Elisha A. Rheney; Andrew J., who married Ann Sheehan; John H., who married Mary J. Malone, widow of Wm. T., afterwards Cola Rentz, and last Eva Whigham;

Whitney H., who married Rebecca Rheney; Aaron, who married Anna Coursey; Absalom, who married Frances Cogle, and Seaborn, who died in later boyhood unmarried. Of these children four now survive: Andrew, Augusta, Ga.; John H., Bartow, Ga.; Aaron, Tifton, Ga., and Absalom, Hephzibah, Ga. John A. died Jan. 18, 1897, having rounded out almost an even century of existence. Aaron, son of Absalom, married Elizabeth Beale and had one son, Charles A., who lost a leg in Confederate service, and died in Augusta some years ago.

Nancy Barton, daughter of Absalom and Mary, was born Feb. 22, 1809; married Rev. Elliot B. Loyless, Oct. 27, 1829, and died in Dawson, Ga., Aug. 11, 1887. There were born to Nancy and Rev. Elliot B. eleven children, as follows: Mary C. M. (Sanders), born Nov. 16, 1830, and died Sept. 12, 1869; Sarah Lavinia, born March 7, 1832, and died Aug. 15, 1832; Ann Elizabeth (Cheatham), born May 3, 1833, and died May 5, 1869; Martha Jane (Sanders), born Aug. 7, 1835, and died March 19, 1888; Henry Melville, born Nov. 9, 1837, married Mollie Wooding, and died Jan. 3, 1876; James Elliot, born Oct. 6, 1839, married Lizzie Williams, and died Nov. 11, 1861; Lucy Hinton, born Aug. 16, 1842, and died Sept. 27, 1843; Thomas Wesley, born Sept. 13, 1844, married Susan M. Von Aldehoff, and died Nov. 2, 1874; William Arnold, born Sept. 4, 1846, married Hattie Jackson; Francis Cassandria, born March 25, 1848, married John H. Harp; Samuel Anthony, born May 7, 1851, and married Louise J. DeLagle.

Rev. Elliot B. Loyless was a local minister of the Methodist church and at one time a large cotton merchant in Augusta, having branch houses or connections at Athens, Ga., and other points. He was the son of James and Mary Butt Loyless. Some years after his marriage to Nancy Rhodes he moved to Southwest, Ga., and his last years were spent in Dawson, Terrell county. A grandson is now living in Augusta, Thomas W., son of Thomas Wesley, whose brilliant and facile pen adorns the columns of the *Augusta Chronicle*.

Elizabeth, daughter of Absalom and Mary, was married to Richard B. Day, and lived at "Tranquilla," in the present limits of Hephzibah. Six children were born to them: John

A. R., who married Sarah Griffin; Mary Barton, who was married to William Cochran; Sarah Ann (Seale); Richard H. P., who married Mary L. T. Averet; Fanny Elizabeth (Farrar), and William A., who never married. Judge R. H. P. Day is now a magistrate and employed at the Richmond county home. Of the present location of other descendants I am not advised.

Caroline, daughter of Absalom, was married to Robert W. Bugg. As a result of this marriage five children were born, Samuel, Mary (Kelly), William J., Moses P. G., Lizzie (Sanders), Alex H. S., and Louise E., who never married; Samuel, Wm. Jr., and M. P. G. Bugg are now farming in this county. Rev. A. H. S. Bugg is an able, earnest and useful member of the North Georgia Conference of the Methodist church.

Mary, daughter of Absalom, was married to Henry Johnson, and bore to him the following children: Charles J., William H., Larry, Danforth, Samuel and Mary. I am not advised as to their matrimonial alliances, except as to Mary, who married Mr. Coursey. William H. is now living in Augusta.

Lavinia, daughter of Absalom, married Thomas Beale and their marriage brought to them three sons and three daughters, George, John, Absalom, Ella, Bettie and Louisa, whose descendants are probably living in this and adjoining counties.

LEWIS B. RHODES.

Lewis B., son of John, was born March 10, 1778. Where this event occurred, whether "mostly" in Richmond or "mostly" in some other county, who John was, where he came from or where he went to, either in this world or the next, I am not advised. As Johns of the Rhodes name were not as common as John Smiths and as there is only one of the name mentioned by George Smith in his "Story of Georgia and Her People," it is probable that Lewis was a son of this Revolutionary John, who seems to have been a cousin of Aaron, Absalom and Nancy. The first authentic information I have been able to gather of Lewis after the incident of his birth is that he married Mary White, Feb. 5, 1810. Some years after his marriage he bought from some Stringfellow, William probably, what has been known for so many years as the old A. W. Rhodes home in Hephzibah. Here were born to him the following children: John R., who married Araminty Haynie, Absalom W., who married Susan C. White, Thomas R., who married Maria Watson and afterwards Sarah A. Pardue, Val W. Rhodes, who married Mary G. Fox and afterwards Margaret M. Jones, Mary B., who married W. W. Walker, Tilman W., who married Sarah R. Wolfe, James William, Lewis Allen, Lewis Bobo, William Peyton and Hiram James. I find from entries in the old Lewis Rhodes Bible that in 1820 Matilda Rhodes was married to Thomas Hatcher, and in 1821 Mernemia Rhodes was married to Thomas Marshall Ligon. Matilda and Mernemia were evidently daughters of John and sisters of Lewis. I have no information as to the descendants of John R., if any.

To Absalom W. were born Robert L., James W., Harriet (Byne) (Murrow), Martha (Kuhn), Charles J., Margaret and Mary. Charles J. and Harriet Murrow are living at Blythe, Ga., and Martha (Kuhn) in Texas. Fannie Wilder, daughter of Robert L., lives in Atlanta, and a son of James W. in New Jersey.

To Thomas R., by his first marriage were born Mary (Watson), George Crawford and Henry A. Rhodes.

The last named enlisted in Confederate service as a member of the Richmond Hussars at the age of seventeen, and was killed at Barbee's Cross Rhodes, Va., Nov. 5, 1862. By his second marriage there came to Thomas R. three children, Henry who died in boyhood, Sarah A. (Pardue) and Anne May, who married W. C. Boykin, and who with her husband and Harriet, Grace and Annie, her children, now live in Augusta, the eldest Rhodes Boykin being engaged in the lumber industry elsewhere. Thomas R. merchandised very successfully for a long time in the store now occupied by A. B. Saxon & Bro. The writer once served with him on the Board of Jury Commissioners and recalls the following incident of that service. In our examination of the list, whose fitness for jury service was to be considered and determined by us, we reached the name of a young man who in his physical makeup had developed some of the characteristics of a dude. As his name was announced Thomas R. said: "Pass him, he isn't fit for jury duty. He always wears his coats either too long or too short," and he was passed.

To Val W. Rhodes were born Thomas V. W., now living in Texas, Wallace, who died in Atlanta, and Jennie, who married Jno. W. Brown, local manager of the W. U. Telegraph Co. Henry C. Brown, manager of the Interstate Cotton Oil Co., in Augusta, and Annie B., wife of Mareen Duvall, District Superintendent of the Postal Telegraph Co., are children of John W. and Jennie Brown.

Hiram Rhodes, son of Thomas R., married in Jonesboro, Ga., and his children are now living there.

AARON RHODES.

I have not been able to fix definitely the year in which Aaron, Absalom and Nancy Rhodes, and probably their "Cousin John" came from North Carolina to Richmond county. That they were here prior to Feb. 10, 1785, is evidenced by the fact that on that date Nancy was married to Edmund Murphey. During my school-boy days at the old Brothersville Academy, my classmate Jasper Daniel at a Fritday afternoon exercise in 1854, gave voice to his embryonic oratorical powers by declaiming Catiline's oration to the Roman Senate. At its conclusion Mr. Thos. H. Holleyman our teacher, said: "Jasper, do you know who Catiline was?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Well, who was he?" asked the teacher, and Jasper ransacked his boyish brain, scanned the ceiling closely and probably twitched with his nervous hands the periphery of his bifurcated garment and then replied, "I was not personally acquainted with him. Sir."

And so while Nancy in her infant years was often lullabied into happy dreamland by the soothing strains of the old-time ditty,

"Oh, Miss Nancy, don't you cry.
For your sweetheart will come bime-by."

And while Edmund "bime-by" came it is hardly probable that his coming involved a horseback ride to North Carolina to marry a girl between whom and himself as between Jasper and the old Roman Conspirator there had been no "personal acquaintance."

Making due allowance therefore for the probable duration of Edmund's courting days, which as a widower he would scarcely have unduly extended, their migration must have occurred as early as 1784, and possibly 1783. Some time after their arrival Aaron located at what is now known as the Warren Place on the Washington road a few miles above Augusta.

Nancy Murphey was only seven years old in 1783, and Aaron must have waited for her as long as Jacob did for Rachel, for they were probably not married before 1797. Two children were born to Aaron and Nancy, a son William J.,

Jan. 13, 1799, and a daughter Lavinia some years later. Aaron's wedded life was of short duration as he died in 1805. He was probably buried on the Warren Place where he had lived, but like Moses the brother of his ancient namesake, "No man knoweth of his sepulcher to this day." His son Wm. J., after growing up to manhood made diligent effort to locate the grave, but without success. Soon after the death of her husband, Nancy Rhodes moved to a location near the present site of the Albion Kaolin Co., and only a little way removed from the house of her father Edmund Murphey. Her selection of this location in such close proximity to what was known for so many years as the old "Chalk Bed" may possibly have been influenced by the fact that it would enable her the more easily to compel her offspring to "walk a chalk line." Here she reared her children and here on a fall day in 1833 (Oct. 6) she left them to take her last sleep beneath the shadow of the trees in the old Murphey burying ground.

About three years before her death her son, William J. married Martha, daughter of Robert Allen of "Allen plow" and "plank gate" fame. Soon after his marriage he built the home near Edie station so long occupied in later years by Judge James Brandon, and now owned by Mrs. Brandon, his widow. William J. lived at this home until 1828 or '29, then sold it and removed to what is now known as the Rhodes Place on the Walker's Bridge Road between Hephzibah and Story's Mill, where the remainder of his life was spent. To William J. and his wife Martha, there came from Oct. 8, 1820, to June 1, 1843, twelve children, five of whom died in early childhood. Martha Maria died in her twentieth year unmarried. Lavinia Allen was married to Roberson Palmer, son of Benjamin and grandson of George, who was a brother of Jonathan of the "Calvinism Cure." Evalina Amanda became the wife of Rev. James Allen, an earnest and able Methodist minister and a noted temperance evangelist. William W. married Mary Ann Bostwick, scion of an old ante-Revolu-tary family of this section. James W., like his kinsman, Alexander Murphey, unmindful of Mr. Weller's advice, married Pauline C. Allen, widow of Elisha A. Allen, Jr. Robert A. and

Mary J. died unmarried in early manhood and womanhood during an epidemic of typhoid fever that swept over this section in the early months of 1860.

Of William J.'s immediate family either by blood or marriage only Pauline C., widow of James W., now survives. For some years she has been a citizen of Hephzibah and retains in large measure the charming grace of her early days. I use the word "citizen" advisedly.

In ante-bellum days my father owned a slave whose name was Jonas. He and his wife Mary were exceptionally good negroes and remained on the plantation for a long time after "freedom came out." Finally they drifted away and chancing to meet him one day I solicited his return to the old home. In reply he said: "I would like to go back, Mas' Walter, but Mary wants to go to Waynesboro. She has a great idea of becoming a city-zen."

Few men have lived in Richmond county, who were gifted with a larger share of the sense that counts than William J. Rhodes. His marked success in the administration of his own affairs brought to him many fiduciary trusts. To the private obligations as well as to the public duties that fell to him as Justice of the Inferior Court and as Representative of Richmond County in the General Assembly he always brought eminent skill and faithfulness.

A WORRYING WELCOME TO HENRY CLAY.

No resident of our town, perhaps, recalls from personal recollection the fact that Henry Clay, one of the immortal trio, was once entertained in this community, that the giant oaks that line our sandy avenues once met his beaming gaze and that the air that lends its ozone to our wasted frames once fanned his lordly brow. And yet it is a cold, cold fact. I have had occasion more than once to quote in this story from genial and gifted Dr. E. R. Carswell, Sr., my fathers' long time friend and my own as well. It may not be amiss, therefore, to give one incident in which the Dr. played a leading if not a happy role. In 1844 Henry Clay was unanimously nominated by the Whig Convention as its presidential candidate. In the campaign that followed he made a general tour of the Southern States and his itinerary included both Savannah and Augusta. His engagement in the Forest City occurring first and the Central railroad having been completed to its terminus at Macon in 1843 it seems but natural that Mr. Clay should have availed himself of the rail line to Millen and then when no other alternative was available should have taken private conveyance to Augusta. My friend W. Phunny Steed, however, who needs only an "n" to make him "phunny," and who, half a century ago, more or less, was engaged in teaching the young ideas how to shoot in the wilds of Screven county, insists that memories of the carriage bearing the "Mill Boy of the Slashes" over the old Quaker Road on the occasion referred to were at the date of his advent into those parts, figuratively speaking, as thick as blackberries in June. He made some allusion at first to the natives having pointed out to him the imprint of those four particular wheels after thirteen years had passed, but on cross examination he admitted that this was to be taken simply in a Pickwickian sense and that he did not care to be summoned as a character witness on this feature of the story.

However this may be, whether the great Kentuckian left the Central at Millen or at "No. 6" it is historically certain that he and his attendant escort struck the Richmond county

line at what is now Story's Mill, that they passed over the Walker's Bridge and Louisville Roads directly through what is now the town of Hephzibah. The home of Judge William J. Rhodes, who was an ardent Whig supporter of Mr. Clay, lay directly on their route and arrangements were made to give the distinguished traveler an hour's rest and probably a luncheon at the Judge's residence. The community was advised and a large crowd assembled to honor the occasion and to feast their eyes on the face and form of the man who had said: "I would rather he right than President." Mr. Clay, in order to be in good form and unimpaired voice for his Augusta speech had exacted a pledge from his attendants that his trip should be absolutely unadorned by any oratorical frills. The carriage halted in front of the Rhodes home, Mr. Clay alighted, bowed to the assembled crowd and was conducted to the residence where he hoped to have an hour of absolute rest and quiet. He had just entered the spacious hall when he was confronted by a young man with raven locks and flashing eyes, whose clarion voice broke the silence of the mid-day air. "Hail, Sage of Ashland, hail immortal Harry of the West." And on and on the torrent of unwelcome welcome poured like a young Vesuvius on Mr. Clay's unwilling ears. If the wearied guest had been asked to "stand and deliver" he could not have been more astonished, and the mobile lips that oft had swayed a listening senate at their will were voicing only mild and gentle protests at this unexpected number on the program.

Col. A. C. Walker, who was an eye witness of the scene, gave me the incident long years ago and I do not now recall whether Dr. Carswell exhausted his pent up eloquence or whether Mr. Clay's manifest annoyance caused a large measure of it to lie upon his gifted lips unborn. The Dr. was evidently unadvised as to Mr. Clay's expressed desire. He entertained me often with memories of the past but on this particular episode of his long and useful life, his tongue was silent and his lips were mute.

AARON RHODES—Concluded.

On June 1, 1843, Frances Virginia, the last child born to Wm. J. Rhodes by his wife Martha, came into the world, and on June 30th, following, the mother's life faded out, the little babe surviving her only a few days. Their graves lie in the Allen burying ground in our town. Some years later Wm. J. married Maria, sister of Governor Geo. W. Crawford, but their union was childless. On January 23, 1866, Judge Rhodes died, and his dust lies by that of his first wife in the old Allen grave yard. His descendants trace their lineage back to a larger number of these old-time settlers than any others who bear a personal relation to this story. His grandsons, Robert A., William J., Millard, Edward H., sons of William W.; Carroll Rhodes, son of James W.; William R. Allen, son of Evalina, all at Louisville, Ga., are not only descendants of Aaron Rhodes, Edmund Murphey and Robert Allen, whose records have come into this story, but of Elisha Anderson. The children of my brother, Samuel R. Clark, Rev. Wm. H., Dr. S. Allen, W. Edward, Lillian, Gertrude and Harold, as well as Prof. E. P. Clark and his sister, Essie M., all of whom are great-grandchildren of Judge Wm. J. Rhodes, not only claim descent through their mother from the four early settlers named, but through their fathers from Thomas Walker and Alexander and Isabella Carswell. Any lack of interest shown by them therefore in this story can scarcely be attributed to want of personal relation to it.

Lavinia, sister of Wm. J. Rhodes, and daughter of Aaron, was married in the early years of the nineteenth century to James A. Carswell, son of Alexander and Isabella Carswell, whose lineage, as I am recently informed by my clever friend and relative, Mrs. Ella Salter, of Tampa, Fla., has been traced back to Lord and Lady Ruthven, the former being, as she states, head of the "House of Cassiles." If these statements are entirely authentic, and not simply "Cassiles in the Air," I fear I shall have to bring the arithmetical skill of my friend, Peter G. Walker, into requisition again to ascertain what billionth trace of noble Ruthen blood trickles through my own

veins under this brave May sun in 1907. My clever friend, however, has promised to furnish me the proof, and I await its forthcoming before taxing my friend Peter again.

There were born to James and Lavinia Carswell two sons. Edward R., who married Celestia V. Walker, daughter of Reuben, as already noted in the story of Thomas Walker, and James A. Carswell, who married Maria Loring. There were also three daughters, Caroline, who married John Whigham, and afterwards Thomas Poland, Lavinia, who became the wife of John Denny, and Jane, who was married to Michael King. The children of Edward R. have been already named as descendants of Thomas Walker. James Carswell had one son, William, and three daughters, Lula (Evans), Lily (Evans), and Mamie (Rhodes). Caroline Whigham had a son, and two daughters, Mattie and Lavinia. To Lavinia Denny there were born two sons, William and James, and a daughter, Della (Baston). Jane King had two sons, James and William, and a daughter, Isabella. Of these descendants of Aaron Rhodes there still survive Lily, wife of Jones Evans, Bartow, Ga., William Denny and William King, Wrens, Ga., and Della Baston, Stellaville, Ga. Some allusion has been already made to Gen. Reuben W. Carswell as a descendant of Thomas Walker. His prominence as a descendant of Aaron Rhodes also may justify the incorporation into these records of these additional incidents. On making his debut into the world, General Carswell tipped the scales at exactly two and a half pounds, but in mature manhood his avoirdupois would not have fallen far short of a hundred times that weight. His appetite and his digestive attainments would both have classed "good midding," and his enjoyment of "table comforts" ran pari passu with them. Seated at a hotel table on one occasion, the attendant waiter took his order, and after the usual delay encircled his plate with the ordinary array of miniature dishes. Casting his eye over the display for a moment, he turned to his white-aproned attendant and said: "Your samples seem to show up all right; now bring me a dinner."

During the General's college course at Oxford the students took occasional Saturday outings by boarding the Georgia

railroad train, riding down to the dinner house at Social Circle and returning in the afternoon. On one of these occasions Reuben W., and his college mate, Dan Saffold, were members of the party. Neither of them needed a tonic to whet their appetites, and at the dinner hour their comrades pitted them against each other in a gastronomic race. I have no information as to who umpired the game, or who won at the finish, but I do recall that when they approached the desk to settle for the meal the proprietor said: "Young gentlemen, my usual charge for dinner is fifty cents, but I make a rebate in your case. I charge you only twenty-five. I sell cheaper by wholesale."

But General Carswell's development was not confined solely or mainly to physical lines. With marked gifts, large culture and much magnetic humor, he was a man of wide influence and a delightful companion socially.

HENRY CLAY AND DANIEL WEBSTER IN AUGUSTA.

After writing up the reception given to Henry Clay at the home of Judge Wm. J. Rhodes, there came to me a natural desire to learn from some old time resident something of the great Kentuckian's address in Augusta on the following day. Chancing to meet my old friend Hal Moore, he said: "See A. M. McMurphy, he heard the speech I know, for I heard him say so." The 'phone was brought into requisition, but I found that the memory of my friend Hal had slipped a cog, for Mr. McMurphy was in Abbeville, S. C., at school at the time of Mr. Clay's visit. I then attempted to interview over the same instrument another old time resident, an honored citizen, whose genial personality, wonderfully preserved physical and mental powers and retentive memory suggested the thought that Mark Twain had made the mistake of his life in failing to secure him as a compagnon du voyage in his search for Adam's old time grave. I failed to reach him, but a lady friend, who had been advised of my unsuccessful effort, chanced to meet him and kindly secured for me the following story:

He was absent from Augusta on the date of Mr. Clay's address, but some time later attended a banquet given to Daniel Webster during his visit to the city. While the post prandial feast of reason and flow of soul was at its flood tide, Hon. Andrew J. Miller entertained the banqueters at the expense of his friend, Judge Benjamin H. Warren, with the following incident of Mr. Clay's visit. The electric belt line had not been then completed and Mr. Miller, Judge Warren and Gov. Charles J. Jenkins were giving their distinguished visitor a carriage ride over the city. Driving down the northern side of Greene street they passed what had been known in later years as the Coleman residence, recently purchased by Marion Reynolds, and removed to a lower block on Ellis, and Mr. Clay said: "That is the prettiest home I have seen. Who owns it? And Judge Warren, laying his hand on his manly breast and making their guest his blandest bow, replied, "That, Mr. Clay, is the home of the subscriber."

I had still another friend, a very dear friend, whose life has long since passed the Psalmist's limit, and yet upon whose sunset years no shadows seem to rest. I found him in the cozy corner of an upper porch in the home to which he had been long confined, and for an hour and more he entertained me with charming memories of the past. He told me of his friendly association with A. B. Longstreet and William T. Thompson when in "Georgia Scenes" and "Major Jones' Courtship," they were making Georgia humor classic; of Judge Longstreet's mother, who lived where now the Dyer building lifts its lofty head, and of her asking her gifted son one day to draw her will; of his mild protest based upon the fact that she owned nothing to bequeath; of her insistence and of his final drafting of the instrument in solemn, legal form, willing bequeathing and devising a certain pair of worn out shoes that lay beneath her bed, and other personality long laid aside as absolutely valueless, and of his reading it to her with solemn face and of her sharp and sudden interruption: "Get out of here, Gus. I always thought you were a goose, and now I know it."

He told me of his visit to Headden's studio while he was engaged in painting Longstreet's portrait, of the witty judge's coming in one day for a final sitting, but looking wan and care-worn; of the artist's asking for a story to brighten up his face; of Longstreet's prompt compliance, and of Headden's being so convulsed with laughter that he was forced to lay his brush aside and ask the judge to close his story and his mouth.

He told me of standing in front of Washington Hall that stood at the corner of Broad and McIntosh streets, and of listening to Daniel Webster as he spoke for a little while from the balcony of that building, but that the great defender of the constitution was suffering from such excessive hospitality at the hands of his Augusta friends that it had "superindenced," as my friend John Heidt would say, an attack of acute inability to stand on his feet for any length of time, and his address was therefore, in Bill Arp vernacular "short but brief."

He told me many other things that I cannot refer to now, and then I asked him: "Did you hear Henry Clay in 1844?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I was standing only twenty feet away when he spoke. He reached Augusta just before the hour, drove directly to the court house and alighted looking hot and dusty and tired, for it was a scorching summer day. Retiring to one of the court house rooms for only a few moments to remove the dust of his morning travel he came out fresh, tall, erect, with his hair thrown back and looking every inch of his more than six feet of sturdy and wiry physical manhood. For an hour or more he charmed the audience with a magnificent address. I can never forget the easy grace of his manner, the flashing glance of his eagle eye nor the silver tones of his ringing and rythmical voice. He was entertained during his stay in Augusta by Mrs. Emily Tubman, who had been his ward during her girlhood days in Kentucky."

As my friend thus talked in glowing terms of Henry Clay, words of the great commoner that had lingered in my memory for nearly 50 years came back to me and I could picture him as he stood on the floor of the National Senate with his right hand raised in forceful and yet graceful poise, while from his gifted lips there fell these trenchant and defiant words: "I stand here today erect and unbroken, unawed and unsubdued and ever ready to denounce the pernicious measures of this administration and ever ready to denounce this their legitimate offspring, the most pernicious of them all."

AARON RHODES—Resumed.

If Aaron Rhodes were to rise from his ancient grave and walk the earth again and were to meet what I have written above, in the public road he would scarcely recognize or accept it as a part of his family history without identification at the hands of my friend Steed, who is kind enough to act as my literary sponsor and endorses without question and without mental reservation every emanation of my homely pen. If it were possible for the contingency named above to occur, my friend Phunny recalling his ancient familiarity with the Latin tongue would probably explain that while Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, Judge Longstreet, and Charles J. Jenkins, Andrew J. Miller and Judge Warren were probably not related to the Rhodes tribe by ties of blood, their incorporation into these records may properly and legitimately be assigned to what the legal fraternity would term the "res gestae" of this story and as my friends rulings are always ex cathedra in literary matters, it would have to go at that if it went at all.

And now it seems a long call from the empyrean heights through which Clay and Webster soared down to the gastronomic plane where yellow-legged chickens scratch and crow and have their short-lived being and yet the exigences of my story seem to require that I should take the call. Filed away in the brain cells of my memory long years ago, there is an incident in which Judge William J. Rhodes and one of his intimate friends were the *dramatis personae* and the judge's home furnished the scenery for the play. It might perhaps be appropriately termed, "Larcency from the Lane."

Capt. William S. C. Morris has been already referred to in these records as having married Susan, daughter of Isaac Walker and sister of Dr. James B. Walker, of Augusta. He was an old-time southern gentleman, in partial evidence of which it may be stated that when he had raised a company known as the Poythress' Volunteers for Confederate service in '61 he went to the firing line wearing a silk beaver hat, carrying an umbrella and though assigned to the infantry department of Cobb's Legion, carrying along for his own use his favorite

saddle horse. When advised by the military powers that be that army regulations did not sanction the use of a horse by an infantry captain, he replied that he had bought the horse and paid for it, bought his feed and paid for it, that he preferred riding to walking and he didn't see what the Confederacy had to do with it anyway. He was a practical joker with a post-graduate diploma in his pocket. His summer home was at Bath, in this county, his winter residence on his Burke plantation and the route between them lay directly in front of Judge Rhodes' home. Riding up one day from Burke with a large empty hamper basket tied to the rear of his buggy he found the lane in front of the Rhodes residence filled with chickens foraging with tireless feet for their midday lunch. Visions of crisp fried chicken, chicken pie, chicken salad and other entrees of the chicken kind flitted through his brain and then there came an inspiration. Reining up his horse he secured him at a hitching post and then began to call loudly for Judge Rhodes, who came out hurriedly and after saluting his friend said. "What is the trouble, Captain?" "Why, Judge, I've had terrible luck. I started from Burke with a basket full of chickens and just as I reached the front of your place the top of the basket came off and they all got away right here in your lane. Can't you help me?" And the judge promptly summoned a squad of "hands" from a nearby field and as the captain pointed out the comeliest specimens of the feathered tribe the nimble footed darkies would capture them until the basket was taxed to its full capacity. Thanking the judge kindly for his timely aid he went on his way rejoicing with fowls enough to supply his table for weeks and weeks to come.

Of the aftermath when Judge Rhodes learned that he had been accessory to the purloining of his own chickens I have no traditional record.

THE OLD RHODES MILL.

A Water Idyl.

During my boyhood days Saturday was always "mill day" at the old homestead. If a rainy day occurred during the week it was utilized in shelling from the glistening ears that lay heaped in the old log crib the usual "turn" of corn, and on Saturday Peter or Joe or Alfred or Henry or old "Uncle Moosher," whose name I have never learned to spell, would take it over to the old Rhodes mill, where, under the skilful manipulation of "Uncle Jack" Rhodes, it would be transformed into the softest and whitest and purest of meal. And then during the coming week, whether in the old-time hoecake patted smooth and thin by old Aunt Hannah's honest hand, or in crisp and flaky muffins, or in corn dumplings, dished from the cavernous pot that hung from the crane, or in old time "cracklin' bread" that I have tried to canonize in homely verse, it was the sweetest, the most tempting, the toothsomest that ever touched or tickled my hungry palate, for "Uncle Jack" and old Aunt Hannah were simply adepts in their special lines.

The memory of its sweetness and its wholesomeness as it comes back to me today over the waste of vanished years has prompted and inspired this unpretending tribute to this old time mill, that furnished for me the staff of life for nearly forty years.

Nestled away in a shaded cove, not far away from our little town, there is a gurgling spring, whose limpid waters form the source of Grindstone Branch. Aeons and aeons ago, when the world was young, it began its babbling life and trickling and gliding through sunny valleys, whose spring time air was laden with the fragrant breath of bay and jasmine and honeysuckle, it passed on its maiden path a mammoth boulder from whose granite heart long years later, grindstones and gravestones and millstones were chiseled into form, giving the stream its peculiar christening. It had rambled but a little way from its bubbling home when there came to meet it another stream, that finds its birth near Friendship Church, and has been known in later years as Friendship Branch.

Reluctant each to travel alone the long journey that lay before them, they agreed to wed and as their fates were joined a tiny rainbow that spanned the rim of a gleaming bubble formed the marriage ring while the silver throat of a mocking bird caroled their wedding march and the soft brown eyes of a startled fawn witnessed their plighted troth. For ages and ages their mingled waters rippled and sang and gurgled and foamed on their winding way to their far away ocean home. Through the tangled thickets that lined their shores the Indian hunter pursued his game or at eventide on its shaded banks he fished in its eddying pools.

But the years went by and the "Pale Face" came and he said to the Brother in Red, as Greely said at a later day, "Go West, young man, go West." And he went, but the streamlet rippled on with never a thought of a rumbling mill or a dam to bar its flow.

But it chanced one day that Absalom Rhodes
Looked down on its waters clear,
And he thought to himself, if he failed to say,
You've loitered and idled for many a day,
With never a thought, but to gambol and play;
I'll harness you up in the old-time way,
And I'll put you to work, without any pay,
For many and many a year.

And across from the slopes on either side,
Sturdy and strong and tall,
There rose a bulwark of solid earth
Like an old-time fortress wall.
And over the water's glint and gleam
He builded an old-time mill,
With many a rafter, many a beam
And many a twelve-inch sill;
With an old-time wheel and hard grey stone,
And a hopper that opened wide;
And the mill boys came from far and near,
From village and country side.

And the old mill grumbled and ground away,
In summer and winter's cold.
While the miller stood by and tolled the corn,
And many a story told.

But the years went by and Absalom Rhodes was called to his last long home, but the drowsy mill ground on and on, for a sturdy son was there to take the old man's place. And for nearly the half of a hundred years he stood in the old mill door with a smile always on his sunny face and a word of cheer on his genial lips. But there came a time when age and feebleness became his lot, a time when the strong men bowed themselves and the keepers of the house trembled, and he was forced to yield his post to younger and less skillful hands. And still the mill ground on and on till it chanced one day that the rains descended and the floods came and the waters chafing and fretting in their long confinement rose and swelled and beat against their bars, but the sturdy dam held for a time its own. But inch by inch the waters crept up towards its crowning summit and then at last a tiny streamlet trickled over, wearing a tiny pathway in the solid earth. And then the rent grew larger and larger and broader till, with a mad rush, the whirling waters burst their bonds sweeping away timbers and earth together and roaring and raging in their madness wrecked other mills below.

The mission of the old mill had been for all these years a peaceful one, save for a single day. Once on a summer's morning in '65 the miller's baby boy, the youngest of his flock and then just budding into manhood, had taken his father's station by the grinding stones for only a little while. He stepped out on the uncovered sleepers that spanned the deep fore-bay and missed his footing and then was hurled into the seething waters that lay below. Stunned by the fall they bore him to the whirling wheel, whose cruel arms crushed out his young and buoyant life.

And now for years and years the old mill has stood but the ghost of its former self, idle and tenantless and dumb. The gaping hopper is empty and the drowsy rumble of the

hard grey stones is hushed and the busy wheel feels the cooling splash of the rippling waters but stands in its utter loneliness useless and barren and still. The beautiful inland lake that stood beside it and in whose limpid waters perch and bream and wide-mouthed trout sported and splashed and on soft spring days laid their spawn in the shining sands below, no longer gleams and glistens in the morning sunlight and the mill boys come no more.

The active brain that planned it and the sturdy arms that built it and the patient hands that served it, have long since mouldered back to mother earth, and the old mill, like its master, is crumbling, piece by piece, back to its kindred dust. But the rippling waters still dance merrily on their journey, laughing at the old mill as they pass it, and singing as they gurgle:

“For men may come and men may go.”
And mills may bar my liquid flow
For fifty or a hundred years or so,
“But I go on forever.”

FREEMAN WALKER.

Among the families not so prominently identified with this community as those already noted and yet bearing such personal relation to it as to warrant recognition in these records was that of Major Freeman Walker. With the tide of immigration that flowed into this section of Georgia from Virginia in the later years of the eighteenth century there came four brothers, George, Freeman, Valentine and Robert Walker. Some reference has already been made to Valentine as Justice of the Inferior Court for Richmond county from 1812 to 1836. George Walker was a prominent member of the young Augusta bar in 1797, and an intimate friend of Peter Crawford of Columbia county, who gave to his son, afterwards member of Congress, twice governor of Georgia and secretary of war under President Taylor, the name of George Walker Crawford. Robert Walker was also a lawyer serving as solicitor general of the Superior Court from 1804 to 1808 and as judge of that tribunal from 1813 to 1816.

Freeman Walker was born at Charles City, Va., Oct. 25, 1780, came to Georgia in 1797, studied law in the office of his brother George and was probably afterwards associated with him in its practice as I find in the records of the old Inferior Court that Walker & Walker represented either the plaintiff or defendant in a large number of cases coming before that tribunal in those early days. In 1803 Freeman married Mary Garlington Creswell, a native of Wilkes county, and a niece of Governor Matthew Talbot. Some years before, George Walker had married Eliza Talbot sister of the governor, and at a later date Valentine Walker, after the death of his first wife, who was a Miss Arrington, married Zemula Whitehead, a widow and a sister of Mary, wife of Freeman Walker.

These matrimonial alliances closely connected the Walker and Talbot families, a fact perpetuated in the names of Gen. William Henry Talbot Walker and his son William H. T. Jr., Laura Talbot Galt, the charming Kentucky girl, who won the love of every Confederate soldier by refusing to sing "Marching Through Georgia," at the behest of her Northern teacher,

is a lineal descendant of Capt. Isham Talbot, a Revolutionary officer and a cousin of Gov. Matthew Talbot and is therefore connected by ties of blood with the descendants of both George and Freeman Walker. Before or after his marriage Freeman built the residence recently removed from the corner of Greene and Washington streets and that Henry Clay during his visit to the city in 1844 pronounced the prettiest home in Augusta.

Here the larger number if not all of his children were born. He owned also a summer residence known as Bellevue standing on what are now the Arsenal grounds and sold in November, 1826, to John Quincy Adams, as President of the United States for Arsenal purposes. He lived at one time also, at Spring Hill, near Gracewood, Ga., on or near the site of the present residence of Allen W. Jones. His home was destroyed by fire and his exposure on the night of the burning brought to Major Walker a pulmonary complaint that ended his life September 23rd, 1827. I am inclined to believe that after the loss of his residence he built the home known as Tranquilla, that stood within the limits of our town in the rear of the Turner dwelling, was occupied by his widow after his death and was sold to Absalom Rhodes. During the residence of Mrs. Freeman Walker at Tranquilla in 1833, the "stars fell," as it was termed and Mrs. Walker believing with many others that the world had come to an end sent for Rev. Robert Allen, who lived not far away. He came, the family, white and colored were gathered into the home and a prayer service was held.

During my boyhood or early manhood, I was told that Madame Octavia Walton Levert the brilliant and fascinating daughter of George Walton, Jr., the friend of Henry Clay, Washington Irving and many other distinguished men, honored during her European tour by presentation at the courts of both England and France, endowed with mental gifts of the highest order and a personal charm that made her a favorite in the salons of Paris and among the poor of Mobile, had once lived at Tranquilla. I have made much effort to verify the statement but with no marked degree of success. The remark

was probably suggested by the appearance of her "Souvenirs of Travel," and may have been based upon an extended visit made during her girlhood to the home of her relative Mrs. Freeman Walker. Madame Levert was the grand-daughter of George Walker, her father having married his daughter Sallie, thus giving her close relationship to both Freeman Walker and his wife Mary. Though dying at the comparatively early age of forty-seven Freeman Walker filled large space in the professional and official life of his day. Many times a representative of Richmond county in the General Assembly and four times Mayor of Augusta he was chosen in 1819 to succeed John Forsyth as U. S. Senator from Georgia, but after two years' service he resigned to resume his law practice. His distinguished friend Richard Henry Wilde speaks of him as a man of engaging personal appearance, brilliant talents, a graceful and fluent speaker with a vein of pleasing humor in his mental make-up, but above and beyond these and more than these as a man of gentle, generous heart in whom the milk of human kindness never curdled, as the following incidents that have come to me at various times and with no purpose of their being used in these or any other records will serve to show. In the early years of the 19th century a young Virginian came to Richmond county looking for employment and a home. The school at Mont Enon had recently been established and he was chosen as its teacher.

Freeman Walker met him and was favorably impressed with his character and talent, and urged him to abandon the school room and enter his office as a law student, offering to give him the benefit of his own experience and legal learning. He accepted the offer, was admitted to the bar, won success as a lawyer, filled the bench of the Superior Court for a longer term perhaps than any other occupant in all its history and I am sure no man in all the State has worn judicial ermine more ably or more honorably or held the scales of justice with more impartial hand than William W. Holt.

One day a client from one of the country districts came to Major Walker's office to ask advice about the drawing of a will. A little boy was with him and his brightness so attracted

the genial lawyer that he offered to take him in his office and aid him in securing an education. The offer was accepted and the aid extended. The boy grew up under Major Walker's guidance, studied law in his office and in time became United States Senator and the efficient and honorable head of one of the largest corporations in Georgia.

To Major Walker's country home there came one evening an impecunious pioneer preacher, who asked accommodations for the night. He was kindly invited in for the Major always kept an open house. The preacher was riding a regular Rosinante, rawboned and probably old enough to vote. When ready to resume his journey on the following day, Major Walker called one of his servants and naming one of his favorite horses, said: "Put the preacher's saddle on that horse and leave his in my lot. I am going to swap with him." The preacher's sermon as he preached that day showed probably added fervor and effectiveness for the difference in his mount. I am glad to know that this gospel of helpfulness, of human brotherliness that shone in the life of Freeman Walker has been in large measure transmitted to those in whose blood and lineage he lives today.

The following incidents in the life of Major Walker though differing in character from those already cited may be worthy of record in this story. The late Col. Charles C. Jones in evidence of the fact that Major Walker's usually genial and affable temper could be aroused to honest ire on proper provocation gives the following. At a session of the court at which the famous Judge John Dooly was presiding, a bar supper was given. The wine flowed freely, Judge Dooly's wit was at its keenest and Major Walker was made the special butt of his jokes. The genial victim bore it until forbearance ceased to be a virtue and then rising in his wrath he seized a chair and advanced upon the Judge with the evident intention of acting as chairman of the meeting and of giving to his antagonist "the floor" but not in the usual parliamentary way. Judge Dooly grasped a carving knife from the table and rose to defend himself when one of the guests seized Major Walker, while three encircled the Judge to stay the

threatened trouble. Judge Dooly turned to the barricade that invested him and said, "Two of you go and hold Major Walker, one man can hold me." The remark created a laugh in which the Major was forced to join, the war-clouds were lifted and "peace reigned again in Warsaw." The following story is vouched for by my good friend, Rev. W. E. Johnston, a grandson of Major Walker. The Major owned a trusted slave named Harry whom he made his coachman. While his master was a strictly temperate man, Harry developed an abnormal propensity for looking upon the wine when it is red, and his attacks of inebriety sometimes occurred on very inopportune occasions. The Major did not have the heart to punish him but finally said to him, "You've got to quit it. You simply can't drive me when you are drunk." Harry promised amendment, but when the next session of the court was about to convene, and his master after ordering his coach came out to begin his journey, he found that Harry had fallen from grace. He was barely able to sit upright, the reins were held with unsteady hand and he was furnishing a fairly good object lesson for the present paramount issue in Georgia legislation, "Get down," said the master and Harry slowly dismounted from his seat. And then opening the door of the carriage the Major with a courtly bow said, "Get in there, you're too drunk to drive me and I'll drive you to court." The negro begged and pleaded without avail and finally clambered in while the Major mounted the driver's seat, grasped the reins and began his journey. After driving for some miles the master felt some curiosity to know how his passenger was faring and bending over he looked into the window to find the carriage empty. Further investigation showed that the negro humiliated by the lesson had raised the rear curtain clambered out and sitting on the dickey seat or standing on the rear of the axle was playing the role of footman. And in this style the coach wended its way to its destination with a driver and footman but with "nary" a passenger. Whether the lesson given was effective in bringing about permanent amendment in Harry's ways I am not advised.

While on a story telling line the following incidents in the life of Gen. Val. Walker, brother of Freeman may not be lacking in interest to the reader. The General seems to have been a rather unique character, a sort of rara avis, in his day. During his service as Judge of the Inferior Court and at a date when Holland McTyre, uncle of the late Bishop Holland N. McTyre of the Southern Methodist Church and Absalom Rhodes already written up in these records, were his conferees on the bench, a traveling showman applied to them for license to exhibit an Egyptian mummy in Augusta. In making the application he stated that the mummy was three thousand years old. "What," said Judge McTyre, three thousand years old? Why that's mighty old." Judge Rhodes in order to digest the statement more effectually took an abnormal pinch of snuff and Gen. Walker said to the applicant, "And is it a living creetur?"

Whether the permit was granted does not appear on the traditional record at least.

Aside from Gen. Walker's long, continuous service as a member of this tribunal he was for many years a member of the General Assembly from Richmond county. During this service a body of Unitarians in Augusta decided to build a church and requested Gen. Walker to secure the necessary legislation. The bill was introduced and when it had reached its third reading he rose to explain its purpose and advocate its passage. While doing so a country member interrupted him with the following question: "Gen. Walker, do the people that want this bill believe in the Trinity?" "Oh, elegantly, elegantly," responded the General with one of his blandest smiles. The bill was passed without further inquiry or objection and a house of worship was erected as I am informed on the site of the present Opera House. Many years ago the late Clarence V. Walker gave me the following story: After Gen. Val. Walker had been a Representative from Richmond for many terms, a young and aspiring lawyer from Augusta decided that rotation was in order and announced himself a candidate against the General. On election day two of the young lawyer's friends drove out to one of the

country precincts on electioneering purpose bent and taking with them a bottle whose contents were to be used as a snake bite remedy or a political persuader as occasion might require. Reaching the ground they tackled an old time resident of Pinetucky who had been a uniform supporter of Gen. Walker. Argument proving unavailing they reinforced it with a draught from the bottle, but the Pinetucky voter after partaking of their liquid hospitality said, "I am not ready to vote yit." At sundry and divers times they repeated the dose but with the same result. Finally the bottle was exhausted and they urged him to deposit his ballot. "No," he said, "I want another drink." "We're sorry but the supply is exhausted."

"Oh, I can't vote for your man, my man's jug never gives out." Sherwood's Gazetter of Georgia says that Gen. Walker was like his three brothers a lawyer, but if so, as Col. Charles E. Nisbet, son of Judge Eugenius A. once said of himself, he was probably not "one to hurt." He lived near Belleville Factory, the site for that manufacturing plant having been sold by him to George Schley and others, who were its projectors and owners.

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Eleanor Lexington, in describing the characteristics of the general Walker tribe both in the old world and the new, says that they are a fighting race, always ready to defend any flag under whose protecting folds they chance to live. The descendants of Freeman Walker furnish striking verification of this statement. While his elder son, Beverly, devoted himself to the peaceful pursuits of law and agriculture, his younger boys, both developed an early taste for military life, and both fell victims to "grim-visaged war." Gen. William H. T. Walker entered the military academy at West Point at the age of 16 and graduated in 1837, with the rank of second lieutenant. Assigned to a regiment then serving under Col. Zachary Taylor in the Seminole war he received three wounds in the engagement that occurred near Lake Okeechobee in December, 1837. As ambulances were not then a feature of military equipment, he rode seventy-five miles on horseback to reach a point where medical attention could be given his wounds. For gallantry in

this action he was promoted to first lieutenant. After his recovery he served with his regiment until the close of the Indian troubles in Florida in 1842. In 1845 he was made captain and served with distinction through the Mexican war, being twice promoted for heroic conduct in battle. In the charge on the stone fortress of Molino del Rey, September 8, 1847, and while leading his regiment, he received a desperate wound, which confined him to his bed for a year. In 1847 the State of Georgia presented him with a handsome sword for meritorious service in the Florida and Mexican wars. From 1854 to 1856 he was commandant of the military academy at West Point with the rank of colonel, and was later assigned by Jefferson Davis, then secretary of war, to duty in Oregon.

In 1860 he resigned his commission and threw himself body and soul into the Confederate cause, serving as brigade commander in Virginia, and on the coast of Georgia and Florida, and later as Major General in Mississippi under Johnston, and from Chickamauga to Atlanta with the Army of Tennessee, giving always brilliant and daring service. As a soldier he seemed not only absolutely indifferent to danger, but rather to court its presence. Gen. W. L. Cabell in recalling his association with Gen. Walker in the '60's said that the breath of battle always brought an unusual glitter to his eye, and that he thought him the bravest man he had ever known. On the morning of July 22, 1864, as Hardee's corps was beginning its attack upon the Union left, Gen. Walker rode to an exposed position in front of his division to see that the lines were in proper form, and a cruel minnie from the enemy's vidette line ended his brave, historic life. A hero of three wars, I feel assured no battle soil on God's green earth in all the ages was ever stained by braver or by nobler blood than William Henry Walker's.

And now I cannot close this brief, imperfect notice of Gen. Walker more fittingly than in the words of one, who was the fittest of all men living or dead to utter them; fittest because for a year and more before his leader's death he was a trusted and honored member of Gen. Walker's immediate military family; fittest because his own brilliant courage and

soldierly devotion to the cause for which he fought, best qualified him to speak of one, whose life from boyhood to the grave was marked by infinite courage and devotion, fittest because in the purity and sweetness of the limpid English that falls from his gifted lips no human tongue excels him.

They are words spoken by Hon. Jos. B. Cumming at the unveiling of the monument reared to Gen. Walker on soil made sacred by his hero blood: "What can any feeble word of mine add to the facts of his honorable life and glorious death? If I tell you that he was the bravest of the brave, the soul of honor and generosity, the incarnation of truth, the mirror of chivalry, the devotee, I had almost said the fanatic, of duty, what do I say which his life and death have not proclaimed with more of eloquence? I who knew him best in the latest and most marked period of his life, pronounce, in addition to all I have said and to what his life and death have eloquently proclaimed, that of all things under the vault of heaven, for nothing, not even whistling bullet, nor shrieking cannon ball, nor bursting shell, nor gleaming bayonet had he any fear—for nothing save failure to obey to the letter and to do his soldierly duty to the uttermost."

"Lifting our eyes from this span of human life and regarding the ages which will roll over this imperishable monument, what a gainer he was by the day which we are commemorating! On that day he exchanged for what of life may have remained to him in the order of nature, filled as it might well have been with sorrows and trials and disappointments, and which in any event would have terminated long before this morning—on that day he exchanged for that fragment of mortal life the everlasting fame, which this monument will make perpetual.

"We therefore salute thee, thou stately shade, who we fain would believe dost move invisible across this scene; we salute thee not only with honor, but with felicitations, thou brave and gallant soldier, thou true and knightly gentleman, thou of the generous heart, thou of the dauntless spirit, who didst fall on this spot, which we can only mark, but thou didst consecrate."

John D. Walker lacked the military training of his older brother, but he shared in full measure his courage and military spirit. Enlisting at the age of 21 for service in the Mexican war, he participated in all the engagements fought by Scott's invading column until the battle of Churubusco, Aug. 20, 1847, in which he was severely wounded in both legs. The surgeon decided on amputation for both wounds, but the knife was stayed by the imperial will of the older brother, and John recovered, though not in time to rejoin his regiment before the end of the war, in February, 1848.

In 1853 the United States were at peace with the whole world and the rest of mankind. Gen. William Walker, a native of Nashville, Tenn., graduate in law and medicine and a journalist in New Orleans and San Francisco, not related in any way to the Walker family now under consideration and yet bearing in his blood and temperament the fondness of the general Walker tribe for military life, decided to inaugurate a little war of his own. Organizing a small body of troops he made a descent upon La Plaza, Lower California, with the intention of conquering the State of Sonora, in Northern Mexico, but the effort came to grief. In 1855 he organized another filibustering expedition against Nicaragua. Landing in that Central American republic with 62 men he enlisted a number of malcontents and in his second engagement completely routed the government forces, compelling them to accept him as an ally with the rank of Commander-in-chief of the combined army. In a war with Costa Rica, which occurred soon afterward, he defeated the Costa Ricans and secured his own election as president of Nicaragua. His autocratic methods in this position brought about disaffection among the people, the army revolted and he was forced to leave the country. He organized several similar expeditions and in the last against Honduras he was captured by a British vessel, turned over to the Honduras authorities, courtmartialed and shot to death at Truxillo. After his return from Nicaragua he visited Augusta and during his stay my father and one of his neighbors, Judge John W. Carswell, called to see him. He was referred to by the press as "the grey-eyed man of destiny" but was a very

mild mannered personage, his appearance giving no indication of his adventurous and danger-loving spirit. If he had waited a few years his genius for war would have found ample play in a much broader field.

And what has this to do with John David Walker? Only this, that fifty years ago I attended services at the old Richmond Camp Ground near the site of the present plant of the Albion Kaolin Co. There I met John David Walker for the first and only time and there I was told that he had returned a short time before from a round of filibustering with Gen. William Walker in Nicaragua.

The following incident connected with the camp meeting service and with John David as well has remained as fresh and green in my memory for all these fifty years as if it had come to me but yesterday.

St. James Methodist Church, Augusta, in the opening years of its life, 1856 and '57, was served by Rev. William M. Crumley as its pastor. He attended the Richmond camp-meeting on the occasion named above and there met John David Walker. On the night after the meeting, while the preacher's body was wrapped in slumber his mind wandered into dreamland. Traveling with a large concourse of people a public highway their journey was suddenly obstructed by a deep, impassable gulf. While debating what steps to take in order to cross the obstruction Mr. Crumley dreamed that the Saviour appeared in their midst and laying himself across the gulf said to the waiting crowd: "Pass over on my body." The bridge, human or divine, seemed so slender and so frail that the travelers were afraid to make the venture until John David Walker stepping out in front of the assembled company said, "I'll take the risk," and was the first to make the passage. On the following evening Mr. Crumley led the services, preaching from Peter's words as recorded in Matthew X, 24th and 25th. It was a very earnest appeal and at its close the usual request was made for those who felt moved to lead a better life to come to the altar for prayer. With absolutely no knowledge of the dream and yet in strangely seeming fulfillment,

John David Walker was the first in that large assembly to rise and accept the earnest invitation given by the preacher.

In the early months of 1861 he enlisted, probably with the rank of captain, in the first regiment of Georgia Regulars, commanded by Col. Charles J. Williams, of Columbus. Their first active service was in Eastern Virginia, fighting through the Yorktown campaign and afterwards through the Seven Days' Battle with Toombs' Brigade. Transferred to G. T. Anderson's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, their soldierly conduct in every engagement aided in making the fame of that fighting corps historic. August 28, 1862, Anderson's Brigade as the advance column of the corps, reached Thoroughfare Gap. The Eighth Georgia was sent through the Gap but were attacked by a Federal brigade and were being slowly pressed back when they were reinforced by the 7th and 11th Georgia, and the 1st Georgia Regulars, Major John David Walker commanding. The Union troops were immediately driven back to their entrenchments on the crest of the mountain, the Confederates climbing its precipitous slope on their hands and knees. Of the conduct of Major Walker's regiment in this engagement Gen. Anderson says, "The Regulars, both officers and men, fought with distinguished gallantry, as they have on every occasion, and I only regret that the army is not composed of just such men."

Two days later at Second Manassas, Anderson's Brigade fought on the right of Toombs' and after bravely sustaining a galling fire they advanced, driving the brigade in their front entirely from the field, but sustaining the heaviest loss of any command on the Confederate side, 612 in killed and wounded. Among them were seven or eight field officers and fifty company officers. Major John David Walker was severely wounded and was taken to the home of a Presbyterian minister. The surgeon said to him: "It will require amputation to save your life." "No," said the Major, "I have had a hard time getting through the world with two legs and I don't think I could manage it with one." Gangrene set in and his gallant life went out near the historic battle field through whose minnie-laden air he had led his regiment so bravely. Buried

for a time near the minister's home, his remains, some months later, were brought to Georgia and laid away in the family burying ground near the Arsenal.

In addition to the heroic record left by Freeman Walker's soldier sons, the military spirit of the family is further represented in the service of a grandson, Dr. Freeman Valentine Walker, as U. S. Army Surgeon, and two great grandsons, Hugh McLean Walker, now naval officer on the battleship Maine, and Fred Walker, now on duty with the 26th U. S. Artillery in the Philippines.

FREEMAN WALKER, GENEALOGICALLY.

Major Walker and his brothers, George, Valentine, and Robert were the sons of Freeman Walker, Sr., of Charles City County, Va., by his marriage with Sarah, daughter of George Minge. Mary Garlington wife of Freeman was the daughter of Col. David Creswell by his marriage with Phoebe daughter of John Talbot. Freeman and Mary were married at Bellevue then the residence of George Walker, April 29, 1803, by Hon. George Walton. Of their children who lived to adult age there were three sons, George Augustus Beverly born April 7, 1805, married Arabella Pearson. William Henry Talbot born Nov. 26, 1816, married Mary Townsend, John David born Jan. 9, 1825, was never married. There were also two daughters, Ann Eliza Amanda born March 1, 1809, married to Adam Johnston and Sarah Wyatt born Oct. 18, 1822, and married to Dr. Walter Ewing Johnston. In addition to these the following children died in childhood or youth, Robert, Freeman Valentine, Zemula Tabitha and Elliot Floyd.

To Beverly and wife were born John P. King, who married Anice L. Mitchell, Mary Elizabeth married to Lawrence A. Milligan, Zemula married to William A. Pendleton, Lucy P. married to Clarence V. Walker, Lena married to Lewis F. Goodrich, Agnes Ewing married to Armistead F. Pendleton, George, Cornelia and Sarah Wyatt died in later youth and four others in childhood.

To William Henry Talbot and his wife were born two sons and two daughters who reached maturity, William H. T.

Jr., now living in this county. Dr. Freeman Valentine at Bluffton, S. C. Mary Cresswell (Schley) Savannah, Ga., and Hannah who died some years ago in New York. There were several others who died in childhood.

Anna Eliza (Johnston) had no children and Sarah Wyatt (Johnston) only one, Rev. W. E. Johnston Augusta, Ga.

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In my closing sketch of Freeman Walker, there were two features of his story that were inadvertently omitted. Walker street, in Augusta, and Walker county, in North Georgia were both named in his honor. The late Col. Charles C. Jones has left upon record the statement that this distinguished citizen of Richmond county was "believed to be the original of Freeman Lazenby in one of Judge Longstreet's laughable sketches in 'Georgia Scenes.'" Jupiter sometimes nods and yet it is difficult to believe that so learned and accurate a scholar as Col. Jones should have written "Freeman," when the character who played the role of "The Sleeping Beauty" in the Waz Works show is named by the witty author as "Freedom Lazenby." The types were probably at fault. If Major Walker really played the part, he was selected, Judge Longstreet states, for the reason that he was the only member of the party endowed, as Mrs. Peeler would have expressed it, with the necessary measure of "personal pulcritude" to fit the place.

CHARLES AND EDWARD BURCH.

Just beyond the limits of our town, near the waters of Little Spirit Creek, and only a little way removed from the old Malone place, now occupied by Judge Matt Kelly, there has stood for a hundred years or more, a cluster of ancient oaks that mark the site of the old-time home of Charles and Edward Burch. They were sons of an early immigrant, who came to Georgia about 1740. Charles and Edward received from King George a grant of a tract of land, bounded by the waters of Big Spirit Creek and by the Savannah and Louisville roads. But this evidence of royal favor did not prevent them from joining the Revolutionary forces that had rebelled against the English King. Both their names appear on the pay roll of the "Burke Co. Rangers," commanded by Capt. Patrick Carr, of Jefferson county in 1782. A descendant of Charles has given me the following incident of Edward's military service: At the close of a skirmish between the Whigs and Tories or British, Edward, who was a very muscular and fearless man, went out unarmed over the ground that had been the scene of the conflict, probably to ascertain what loss the enemy had sustained. A mounted British or Tory officer, who had been concealed by the heavy undergrowth, saw the Whig soldier's defenceless condition, and determined to capture or kill him. Drawing his sword and putting spurs to his horse he ran down unarmed Edward and attempted to brain him with his gleaming steel, but the doughty Whig parried the blow, and, grasping the blade, he wrenched it from the officer's hand, and would have paid him in his own coin, but for the fleetness of his steed. Of Edward's descendants, I have no information. Charles left four sons, Joseph E., long time commissioner for the poor of Richmond county; Charles, Blanton and Kelt Burch; the last, if I am correctly informed, lost a limb while serving in the Mexican war.

Many descendants of Charles are now living in Augusta and Richmond county, among them James W. Burch, Sr., and James W. Jr., Lloyd W. Burch, Dr. Joseph E. Green, Mrs. G. B. Duke and many others.

THOMAS HILL.

During my boyhood days the waters of Little Spirit Creek that finds its source in our town and borders the lands of my father's old homestead, formed the scene of my early piscatorial experiences. On many a Saturday, when school duties were suspended, I endeavored with alluring bait and with varying success to entice mudcat and red-breasted perch from the depths of its eddying pools. At one point on its shaded banks there were the remnants of what was known as the "Old Tom Hill Mill." There was an old dam by the mill site, but there was no mill by—a long sight. It had vanished with the vanishing years. There was a tradition that in one of the earlier years of the last century a cyclone had passed over this immediate section and in its unmeasured wrath this demon of the air had swept this old mill, or the old McManus mill, half a mile below, or both of them, from the face of the earth.

The only personal information that I have of Thomas Hill's milling operations is a story that came to me fifty years ago and more, and whose authenticity I have no reason to doubt. A patron of the mill became impressed with the idea that Thomas was tolling his corn more heavily than the law or established custom warranted and to prevent this excessive levy he accompanied the corn on the next mill day. Thomas suspected the purpose of his visit, and after emptying the sack into the hopper and taking out only legitimate toll he entertained his patron by giving him an exhibition of the diving proficiency of the fat porkers that roamed around the mill. Taking corn from the hopper and not from the toll barrel he threw it into the mill race and the hogs would dive into the limpid water to secure the glistening grain. His evident purpose was to convince his patron that any little shortage in his meal sack was due to his indulgence in this innocent entertainment.

Thomas Hill lived at the home afterwards owned by Eli-sha Anderson, Jr., and later by Col. Edmund B. Gresham. The old house was standing in my boyhood and was replaced by

Col. Gresham with the residence now owned and occupied by Edward E. Cadle. The old mill was rebuilt and utilized for many years by S. B. Cadle.

If Thomas left any descendants, I am not aware of it. This community has numbered among its assets many hills, long hills and short hills, steep hills and hills of moderate grade, but no human Hill, save Thomas. During my boyhood his name was only a memory, and Thomas Hill had probably gone the way of all the earth, but whether his last long journey was made up hill or down hill, I do not know.

EARLY RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT LIBERTY CHURCH.

The early settlement of this section, as of probably every other section in the State, was followed by the erection of a rude log church to supply its moral and religious needs. At what date and on what site was the first house of worship built in this community? Just a hundred and seventeen years ago Francis Asbury, a primitive Bishop of the Methodist Church made an entry in his diary that will probably lead us to a correct solution of this question. This record states that after crossing the Savannah at Augusta in 1790 the Bishop rode in a South Westerly direction to the S. C. Church in Richmond County. Rev. Geo. G. Smith referring to this incident in his History of Georgia Methodism says that this church must have been located near Brothersville. In further reference to the title of the church, he says that in later years a church was built not far away from this community and named for old father Samuel Clark and that the S. C. Church was probably named for an older Samuel Clark. All this I do not steadfastly believe. My friend George like other historians falls sometimes into error and in this particular case his mental machinery has evidently slipped a cog. Clark's Chapel, to which he refers was built in 1847 largely through the efforts of my grandfather, Charles Clark, and was named for him. My father Samuel B. Clark was born in 1812, twenty-two years after Asbury preached at the S. C. Church. If there was an "older Samuel Clark" in this community my researches among colonial and other records have failed to unearth him. What then and where then was this S. C. Church? In one of the early years following the Revolutionary War a tribe of Collins brothers and probably sisters made their advent in this section. There were Moses, the great grandfather of my friend Moses Collins Murphey of Augusta, Lewis the ancestor of the late Lewis R. Collins, Samuel, Stephen and possibly others. One of these brothers Samuel or Stephen cut the first log that went into the original church building that stood on the site of what is now Liberty Church and is buried not far away from

that sacred spot. The church bore for a time the name of its original projector either Samuel or Stephen Collins and this fact explains, I feel assured, the initials used by Bishop Asbury in its early title. It was the first Methodist church erected in Richmond County and possibly the second in the State. Grant's Meeting House in Wilkes County being the first.

In further evidence of its antiquity my friend Josiah M. Seago has informed me that his grandfather Rev. James Neatherland preached in this church in 1818 and that the building in which he ministered was the third house of worship that had sanctified the site. During its more than a hundred years of sacred service as a religious center its pulpit has been blessed by the labors of many honored and useful men. In this connection it is an interesting fact that the late Rev. Alfred T. Mann, one of the ablest and most eloquent ministers known to Georgia Methodism, preached his maiden sermon in old Liberty Church and after fifty years or more of distinguished and successful service in his Master's cause the same hallowed walls echoed the last public utterance that came from his gifted lips and consecrated heart.

HOPEFUL CHURCH.

Prior to the establishment of the Hephzibah Baptist Church in 1862 there was no organized body of that denomination in this community, and those who professed that creed united themselves with the Hopeful Church seven or eight miles away. This old church began its religious life in April or May 1815. Its organization was largely due to the earnest religious work of Rev. Edmund Byne, a native of Virginia, who began preaching in Burke County as early as 1785. Dying in 1814 he failed to see the full fruition of his labors in the establishment of this church. During its more than ninety years existence many able and godly men have ministered at its altars. Among its pastors, who were directly connected with this community, may be named Rev. J. H. T. Kilpatrick, Rev. W. L. Kilpatrick, Rev. Wm. H. Davis, Rev. E. R. Carswell, Sr., and Rev. J. Hamilton Carswell. The first church building was made of rough pine poles and while its early pastors probably talked to their hearers when occasion demanded, "with the bark off" as it were, their earnest words were echoed by pine walls with the bark on.

From this primitive chrysalis it developed as the years went by into a hewn log building then, into a neat framed edifice and finally in 1851 into the present structure, one of the handsomest strictly rural churches in the State.

Through the courtesy of my friend Samuel G. Story I have had the privilege of examining the early records of Hopeful Church running back to November 1815. They show a stringency in church discipline unknown to modern religious methods and a quaintness in expression unknown to modern ears.

In 1830 a member of this church confessed at the monthly conference that he had been present when a bee tree was cut on the Sabbath and after the expression of proper contrition for the direliction he was forgiven. A year or two earlier a sister was excommunicated after acknowledgment that she had allowed a negro to put a bag of corn in her house, and another met the same fate for marrying her son-in-law. The

corn was probably stolen but the records do not show that fact. On another occasion in those early days a brother rose in his place and after confessing sorrow and repentance for "coming in contact" with a neighbor he was forgiven and restored to fellowship. In 1828 a committee was appointed "to visit a beloved sister and stir her up." The doctrine of apostacy was not a tenet of the Hopeful creed and yet the records for the year 1828 show that while they did not believe in "falling from grace" they did believe in the falling of Grace, a member bearing that name having been excommunicated for some alleged moral obliquity.

Rev. Elisha Perryman, a noted Baptist minister of the old days, while never a pastor of Hopeful held his membership there for a time and aided the church in many ways in its religious work. He was a plain blunt man of limited education, very plain speech and some eccentricities. My father was his physician and at one time was instrumental in curing him of a very serious malady, making, in view of his ministerial calling no charge for the service. Meeting my father after his recovery he said: "Dr. I am going to spread your fame from Dan to Beersheba." Some months later an itinerant corps of musicians opened up in the community a kindergarten school of music and my father allowed my brother and myself to matriculate in the violin class. This fact came to the preacher's knowledge and my father's fame, so far as it rested upon Mr. Perryman's effort for its extension, failed to reach either Dan or Beersheba. In Mr. P.'s eyes a man who would allow his boys to play on the fiddle was anathema maranatha, fit material for the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched. Many stories were told during my boyhood of Mr. Perryman's peculiarities and some of them may be worthy of a place in these records. Col. A. C. Walker once gave me the following incident. Mr. P. had preached on the sin of Sabbath breaking and in the course of his discourse had given many instances of what he conceived to be temporal judgments visited upon offenders for violating the sanctity of the Lord's Day. One of his ministerial brethren sat in the pulpit to close the service and when the sermon was ended he rose to make a few ad-

ditional remarks, "Yes brethren" he said "if you break the Sabbath your sin will shorely find you out, why old Brother and Sister _____ started out to church not long ago on Sunday and just as they crossed Sandy Run Creek there came a streak of lightening and killed 'em both." As the illustration ended, Mr. Perryman leaned forward and giving his brother's coat tail a rather strenuous twitch he said: "Sit down you goose, you don't know what you are talking about," and the brother's fervid exhortation ended without an encore.

My genial friend, Brad Merry, whose retentive memory is as full of stories as the proverbial egg is of meat, has recently given me the following: Mr. Perryman on one of his preaching tours spent a night at the home of Judge Edmund Palmer, who has already been named in these memories. The Judge was not a pronounced believer in race suicide having been blessed, as Bill Arp once said of himself, with "a numerous and interesting offspring." In the opening prayer preceding the sermon on the following day Mr. Perryman told the Lord how kindly he had been entertained by his hospitable friend Judge Palmer and then added: "And now Lord let thy blessings rest upon the Judge and his wife and their long train of children." Mrs. Palmer was an auditor that day and however impressive the sermon may have been she was hardly edified by the personal allusion in the prayer.

My good friend W. J. Steed, whose constant kindness and unselfish friendship have blessed my life so many years has been to me always a veritable Samaritan, never passing by on the other side when a story from his prolific mental storehouse would fill my needs. He stands sponsor for the following incident. Mr. Perryman had closed a successful protracted service in Lincoln County and was burying in a liquid grave the fruits of his labors. Baptisteries were not in vogue in that section at that day and the waters of a nearby stream were utilized for baptismal purposes. The previous record of one of the "candidates" had not been such as to commend him as a shining exemplar for the rising generation and one of his friends stood by the water-side determined to see that nothing should occur in the administration of the rite to mar its effec-

tiveness. As Mr. P. drew him from the water this friend said: "Try him again, I don't think you got him well under that time." The preacher was preparing to comply when the young man said: "Please don't, I think I saw a mink when I was under there just now." Whether the protest was effectual the records do not show.

The later years of Mr. Perryman's life were spent in this community. He died during my boyhood and the funeral services were conducted by Rev. Jonathan Huff under an agreement of long standing between them, that whichever survived should render this loving service for his dead friend and collaborer.

Mr. Huff lived in Warren County, but served Hopeful church as its pastor from 1828 to 1836. The following incident in his ministerial life has no connection with this church, but may be worthy of record in these homely annals. A church under his care numbered among its members Mr. Joshua Whittaker noted for his skill as a marksman. According to his own claim he had killed deer, wild turkeys and other game with his rifle at such long range as not only to astonish the natives, but tax the credulity of strangers as well. And these feats usually occurred when no other eye but his own witnessed the performance. The matter finally reached a stage where Mr. Huff felt that Brother Whittaker's propensity to exaggerate was bringing reproach upon the church and a conference was therefore called and a committee appointed to "labor with the brother" and win him back from the sin that seemed so easily to beset him. On the appointed day the pastor and his deacons met at Mr. Whittaker's home and feeling reluctant to tackle him in his own house, they asked him to accompany them to a neighbor's, a mile or so away. Having no clue as to their mission, he readily assented and taking his rifle from the pegs on which it lay he said in explanation; that a hawk had been foraging on his wife's chicken preserve and he might find opportunity to stop its depredations. They had covered about half the distance when Mr. Whittaker stopped suddenly and said: "There he is now," "Where?" said Mr. Huff. Pointing to a large poplar a long distance away he re-

plied: "Look up that tree about fifty feet and then ten feet to the right and you will see the hawk sitting on a nest in the fork of the limb." Mr. Huff and the deacons looked and looked, but neither nest nor hawk could they see. "What" said Mr. Whittaker, "Can't see the hawk? Why I can see his eyes." They shifted their position and strained their eyes, but with no better success. "Well I'll show him to you," and drawing a careful bead he fired. As the smoke cleared away the hawk fell to the ground with a dull thud. An examination of the game showed that the ball had passed through the head going in at one eye and coming out at the other. The journey was resumed in a silence that was a little oppressive both to Mr. Huff and his deacons. They had gone but a little way when the preacher stopped and said, "Brother Whittaker, I have heard so many miraculous stories of your marksmanship with **your rifle** that I could not believe them and I thought they were injuring the church and I had brought these brethren with me to aid me in the effort to induce you to bring these stories down to the limit of credibility, but since you have killed that hawk by shooting him through the eyes when I couldn't even see the nest I've got enough and I'm going home. Good-bye, Brother Whittaker."

The argumentum ad hawkem had done the work. The committee de inquirende adjourned sine die without the benediction, and "Brother Whittaker's" tongue was left to wag from that day on ad libitum et ad infinitum.

I once told the story to a friend, who knew the hero, and he said: "I am not surprised. Why he could see a honey bee a quarter of a mile away." And then in further evidence of the abnormal development of the Whittaker tribe not only in the line of vision but on other lines as well he said that two of them were passing a church steeple when one looking up to its apex for a moment said to the other, "Can you see that fly buzzing around the point of that steeple?" And the other replied, "No but I can hear him buzz."

Aside from those already named, Rev. Joseph Polhill, a prominent Baptist minister in his day, is associated with the history of Hopeful Church. Though never serving as its pas-

tor he began his religious life at its altars and in his earnest and effective ministration for other churches in the Hephzibah Association, he was instrumental in bringing into their communion nearly a thousand members.

The church building at Hopeful erected in 1851 at the cost of \$5,000, and by a membership numbering only sixty five, still stands as a center of religious influence and a lasting monument to the Christian liberality and zeal of its old time congregation.

NEW HOPE CHURCH.

During my boyhood there stood on a blackjack ridge near the present southern limits of Hephzibah a hewn log church by the rather contradictory title of "Old New Hope." At what date it began its mission as a pioneer radiant of moral and religious activity I do not know, but it was probably in the early years of the 19th century. Unearthed from a batch of old records left by my grandfather Charles Clark, who died in 1852, there is now in my possession a roster of New Hope's membership compiled April 9, 1833, and with such additions as were made to October 1844. This roll embraces a large number of those who have already found a place in these records, among them Nicholas Murphey and family, Charles Clark and family, John, Matthew, Moselle and Sarah Carswell, Robert H. and Betsy Ann Evans, Philip and Martha Evans, William J. and Martha Rhodes, Lavinia and Araminta Rhodes, Anderson, John W., Frederick and Amarintha Rheney, Betsey Walker, Matthew Templeton, and nearly a hundred others. Among these members there is one "Diadem Jewel" who if she fitly illustrated her name must have been a gem of the first water. New Hope church in 1833 formed a component part of what was known in Methodist economy as the Warren circuit of the Georgia Conference. Rev. Lovick Pierce the Nestor of Georgia Methodism was then presiding elder of the Augusta district, while Isaac Boring served New Hope and other churches as pastor with Robert Stripling as Junior Preacher. A baptismal record found in connection with the

roll of members furnishes the following approximately correct list of Methodist itinerants who ministered to this community from 1809 to 1849:

1809 Watson, 1811 Lewis Myers, 1813 Michael Burge, 1815 Joseph Tarply, 1818 John Mate, 1820 Tilman Snead, 1822 James Turner, 1824 Joseph Travis, 1827 Allen Turner, 1829 P. N. Maddox, 1830 James E. Glenn, 1834 Geo. W. Carter, 1839 P. N. Maddox, 1841 John J. Triggs, 1843 T. D. Peurifoy, 1844 Jno. C. Simmons, 1847 Jno. P. Duncan, 1849 Josiah Lewis. The names of James O. Andrew and George F. Pierce occur in this record in 1832 and 1837 respectively, but they were both evidently Presiding Elders of the District.

The building of Berlin church at some date in the '30s and of Clark's Chapel in 1847 drew so largely upon the membership of New Hope that its use as a house of worship ended probably about the last named year. The late William W. Rhodes once told me that it was the rule or custom of this church to construe attendance upon its "love feasts" for three consecutive occasions as *prima facie* evidence of a desire to enter its communion, but that having no special trend in that direction in his boyhood he would bar the application of the rule to his own case by always skipping the third service. The Rev. E. R. Carswell, Sr., gave me the following reminiscences of New Hope. During the pastorate of Rev. Josiah Lewis he attended preaching at the church when through the inclemency of the weather or other cause there were present beside himself only Rev. Nicholas Murphey and his wife, and my father. That is to say two preachers and two active members of the church formed the congregation and Brother Lewis preached to these four from the text, "Ye must be born again." He had evidently prepared the discourse for a class of hearers who preferred the cosy comfort of their blazing fire-side to the chilly air of an old log church, whose only heating arrangement was confined to the weakened rays of a winter sun. Matthew Templeton, an old time member of this old church was accustomed to walk to the Sabbath service, but on one occasion he varied the rule by riding his mettled steed. Hitching him to a convenient sapling he entered the church where the fervor of the

sermon or the mellowness of the old-time songs banished from his brain cells all memory of his morning ride. The service ended, he tramped his way homeward leaving his faithful horse to wonder in his equine way if the pulpit deliverance would never end.

The last vestige of old "New Hope" has long since vanished into airy nothingness and no one now perhaps could mark unerringly the spot where once its hallowed altars stood, and yet just seventy years ago its rough hewn walls were echoing in rhythmic melody the charming eloquence that came unbidden from the gifted lips of saintly George F. Pierce.

RICHMOND CAMP GROUND.

The religious faith and zeal of the early days found full and fit expression in the freedom and fervor of the old camp-meeting service. Leaving behind them for a time their daily toil and care these old time Methodists went out into the open woods to one of God's first temples and through the mellow sunshine of mild September days and in the shadows of the Autumn nights they made their vows afresh and sought to save their fellow men. Aside from the religious benefit accruing from these services there was a social side to these occasions that brightened and relieved the dull monotony of rural, isolated life and left its gladness and its glamour to linger in the hearts of men for weeks and months to come.

Not far from our village limits there lay in the old days two shaded groves dedicated at different times to these annually recurring open air services. The first was near the waters of the Grindstone branch and only a little way from the old time home of Rev. Nicholas Murphey. If my information is correct no "Tents" as they were called were built on the ground. The people came in covered wagons and these were used as sleeping quarters during the progress of the meeting. When conditions in the community had improved, financially and otherwise, the site of the Richmond Camp Ground was changed to an ideal spot not far removed from the present plant of the Albion Kaolin Co., and donated for the purpose by Absalom Rhodes. A spacious tabernacle was erected and bordering it on three sides there stood more than a score of comfortable summer dwellings dispensing a lavish hospitality to all who came. My father's "tent" after its last enlargement, I am sure comfortably housed and slept and fed at least fifty guests outside his own family. With the missing links in my own memory supplied by conference with my old friends J. W. Burch, Sr., and R. H. P. Day, I am able to give the following approximately correct list of these old time "tent holders" as they were called. Taking them alphabetically they were as follows: James Anderson, Augustus H. Anderson, James Brandon, Joseph E. Burch, Charles Burch, Samuel B. Clark,

Geo. H. Crump, William Doyle, Robert Evans, Edmund B. Gresham, H. D. Greenwood, Dr. Walter E. Johnston, Jesse Johnson, Jesse Kent, Robert Malone, Holland McTyeire, Rev. Nicholas Murphey, Alexander Murphey, Hiram Oswald, Ab-salom Rhodes, Middleton Seago, Mrs. Nancy Seago, Joseph Thomas, Edmund Tabb, David Tinley, Valentine Walker and Asaph Waterman. For twenty-five or thirty years this camp ground flourished like a green bay tree. Its annual services were blessed by the earnest and effective labors of George F. Pierce, James O. Andrew, Jno. W. Glenn, Thomas F. Pierce, Josiah Lewis, Wm. M. Crumley, John W. Knight, Allen Turner and many other worthies of the old days. John W. Knight preached his first sermon at a service on this ground. In his youth and early manhood he had been wild, reckless and dissipated. He "quit his meanness" as the late Sam Jones expressed it, joined St. John church and soon after applied for license to preach. George F. Pierce was Presiding Elder of the Augusta District and Mr. Knight's application embarrassed him. Mr. Knight's previous record, lack of education and general awkwardness would, he thought, militate very strongly against his usefulness as a minister. While the matter was pending the Richmond Campmeeting came on with Dr. Pierce, as he was called, in charge. A dearth in ministerial help furnished opportunity to test the young applicant's fitness for the pulpit and Mr. Knight was assigned to a preaching hour in the service. The result astounded the future Bishop. His fluent, forceful, impassioned appeal silenced all misgivings and secured the license. With limted knowledge of books, his strong native intellect, terrible earnestness and unique method of presenting the truth made him a successful preacher. Rev. Thomas F. Pierce a short time before his death gave me the following reminiscence of Mr. Knight. At the close of one of Mr. Pierce's sermons he asked "Uncle John," as he was familiarly called, to lead in prayer. The old man kneeled down and began, "Lord there are just three things that we want to talk to you about this morning and we want you to pay special attention." As he enumerated each item he would close the statement with an inquiry of his Master, "Are you

listening? Are you listening?" And then said Mr. Pierce "He gave voice to one of the most powerful prayers I ever heard from human lips."

After Mr. Knight's maiden sermon at Richmond Camp-meeting George F. Pierce, whether as Presiding Elder or Bishop was one of his strongest friends and advisers. As they talked one day the Bishop said to him, "John, you are a good preacher, but you get off the track sometimes. You start up the creek all right, but you wander off into some shallow branch where there are no fish at all." "I guess you are right Bishop," Mr. Knight replied, "and the next time you are in the pulpit with me and I get into one of those branches, I wish you would give my coat tail a twitch and I'll get back into deep water again." Not many weeks afterward the Bishop chanced to attend one of his friend's appointments and sat in the pulpit to close the service. In the course of the sermon the preacher reached a point where in the estimation of the Bishop he had struck the unfruitful shallowness of branch water and recalling the request made he leaned forward and gave his brother's coat tail a gentle twitch. Mr. Knight recognized the signal and turning his back to the audience he thundered with an imperial sweep of the head, "Bishop you are wrong there. There are fish up that creek and the biggest sort." His hearers were doubtless entertained if not edified by that unexpected and unexplained number on the program and his ministerial bark was allowed to glide on without interruption to its destined haven.

Dr. James Knight, who died a year or two ago in Eatonton, Ga., was a son of "Uncle John," and in his boyhood developed some characteristics of the Munchausen type.

Seated at the breakfast table one morning he taxed the credulity of the family by the statement that he had just seen a million rats down at the pond.

It was his father's custom in riding to his appointments to stop at homes by the wayside and hold prayer with the family. On this particular morning after Jim's breakfast deliverance, he mounted his steed and halting at the first house on his route, he said to the lady, who met him at the door, "Sister I have

just dropped in to have a prayer with you," and dropping on his knees he prayed for the family and the church and the world generally, winding up his petition with this invocation, "And now Lord forgive Jim Knight for that lie about them rats this morning, and save us all in Heaven."

On another occasion Rev. J. H. Echols was preaching while Mr. Knight sat before him an interested listener. In the elaboration of his theme the preacher was portraying the characteristics of a gay and festive sinner and his gifted tongue was drawing the picture with the skill of an artist. As he neared the consummation and gave the finishing touches Mr. Kinght to the amazement of the preacher and the amusement of the audience sang out, "Now aint he a blossom?"

The reader will not I trust form his judgment of this saintly man solely or mainly from these peculiarities. He was a diamond in the rough. From the day of his reformation he served his Master humbly, faithfully, effectively often brilliantly in the pulpit and if there are reserved seats in the Celestial City he is surely filling one today. Bishop Pierce once said of him, "If his moral and educational environment had been favorable in his early life he would have stood in the front rank as a preacher. His pulpit efforts ranged all the way from cipher to a hundred but in his dryest moods there were always scintillations of his originality. His best sermons for range of thought, power of expression and touching pathos I have never heard excelled."

Some minor incidents come back to me to-day over the waste of vanished years of those old campmeeting days, incidents that bear no marked religious trend. My first personal acquaintance with that peculiar species of the genus homo known as tramp, occurred at this camp ground. He was known to the general public as Lazy Lawrence and in appearance was a typical member of the tramp tribe. He wore upon his grizzled locks the fading, battered remnant of a once glossy silk tie, upon his rugged face the glow of a perennial smile and on his lips the mellow cadence of an Irish brogue. In his earlier days he had probably been an Irish ditcher, but in his later years his constitutional aversion to physical labor had placed

him on the retired list without emoluments or pay. When the lusty voice of Edmund Tabb rang through the vibrant bugle the maiden call to the opening service on those old grounds the battered tile was there and when its last notes on the closing day faded out on the Autumn air its owner

“Would fold his tents like the Arab
And as silently steal away.”

I do not recall that he ever attended a religious service, but when the tempting meals were spread, like Bob Toombs story of the Vermont Democracy he was “always on hand with his dish up.”

What became of him during the twelve months interval between these services I do not know unless with his physical wants entirely filled by a four days feast he went into a state of prolonged hibernation until the bugle blew again.

But this peripatetic specimen of the tramp tribe was not the only acquaintance formed at these annual services. On one of these occasions I came into personal but not pleasant contact with what the modern medical fraternity term acute indigestion but what was then known to the unprofessional mind at least, by the less aesthetic title of cholera morbus. While convalescing from this attack an old negro woman, who was rendering culinary or other service at a neighboring tent came in and noticing that I was a little under the weather she kindly asked, “What’s the matter with you?” As I gave her the old time name of my physical ailment she drew back with a look of apprehension on her honest old face and said in a tone of some alarm, “Is it ketching?” I hastened to assure her that to the best of my medical knowledge and belief the trouble was hardly “ketching” and her fears were relieved.

Rev. Milton A. Clark, who for twenty years and more has been laboring as a missionary among the Indians attended when a boy these campmeeting services. Awaking one morning in my father’s tent he was unable to locate the bifurcated outer garment that he had laid aside on retiring to rest. My mother learning of his trouble sent Henry, a negro boy owned

by my father, into the room to aid him in the search. On his reappearance my mother asked if he had found them and he replied, "No Mistiss, Mars Milton wouldn't help me. He just sot dar a snuffin." Milton's long and strenuous service as a Confederate soldier culminating in the loss of a leg as he bravely faced the bursting shells to rescue a wounded comrade at Spottsylvania and his twenty years or more of arduous self-denying labor among the untamed Indians of the West have brought him many weightier trials than that recited above, but he has met them with a quiet fortitude and patience that failed him in his boyish trouble on that campmeeting morning in the long ago.

The annual service on these old grounds was continued until the strain and stress of war caused its suspension and it was never resumed. The old tabernacle was moved in 1869 to its present site at Gracewood and campmeetings have been held there for all these years but never with their former charm or prestige.

RICHMOND BATH AND THE OLD BATH CHURCH.

On New Year's Day in 1862, the First and the 23rd Virginia regiments with Ashby's cavalry and other Confederate troops started out from Winchester, Va., on a winter tramp under Stonewall Jackson with the benevolent purpose of inducing by moral suasion or otherwise, a certain Federal force then trespassing on Virginia soil to return to their homes and thenceforth and thereafter to "play in their own back yards."

Col. William B. Taliaferro, who in the years that followed won his spurs as a major general, was then commanding the 23rd Virginia. Riding by our regiment in one of the early days of this January outing, he was saluted by one of its members with the query:

"Where are the Yankees, colonel?"

"Up at a little place called Bath," he replied, giving the name the modern and up-to-date pronunciation of "Barth."

So, nestled away on the borders of old "Pinetucky" and only a little way from our rustic town, there has lain for a hundred years or more "a little place called Bath," or if the "culchar" of the reader so prefers it, "Barth."

In its early days it was known as the Richmond Baths, but whether from any alleged medicinal virtue in the limpid water that gushed and gurgled from one of its shaded vales, this scribe is not prepared to say.

Bordering the ancient Indian trail that lay between Augusta and Galphin's trading post at Old Town, it was probably in ante-railroad days a station on the old stage route that led to Louisville.

When plans were being formulated to construct the Georgia Railroad to Atlanta, some of its promoters suggested a route that ran by Bath, but the old time residents made strenuous objection. They did not want their rural quietude disturbed by the smoke and snort of iron horses and another line was chosen.

Through all its ante-bellum history, this little village was the resort of wealthy planters from the adjoining county of Burke. Cultivated and refined, with ample means and ample

leisure these old time Southern gentlemen builded here their old colonial mansions and made of Bath a social center noted far and wide for its charming elegance and old-time Southern grace.

Prominent among its earliest settlers and filling large space in all its ante-bellum history, there was a race that came of Scotch Presbyterian stock. Driven from their native heath by religious persecution they found a refuge in Northern Ireland in the early years of the 17th century. A hundred years later William Whitehead, one of the tribe decided to try his fortune in the New World and settled on the soil of the Old Dominion. In 1764, or possibly earlier, three of his grandsons, John, Amos and Caleb, migrated to Burke County, Ga., taking a section of land that stretched for fifteen miles along the western bank of Brier creek. The lands were fresh and fertile, their slaves multiplied and they and their sons and grandsons took rank among the wealthiest planters of this wealthy old county. Noted in all the fair and broad domain that formed their landed estate was the Spread Oak Place, settled, improved and beautified by the original John Whitehead and the birthplace of three generations or more of his descendants.

But on these virgin lands where the pendant moss in grey festoons drapes the forest trees and the snowy cotton bloomed and bolled and whitened in almost tropical luxuriance under the Southern sky the malarial germ in earth or air or stagnant streams found its abiding place and "third-day chill and fever" hung like a pall over the summer and autumn days. In such environment the old familiar salutation "give us a shake" must hardly have found its birth for shakes, that bore no warm relationship to milkshakes, came without the courtesy of any invitation.

To find some surcease from this annoying yet rarely serious affliction, many of the old time Whiteheads made their homes in the balmy, resinous, and germless air of Richmond Bath. Among them were John and James, Amos G. and John P. C., Troup and William, John Berrien and John Randolph. With them came other wealthy planters from old-time Burke, of whom the following are recalled, Adam McNatt and Wm.

S. C. Morris, Rev. Joshua Key and Major Poythress, Samuel and Gideon Dowse, Samuel and William Byne, Amos W. Wiggins and Thomas Nesbit, Commodore Nelson and last but not least Quintillian Skrine, who as Senor Quinzimaniskrani and with his conferes Senor Cartara, Senor Benneti, Senor Antonini and Senor Portosi representing Dr. Carter, Major Bennett, Dr. Anthony and Major Poythress formed the *dramatis personae* in "The Conspirators," a political drama written by Col. A. C. Walker in the "forty-four, forty or fight" period of Southern history.

All of these old homes kept open house, dispensing a princely old time Southern hospitality to all who came. In these latter days a girl of the period invites three or four friends to her home for three or four days and the local reporter emblazons it in the press as a "large and brilliant house-party," but I am assured by one whose memory goes back to the old Bath days that it was not unusual for her father to entertain thirty guests, continuously for weeks and weeks at his old Bath home.

LOVE AND WAR, OR A BATH ROMANCE.

In the summer of '61 the Confederate Government was endeavoring with wholly inadequate force to hold the unfriendly territory of West Virginia true to its allegiance to the Southern cause.

In the army of occupation was the 21st Virginia regiment holding as a component part of its organization a splendid company of Baltimore boys commanded by Capt. Lyle Clark. Within its ranks there was a fairhaired lad within whose loyal veins there flowed the blood of a Revolutionary sire, who had not only signed Tom Jefferson's historic paper, but had affixed his signature in such a way as to leave no possible doubt as to his identity if the effort of the colonies had come to grief. In the mountain campaign that followed this boy soldier grew sick and helpless and was forced to ask the kindly care of a friendly mountaineer.

A few days later there came to the home two Augusta boys, members of the Oglethorpe Infantry, 1st Ga. regiment, asking for a night's shelter, and were assigned to the invalid's room. He had grown weak and despondent and thought that his time had come. They cheered him as best they could and one of them to divert his mind from his illness showed him a picture of his Georgia sweetheart. It was the face of a typical Southern girl with laughing eyes and mobile lips and a wealth of soft brown hair. The night passed and the Augusta boys hurried on to overtake their command.

The sick boy was nursed back to health and rejoined his comrades later.

In a life of more than sixty years I can recall few days in which palmetto fans were as absolutely useless as January 4th, in '62. If not the coldest I have ever known, as the rustic witness said, it was certainly "tharabouts."

Our winter tramp with Stonewall Jackson had brought us within a mile of Col. Taliaferro's little place called "Bath." Our regiment had been halted awaiting Gen. Jackson's final disposition of his forces for the expected battle. Standing by the roadside in the frozen snow I heard the tramp of an approach-

ing column and Capt. Clark's crack company from "Maryland, My Maryland," marched by with faultless step and ringing, rhythmic tread on their way to the front to open the engagement on the skirmish line. During my service as a soldier I came in contact with many military organizations from many states, but with none that impressed me more by their soldierly bearing and handsome looks than those grey clad boys from Baltimore. With them tramped and fought that bitter winter day the quondam invalid from the Western Virginia home, but to my personal mental consciousness he was then an absolutely unknown quantity in the algebra of life.

A year later he was sent to Port Gibson, Louisiana, on some military mission that involved a stop over in Augusta for a day or two enroute. There he chanced to meet a Virginia army friend, Col. McLeod, of Emanuel county, and as they chatted pleasantly, two blooming maidens passed them on the street. "Colonel, those are mighty pretty girls," said the young soldier. "Yes, they are friends of mine. Would you like to meet them?"

"Sure," was the prompt response, and when the presentation was made, the face of one of the girls seemed strangely familiar to him. "Were you ever in Maryland or Virginia?" he asked.

"Never," she replied:

"Well, I have certainly met you somewhere."

"No, I guess not," she answered. "You have simply met some girl that resembled me a little."

"No, it was your face and no other," and then there came back to him the memory of a sick bed among the Virginia mountains in '61, of a chance meeting with two Augusta boys, of a pictured face drawn from an army knapsack to cheer him in his illness and the mystery was solved. He told her the story, but she laughingly denied the soft impeachment and asked him to accompany them on their visit to the old Doughty home. He went and his stay in Augusta was possibly prolonged beyond the limit that military necessity absolutely required, but before it had ended he had secured from her a promise that his letters would not go unanswered.

And then the weary, bloodstained years went by, but before "grim visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front," the soft pine air of old time Bath was laden with the breath of orange blossoms and in the spacious halls of one of its old time mansions the bidden guests had gathered from far and near to witness the plighted troth of Maryland's grey-clad soldier and his bonnie Georgia bride. And now as I write these lines on this January day in 1908, the genial face and manly form of my long-time friend, Phil Carroll, lies at his Greene street home smitten again by illness while she whose love has blessed his life for all these years sits by his bedside to cheer him with her real and not her pictured face.

JACOB WALKER, OR A SLAVE'S LOYALTY.

Some weeks ago I was able to secure some data in the early history of the old Bath church from my friend Mrs. C. A. Rowland, who in her girlhood worshipped at its altars and whose kindly hands and gentle, generous heart have for so many years in the role of a Good Samaritan brought sunshine to many shadowed lives and homes. In addition to this information she gave me also the following story, which while it has no distinctive Bath setting occurred at "Ivanhoe," the plantation home of her father, Amos G. Whitehead, one of the old Bath residents and is therefore in some measure germane to these records. This home lay on the Quaker road not many miles from Waynesboro and in the track of Sherman's famous and infamous "March to the Sea." Some days before the advent of the vanguard of the Federal army, Mrs. Whitehead in order to minimize in some degree their expected depredations, placed the family silver in charge of Jacob Walker, one of her trusted slaves, with instructions to conceal it in some safe hiding place. In faithful execution of his trust he hid it away in the cavernous depths of an unused well on the premises, covering the surface opening and concealing it all with a layer of forest leaves. Kilpatrick's cavalry corps occupied the place for a day, the home itself being utilized as headquarters for the general and his staff. During their stay Kilpatrick having possibly in his baggage wagon, still space for a few more sets of family treasures took occasion in a private interview with Jacob to inquire where the family silver could be found. And the faithful slave believing that even the law of absolute truthfulness had its limitations in war times, said with an innocent look in his honest eyes, "Boss, dere ain't no silver here at all. Marster done took it all to Augusta. No, sir, dere ain't none here." And the general's table at his next stopping place was not adorned by the Whitehead silver. Jacob's wife was the family cook and under orders from one of the aides prepared the midday meal for the uninvited guests. Mrs. Whitehead had reserved a set of spoons for the family use and these were placed on the table.

As the meal progressed one of the officers tilting one of them on his finger commented very favorably on its weight, and evidently sterling quality. The cook heard the comment and quietly making the circuit of the table she gathered them in and hid them away.

Jacob's young master, Willie Whitehead, joined the Burke Sharp Shooters at the first call to arms in '61, and became the ensign of the Second Georgia Regiment. On the bloody slope of Malvern Hill he went down to death gallantly bearing the regimental colors. Before leaving home he gave to Jacob as a special mark of his affectionate regard a handsome set of gold shirt studs carved or moulded in the form of a wolf's head. This cherished gift adorned Jacob's homespun shirt front on the occasion of Kilpatrick's visit and while the raiders were earnest advocates of "Free Silver," silver that was free to their pillaging hands, they were in no way averse to the "double standard" when the occasion offered. The gleam and glitter that shone from the negro's brawny breast attracted the attention of one of the officers, and fingering the studs with an itching palm, he said: "These are mighty pretty. I want them." And Jacob with the same innocent look in his homely face, said, "Boss, dere ain't no gold 'bout dese buttons. I rubs 'em up every mornin' to make 'em shine, but dey ain't nuffin' but brass," and the officer having no desire to add to his outfit, physical or mental on that particular line, left the negro in undisturbed possession of his treasure.

I am glad to know that when in after years this trusted slave was called to his last long home and his lowly form was laid to rest beneath the shadow of the trees in the city of the dead, every business house in Waynesboro closed its doors in loving token of respect for his humble, but faithful life.

It was General Kilpatrick's purpose to prolong his stay at "Ivanhoe," until the following day, but General Wheeler came up in the afternoon and began to show him social courtesies of a carbine character and the Federal officer decided to "move on," and "step lively." "Little Joe's" attentions were kept up unremittingly until they arrived at Buckhead creek when Kilpatrick in order to bar a continuance of these courtesies

whose constancy had grown a little monotonous, burned or partially burned the bridge. Wheeler's type of hospitality did not allow him to wait for a lumber order to be filled by a local mill and the pews in Buckhead church were utilized to replace the burned flooring.

Some days later Little Joe to supplement his knowledge of Burke topography accepted the volunteered service as pilot of my old friend and school mate, Jno. W. Reynolds, whose active military duties had been ended by a wound received at Malvern Hill. In their meanderings they reached the vicinity of "Ivanhoe" again and Mrs. Whitehead invited the General to dine at her home. Little Joe requested my friend John to accompany him and they went, but Eliza found no occasion to remove the spoons that day.

A SLAVE WEDDING AT BATH.

The outside world has never had in the years gone by and will never have in the years to come any true conception of the peculiar relation that existed between "Marster and Mistiss" and those, who called them such in the old slave days. They found their birth in conditions that had no precedent and a system that will have no successor. The tender kindness that lay in the hearts of each of these classes, Marster and slave, mistress and maid, "mammy" and "chile" is a "Lost Chord," whose rhythmic melody will never echo again in earth or sea or sky. To those of my readers, whose conscious life goes back to those old days the following incident given me by my friend, Mrs. M. P. Carroll, may awaken a fading memory of the feeling I have tried to picture.

In the old Bath home of her father, Adam McNatt, many Augusta guests were entertained and none more frequently, perhaps, than William Henry Warren. In his periodical trips to the little village, he was attended by Henry, one of his slaves, as a valet. In the home of his host, there was a servant girl, Maria, with whose maiden charms Henry became enamoured and a marriage engagement followed. Maria confided the fact to her mistress and when the appointed day approached Mrs. McNatt prepared a costly wedding supper, purchased many bridal gifts and invited all the family servants in the neighboring homes, as Maria's marriage guests. The use of the summer dining room was allowed for the wedding feast, and the services of Rev. Rufus K. Porter, then pastor of the Presbyterian church at Bath, was engaged to bind the nuptial tie. Maria was supplied by her mistress with an appropriate bridal trousseau, the ceremony was honored by the presence of Mrs. McNatt's family and the occasion passed off with much eclat. If my memory serves me correctly, this incident and the many similar ones that occurred in the Old South have not been given any very special prominence in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and yet they may, perhaps, be appropriately added to the long list of "Southern outrages."

"RUTHER COLD."

My old friend and comrade, Jim Wilson, was wont to characterize an abnormal drop in the mercury as being "cold enough to freeze off the ears of a brass monkey." The allusion made in a former sketch to the frigid temperature that prevailed in Northern Virginia in January '62, recalls a story that came to me long years afterward and yet that was suggested by the Virginia "spell," and that would seem to meet in some measure, at least, the conditions of Jim's mental thermometer. During one of the Confederate reunions in Louisville, Ky., my old friend Jordan Bottom and myself, made a visit to Cave Hill cemetery, where rest many of Kentucky's honored dead. On one of its graveled and winding ways we chanced to meet two veterans from Parkersburg, W. Va., and in the conversation that followed, the severity of the winter already named, became the subject of discussion. My friend Jordan recalled the fact that the temperature fell below the zero point. I was unable to either affirm or deny the statement, as my camp outfit did not include in its equipment any thermometer, save my ears and toes, and they were both ungraded. I did remember, however, that on the unbridged streams over which we passed, ice lay thick enough and strong enough to bear up the weight, not only of heavy baggage wagons, but of artillery as well, and this hardly indicated the fervent heat of a summer solstice. Growing out of this discussion there came from the lips of one of our new made friends the following story, corroborated and confirmed that evening in its essential features by a Confederate captain from Norfolk, Va., who had personally inspected the documentary evidence.

Some years after the war the contract for carrying the mail over a star route line that ran over Cheat Mountain, on whose wooded slopes there came to the writer on a fall day in '61 his initial baptism of fire, was awarded to two Virginia brothers, one of whom was a pious sort of fellow while the moral character of the other would hardly have fitted him for specially efficient service in the line of Sunday school work. The contract was carried out according to specifications until

a winter blizzard came that mantled the earth with ice and snow and possibly beat the record by its unparalleled bitterness and bleakness. Outdoor life under these conditions was hardly a luxury and the two postmen sat by the cosy fires in their mountain homes while the mail piled higher in the pigeon holes undisturbed and undelivered. The patrons along the line were possibly singing Edison's modern phonograph song:

"I wonder what's the matter with the mail,
It never was so before,"

But they did not sing long before they began to pour complaints into the department at Washington and back by every mail came letters of inquiry as to "the reason why." The pious brother answered them for a time but with no eminent degree of satisfaction to the officials. He then turned over the correspondence to his wicked partner and a letter was written that failed to find its home in the waste basket, or amid the musty archives of the department records. Neatly framed it hung for years and years on the office walls as a national curio and probably hangs there still. As a sample of its Addisonion style our informant gave us the following extract: "If the gable end of the infernal regions was bursted in and its lurid fires turned loose on Cheat Mountain it wouldn't thaw that ice in six months."

Whether this virile answer was effective in not prossing the case we did not learn.

"JIM."

As the following has no earthly connection with old time Bath, nor with "Hephzibah and its Antecedents," nor with their heirs and assigns, the reader can charge it up to the law of association, but not to the Hephzibah Association. It is simply a companion picture to the framed epistle named above and may possibly hang beside it. Some years ago there came to the New York postoffice from over the sea a letter with the following unique superscription:

"To My Son Jim

He lives two miles from the Rail road
And drives red oxen."

The postal service makes diligent effort to secure proper disposition of all mail matter that falls into its hands but the prompt delivery of this epistle was fraught with difficulties. If there had been in all the broad domain over which the Federal flag folds its protecting aegis but one railroad, but one "Jim" and only a single pair of carmine tinted steers and they had lived and moved and had their patient being just two miles from the railroad for Jim's sole use, behoof and benefit, the identification might have been complete. But unfortunately, in the progress of modern civilization, railroads had multiplied and red oxen had multiplied, so that amid the cattle on a thousand hills Jim's plodding yoke of steers though blessed with auburn locks could cut but little ice. And so under postal statutes, made and provided, the letter went its reluctant way into the gaping jaws of the dead letter office, not to be burned as were its mates that held nothing of value, but treasured and preserved as a national curio, while "Jim" if he still survives is making the woodland echo with his sonorous "haws and gees" two miles away from the railroad line in utter and pathetic ignorance of this maternal missive.

THE OLD BATH CHURCH.

Rev. George C. Smith, in his Story of Georgia, states that in 1760 Presbyterian churches had been established at Brier Creek, Walnut Branch and Old Church in Burke county. Waynesboro was born in 1783, or at least, in the language of an authority lying before me, it was "laid out" in that year. Like some of its modern sisters it may have been laid out before it was born, but if its early reputation has been truthfully portrayed, it is probable that a good many of its citizens in those old days were "laid out" after they were born. In 1810 the churches at Brier Creek and Walnut Branch were abandoned and their members combined in a united church organization at Waynesboro. John Whitehead and Gideon Dowse, who had aided in the establishment of Midway church in Liberty county in 1754 and who had removed to Burke county in 1799, were probably leading spirits in this movement. After Bath had become a summer residence for the families of these and other prominent planters in Burke, the Whiteheads true to the ancestral faith, for which their forbears had suffered, builded another house of worship at Bath and the organization became known as the "Church of Waynesboro and Bath." If this dual arrangement began as early as 1820, Rev. S. K. Talmage, at one time president of Oglethorpe University, near Milledgeville, was probably the first pastor of the Bath church. He was the uncle of Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, and a sentence from one of his sermons given to me fifty years ago by my friend Joe Lewis, seems to furnish evidence that he was in no way inferior to his distinguished nephew as a pulpit orator. This pretty thought prettily expressed is as follows: "The first feeble pulsation in the infants sinews is but the maiden drumbeat of an eternal march."

In 1824 Rev. Calvin McIver, began his pastorate and was followed in 1830 by Rev. Lawson Clinton, grandfather of President Linwood Hayne, of the National Bank, and later by Rev. Timothy Dwight, whose long pulpit service at Bath and Waynesboro ended in 1843. It was never my privilege to sit under Mr. Clinton's ministration, but if he was as charming

in the pulpit as his daughters were out of it, he must have kept his Bath congregation awake even on the hottest summer days. I do not recall having met, more than once, Miss Julia, the eldest daughter, who was married first to James Anderson, Jr., and after his death to Gen. Hayne, but she impressed me as being not only a pretty, but a very beautiful woman. Miss Kate, the younger, was my schoolmate at the old Brothersville Academy, and was as charming as a rose in June. During the winter of 1859 and 1860, my elder brother, William H., was a student at the Medical College in Augusta and among his friends there was a John Wesley Brown, who had met Miss Kate and had become so enamored that his attack might have been diagnosed as a virulent type of functional rather than sympathetic heart trouble. During one of the sessions named, Miss Kate was married to James Heidt, brother of my old friend and college classmate, Rev. John W. Heidt, the genial and gifted presiding elder of the Augusta District. Tidings of the marriage reached Augusta and as my brother stood on the street on the following morning, he saw his friend John Wesley approaching with a graveyard look on his gloomy face. He failed to give the usual salutation, but as he passed there came in sepulchral tones from his trembling lips these sorrow freighted words. "Clark, she's gone," and then went his lonely way. If the rumors of that day were not misleading there were others from whom this disappointed swain could justly have claimed special consideration if the poet said with truthfulness.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

REV. FRANK R. GOULDING.

The ample income of the old Bath residents enabled them to furnish liberal compensation to their pastors and the church was served in all its early history by able ministers. In 1843 Rev. Frank R. Goulding, one of the most prominent Presbyterian divines in the State, located in the village, and for eight years filled its pulpit. During the early years of his pastorate at Bath, he bloomed out as an author publishing in 1844 "Little Josephine," a religious story based upon the early life of Josephine Anderson, of Washington, Ga. A few years later, he wrote "Young Marooners," which while publishers were slow to recognize its merits, became one of the most popular books of its class ever issued. A charming story of adventurous boy life on the coast, it contained a large amount of valuable information, clothed in very attractive form. A new edition has been published in recent years with an appreciative introduction by Joel Chandler Harris. In later life he wrote other books, among them "Marooners Island," "The Woodruff Stories," "Saloquah, or Boy Life Among the Indians," and "Frank Gordon," but *Young Marooners* seems to have been his master piece as no other product of his pen met with so kindly a reception from the reading public.

Dr. Goulding must have been a moderately busy man, for in addition to his ministerial and literary labors he devoted a portion of his time to mechanics. In the early '40's his hand and brain evolved a sewing machine, which is claimed to have been the first invention of its kind operated on American soil. The practically universal use into which such machines have grown and the princely income secured by Howe and Wilson and Singer and others from similar inventions, have led me to investigate the reasons why he failed to profit financially by his mechanical genius. Theologians have written much on the "Harmony of the Gospels," but it would require even larger mental effort to effect even approximate reconciliation among the conflicting stories, that have come to me on this particular line. In this case the harmony doesn't seem to harmonize. In my boyhood days I was told that Mr. Goulding declined to make any effort to secure

a patent for his invention for the reason that with its extended use the occupation of the sewing women throughout the land, like Othello's, would be gone. Since I began this story, the following varying accounts have been received:

First, that the inventor's trip to Washington, D. C., in the interest of his patent was delayed by flooded streams and a rival claiming the same mechanical principle, in this way reached the patent office in advance of him.

Second, that on the aforesaid trip the stage was overturned and in the confusion incident to the trouble the model was stolen and never recovered.

Third, that the model dropped from his buggy into a deep stream as he crossed it and was never found.

Fourth, that he failed to locate the eye or opening of the needle used, near its point and for this reason the machine was never a success. I have been told also that Howe during a visit to Augusta was allowed by his friend to inspect the working of the model, that he saw its defect, remedied it, appropriated the motive mechanism and secured a patent that bountifully filled his coffers.

The needle theory named above was given to me by my old friend, Mr. John H. Jones, whose memory, although he has passed his four-score years, is as retentive as a tar bucket. As it is confirmed by my friend Mrs. C. A. Rowland and as they were both personal friends of Mr. Goulding and received the story from his own lips, it is evidently the correct version of his failure to utilize his invention.

After leaving Bath in 1853, Dr. Goulding lived for a time at Darien, Ga., but spent his last years at Roswell, Ga., where he died in 1881.

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Since writing the above I have learned through a lady friend that Mrs. Mary Helmer of Macon, Ga., daughter of Dr. Goulding, has in her possession beautiful samples of the handiwork of this machine—samples that show conclusively that there was no defect in its construction and so it must have been at last his kind consideration for the interest of the gentler sex that held his genius in abeyance.

REV. RUFUS K. PORTER.

Began his pastorate at Bath in the early 50's. He was the only ante-bellum minister of that church of whom I had any personal knowledge. Earnest, cultivated, of handsome physique and pleasing address he enjoyed the confidence, esteem and love of all who knew him. Some years after his ministry began I attended the morning and evening service at this church, but Dr. Porter had exchanged pulpits for that day with Rev. J. E. Ryerson, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Augusta. At the morning service Addison's beautiful hymn begining

"The spacious firmaments on high
And all the blue ethereal sky
The spangled heavens a shining frame
Their great original proclaim."

was used. Why this fact has lingered in my mind for more than fifty years, whether it is due to Dr. Ryerson's impressive rendition of it I do not know. Some months ago I mentioned the matter to my friend Brad Merry and he said, "Why Mrs. Henry Leitner attended that service and was so impressed by that hymn that she had one of her sons to memorize and recite it at the first Sunday School Convention held at Berzelia." On the day following this interview I attended the evening service at the Second Presbyterian Church at Augusta and Dr. Guille, its pastor, read the Psalm on which this hymn is based and preached on "The testimony of the Stars," all of which is respectfully submitted.

Dr. Porter's pastorate was interrupted for a time by his service as a Confederate Chaplain with Cobb's Legion and afterwards with the Army of Tennessee.

ANTE BELLUM.

The use of this phrase in the sketch above recalls another story of my friend Steed, which while it has no legitimate place on the family tree of the old Bath Church is nevertheless a good story and a true one, and I give it here for the reason

that I may have no opportunity to give it historic setting in better company.

On reaching home some months ago, my friend Phunie found his good wife engaged in conversation with an aged colored woman, who had called on some errand not material to the present issue. By way of presentation, his wife said, "This is one of the old time negroes." "Oh, yes," said Phunie, "Ante bellum." "No, no, Boss," said the old woman, "Dis is Aunt Mandy." And my friend with his proverbial urbanity confessed his error and made the necessary amende honorable.

"DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."

During Mr. Porter's pastorate at Bath, Capt. W. S. C. Morris, whose Confederate outfit of umbrella, silk tile and infantry saddle horse has already been noted in these records, was a resident of the village. The minister was an expert linguist while his parishioner's knowledge of the classics would hardly have fitted him for successful and efficient service as Professor of Ancient Languages in a first class University. According to his own statement, as made in the recital of this story, there was but one Latin phrase with which he was reasonably familiar, and its English meaning would have found no recognition if he had met it in the road. At their earliest meeting the liquid flow of language from Mr. Porter's ready lips was liberally interlarded with familiar quotations from the Latin tongue. Capt. Morris bore it for a time without rejoinder but finally unwilling that his pastor should bear off all the classic honors he blurted out with emphasis "Dum Vivimus Vivamus." The remark was made without malice aforethought either express or implied, but by happy accident it chanced to fit the place exactly and the two became fast friends.

"GIVE ME ANOTHER PIECE."

My friend Brad Merry, whose Confederate command Mr. Porter served as Chaplain, has given me the following story of that service. The preacher by his earnest work, his sympathy and his willingness to aid them in any way he could, had

won their confidence and love. And when there came by chance or otherwise to supplement their scanty fare a tempting dish of any kind, the Chaplain was always an invited guest. One of the messes had one day a dish of crisp fried chicken, a very unusual item in their menu, and the preacher sat at meat to share its juiciness with them. The contents of the savory dish were disappearing rapidly when one of the hungry mess thinking perhaps to throw a damper on the appetite of their guest, said, "Parson, you asked a blessing on this meal, didn't you?" "Why yes," he replied, "Well do you know where this chicken came from?" - "I do not," was the answer. "It was stolen," the soldier said. "Ah, I didn't know that," Mr. Porter answered, "but it's mighty good, mighty good. Please help me to another piece," and he passed his tin plate and ate what was set before him asking no questions for conscience sake. After the close of the war Mr. Porter returned to Bath, served the church for a time and in 1867 was called to the pastorate of a church in Atlanta.

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Since the foregoing was written there has come to me through my old friend A. M. MacMurphy, whose memory goes almost back to pre historic days and whose ancient kinsman, George Galphin, was trading red calico for corner lots with the Uchee Indians years before the foundations of the first building were laid in Augusta, this further information as to old time Bath. I do not know that my old friend was a subscriber to the Augusta Herald, published by Hobby and Bunce in 1812, but he has copies of its weekly issues for that year which contain the following "ads." On June 3, 1812, the public is advised that "A convenient four wheel carriage will start from the City Hotel at 3 P. M., every Friday and Saturday for Richmond Bath, and return every Monday and Friday the fare being \$1.25 each way." The "ad" is signed by Joseph Carrie, and his four wheeled vehicle was probably the original "Carrie-all" in this section. The City Hotel referred to, was probably the dwelling now occupied by Dr. Andrew J. Kilpatrick, which in the days of its use as a hostelry extended

the entire width of the block from Greene to Telfair and entertained Gen. La Fayette during his visit to Augusta in 1825. A lady friend and relative has recently allowed me the privilege of examining the original invitation requesting the presence of her grandmother Mrs. Launcelot Johnson at the ball given to La Fayette in Milledgeville in March of that year. The stage line suggests the further fact that my friend Capt. N. K. Butler has now in his possession a receipt for stage fare from Augusta to Charleston paid by his father in 1823. The printed bill head shows that the Commercial Coffee House of Charleston was proprietor of the stage line and that the fare was \$12.50 for the trip.

Another "ad" in the Augusta Herald of Dec. 3, 1812, shows that Bath was at that time a U. S. Military Post, Capt. R. Cunningham of the 8th. U. S. Infantry offers a reward of \$20.00 for the apprehension of one John Tyner, a member of the regiment, who had deserted on their "march from Charleston to Richmond Baths." As war had been declared against Great Britain June 19, 1812, and hostilities were then in progress, what military or other necessity brought this armed force to this retired spot in time of actual war. No foreign foe was likely to invade the sylvan shades of young Pinetucky nor hostile battle ship to plow the limpid waters of Sandy Run, why then was this thus? My friend, Phil Carroll, says upon the authority of Col. Quintilian Skrine, an old resident of Bath, that in some early period of the 19th century troops were sent to this place to secure immunity from the ravages of Yellow Fever, but the occupancy noted was in December and this dread scourge is hardly wont to flaunt its yellow peril in the winter air. It may be that they came in the good old summer time and that Pres. James Madison was unable afterwards to find the place so as to order them away. My friend Mrs. Carroll tells me also that there was at one time an army arsenal at Bath and this fact may furnish further reason for its military occupation.

The name of Col. Skrine recalls an incident or two in the career of this gifted and yet in some respects peculiar individ-

ual with it these memories of old-time Bath will find their end.

Born in Wilkes County he entered the legal profession in early manhood and selected Waynesboro as the theater in which to win professional fame. The trial of his first case at the bar was held in a magistrate's rural court. When the argument was ended the learned judge turned to him and said, "Mr. Skrine, I'll have to decide this case agin you, but I'll decide the next one in your favor to even up." The result disgusted the young barrister and he hauled down his shingle and abandoned his chosen field.

In the early "fire eating" fifties he took an active part in public affairs and was slated on one occasion for a joint discussion with an advocate of contrary political faith. Col. Skrine had the opening speech and when he had ended, his opponent rose and said, "Fellow citizens, do you know where Mr. Skrine got all that fire-eating stuff he's been giving you? If you don't I'll tell you. He got it out of Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason.'" The crowd was composed largely of Baptists and Methodists, who looked with absolute horror on this infidel authority, and the Col.'s eloquence went where the woodbine twineth. Disgusted again, he left the political arena and so he has come down into history as a lawyer with a single case and a stump speaker with one lone effort on the hustings to his credit. And yet possessed as he was of strong mental gifts, fluent speech and a seemingly exhaustless store of information he might have won distinction on either of these lines of effort and endeavor if he had not been a quitter.

Richmond Bath like Daniel Webster "Still Lives," but only one of its old time homes now holds within its classic walls descendants of its pristine owners. Many of them in these later years have passed into possession of Augusta families, who since the advent of the Augusta Southern R. R. find through the summer months some surcease from the City's dust and din and overheated air.

EARLY COLORED CHURCHES.

The early religious development of this community was not confined to provision for the moral needs of the whites. Each of the churches already named had its colored membership, while accommodations were always furnished at the Richmond Camp Ground for the negroes, who attended the services. In addition to this they had churches of their own.

EBENEZER CHURCH.

The earliest house of worship erected in this immediate section by the negroes stood near the circular boundary of our town and its present successor still stands on the same site today. It was organized eighty or ninety years ago, and was originally a branch of the Springfield Colored Baptist Church in Augusta, but developing after a time into independent church life. While occupying territory covered by the Hephzibah Association it has never formed a component part of that religious body. Of its early history I have no information. In the '40's of the last century its pulpit was served by Rev. Joseph Walker, a slave owned by William Evans of old Brothersville. During the earlier ministry of Rev. Charles T. Walker he ministered at its altars ably and successfully. Its pastorate for some time past has been held by Rev. Joseph Carter.

FRANKLIN COVENANT CHURCH.

In 1848 Col. A. C. Walker, whose residence stood upon a large tract of land adjoining the imaginary limits of old Brothersville, gave to the negroes in this community a lot for religious uses. On this lot and largely through the efforts of "Uncle Frank," one of Col. Walker's most trusted and valued slaves, a church was built, perpetuating in its title the name and virtues of this saintly Christian negro. Rev. Joseph Walker was its first pastor. He was owned by William Evans a resident of Brothersville, but after the organization of the church its members raised the necessary funds to purchase his freedom thus enabling him to devote his entire time to min-

isterial work. I once asked my old friend Rev. Peter Walker, a nephew of "Uncle Joe," how so large an amount was secured by the negroes. "Well," he replied, "we raised what we could and our white friends came to our aid with the balance needed." Rev. Joseph Walker's service as Pastor of Covenant Church continued until his accidental death resulting from a fall while attending the funeral of one of his members. He was succeeded by his brother, Rev. Nathan Walker, and in later years by his nephew, Rev. Charles T. Walker, while another nephew, Rev. Peter Walker, has often ministered at its altars. As Rev. S. C. Walker, grandson of Joseph, is now its pastor its pulpit for all these years has been practically monopolized by the Walker family, a family noted for sixty years and more for high moral character, strong individuality and earnest Christian service. Aside from those named above there are nearly a dozen other scions from this parent stock, who are now serving their race ably and faithfully in the pulpit in Macon, Savannah and in other sections of the State. During the pastorate to Rev. Charles T. Walker the old building at Covenant was replaced by a larger and more comfortable church structure, which still stands on the old site today.

In the early days of the church Uncle Tom, father of Rev. Charles T., was one of its deacons. He did not have the talent nor the learning of his gifted son, nor his ready command of the King's English, but he held in his untrained head a goodly share of what is sometimes known as "horse sense," as the following incident will show. During my boyhood, on Sabbaths when our own church doors were unopened, members of my father's family would frequently attend the service at Covenant, which was only a mile or two away. On one of these occasions Uncle Tom in the absence of the pastor, was making an examination into the fitness of a number of applicants for membership. One of the candidates with the characteristic superstition of his race went into a rambling "experience" in which "black-dogs," "spirits," and other supernatural apparitions formed the controlling feature. The old man bore it with commendable patience for a time, but finally said to the applicant, Brother, I don't want to hear all that. I want you

to come right down to the pint and tell how you was re-livered." This deliverance of Uncle Tom's would have hardly graded as "strict middling" in a civil service examination but it had a "get there" attribute about it that relieved in some measure its deficiencies on other lines.

During my early school days the hebdomadal respite that came to me on the closing day of the week from the daily regime of the three R's was sometimes spent at the home of my uncle, Col. A. C. Walker. On one of these Saturday holidays his son Willie and I, rambling through the woods in search of amusement came to a large bathing house built by my uncle and turned over to Covenant Church for use as a Baptistry. In lieu of other entertainment for our boyish brains we hoisted the old time gate that held the water in confinement and let it flow away at its own sweet will in order to catch the tadpoles, who were enjoying their otium cum dignitate on the moss lined floor. Our sport ended, we wended our way homeward little dreaming of the mischief we had wrought. On the following day the pastor and the members met at the church for the regular monthly service. A number of candidates were to receive baptism and the congregation forming in files of twos marched to the music of their old-time songs down to the baptismal pool. The pastor halting the procession went forward to inspect the condition of the liquid grave and returned with a look of dismay on his homely face. He had found in it a marked resemblance to Senator Blackburn's mental outfit as portrayed by one of his friends. While the Senator's volatile tongue was shelling the woods before an admiring crowd a friend on its outskirts said, "Joe's brain reminds me of a piney woods pond; it covers all creation and in only an inch deep."

The pastor with the announcement, "Brethren, we are liable to dissapointments in this life. There's no water here and we'll have to appoint another day," pronounced the benediction, while William and I tho' guiltily conscious of being accessories to the unexpected denouement stood by and made no sign.

In one of the early years following the war my old comrade and messmate gentle George Leonhardt, was for a time a guest at my father's old home and went with me to a "general meeting" service at Covenant Church. Dinner was served on the grounds, but not on the ground, temporary tables having been prepared for the occasion. One of these was reserved for the sole use, benefit and hehoof of the white attendants on the service and was generously laden with a tempting array of viands, but there was one dish in the menu that contributed materially to our mental as well as physical entertainment. It was a savory chicken pie baked in a tin washpan, but in justice to our hospitable hosts it is only proper to say that this was its maiden use.

And now I cannot close this sketch of Covenant Church more fittingly perhaps than with the tribute paid to "Uncle Frank," its humble founder, by his master Col. A. C. Walker in "The Night Funeral of a Slave."

While the cool damp earth lay fresh upon the new made grave of his trusted friend and slave the master penned for the Home Journal of New York the sketch from which the following clipping is taken.

"I have lost the best and truest friend I had in the world—one whom I have been accustomed to honor and respect since my earliest childhood. He was the playmate of my father's youth and the mentor of mine, a faithful servant, an honest man and a sincere Christian. I stood by his bed-side and with his hands clasped in mine I heard the last words that he uttered. They were, 'Master, meet me in Heaven.' His loss is a melancholy one to me. If I left my home I said to him, 'Frank see that all things are taken care of.' and I knew that my wife and child, property and all were as safe as if guarded by an hundred soldiers. I never spoke a harsh word to him in all my life for he never deserved it. I have a hundred others, many of them faithful and true, but his loss is irreparable."

His life was lowly and his work unheralded beyond the narrow pale that hedged the humble sphere in which he lived and yet the fragrance of his kindly deeds and of his Christian faith and zeal still lingers in this modern air and will abide to

bless his race for all the years to come. And when within the glow and radiance of the Resurrection Day the blessed Angel's hands unclasp the Book of Gold, somewhere upon its shining pages his name will stand beside Ben Adhem's as one who loved and labored for his fellow men.

SPIRIT CREEK CHURCH.

While this church was not located in this immediate community it stood not far away and deserves some notice from the fact that it is probably the oldest colored church in Richmond County. Its original site was on the landed estate of the Twiggs family, near the stream whose name it bears, and its organization dates back more than a hundred years. Through the courtesy of my friend Rev. Daniel McHorton, its present pastor, I have had the privilege of examining the records of this old church from 1839 to 1860. They show that while its membership was composed entirely of slaves they paid their pastor a salary, defrayed his expenses to the meetings of the Association and at one time contributed nearly fifty dollars for repairs to the church building. When collections were taken each individual contribution is recorded and the amounts range all the way from a nickle or the old half dime to a dollar. The aggregate sum received from the membership is noted and the remainder is credited to "well wishers." They show further that church discipline was much more stringent than in these modern days. "Excommunications" were in order for offenses ranging from "impudence to her mistress" to violation of the seventh commandment. One of these entries certainly beats the record. At a regular session of the church held in September, 1839, the preceedings are noted thusly in the minutes, "Conference met and excommunicated Sister Peggy Mims for designedly drowning herself."

Back in the seventies of the last century I chanced to be in Atlanta when the relations between Robert Toombs and Joseph E. Brown became so strained that Carey W. Styles bore a message from the Ex-Senator to the Ex-Governor asking if a challenge would be accepted. There was a rumor in the air

that Gov. Brown had withdrawn from the Baptist Church in order to meet the demands of the code duello. Discussing the matter my room mate, Col. Enoch Steadman, said to me, "There is nothing in the rumor. There are only two ways of getting out of the Baptist Church, death or excommunication." As Sister Mims traveled both routes there could be, as a rustic friend of mine would express it, "no defalcation" about her absolute and unequivocal exclusion from all further fellowship and communion with that particular branch of the church militant.

Though organized in 1800 this church has been served during its more than a century of existence by only five pastors, Revs. Sutton, McGahee, Peter Johnson, Frank Beale and the present incumbent Rev. Daniel McHorton, who has filled its pulpit for twenty-two years, and who in addition to his pastoral labors has organized and conducted the Shiloh Orphanage with the laudable purpose of training the homeless waifs of his race into habits of industry and Christian usefulness.

Soon after "freedom came out" as some of its beneficiaries are wont to term it, the church was moved from the old site to a location, near Butlers Creek though it still retains its original name.

EARLY SCHOOLS.

After all these years and in the absence of any official records it is difficult to determine the date at which the pioneer school building in this community was erected. The earliest documentary evidence I have been able to secure is a printed "Reward of Merit" given to my aunt Mary Eleanor Clark, by Joseph Oglethorpe in 1838. The building in which he taught stood in the rear of the site on which the Brothersville Academy was afterward located and about four hundred yards distant.

My mother attended this school and as she was married in 1837, and during her tutelage at this institution was young enough to be attended by "Aunt Emily," one of my grandmother's slaves as a chaperone, the establishment of this educational center must have dated back to 1830 or possibly earlier. In addition to his profession as a teacher Oglethorpe was an artist of decided merit. Mrs. M. Louise Walker has now in her possession a portrait of Col. A. C. Walker painted in his early manhood. Mrs. Anna Dickinson of Waynesboro has one of her mother and Mrs. Florida Orr of Athens one of "Aunt Betsy" Walker all painted by this old time teacher and painted well. In addition to his devotion to art and pedagogies he was at times if he has not been the victim of false tradition a generous imbiber of spiritus frumenti. A friend meeting him on one occasion said: "I understand you were drunk a few days ago." "No sir," he replied, "I was only gentlemanly befuddled."

In addition to the above there was in those old days a school located between Brothersville and Bath near the Sapp place afterwards owned by Robert H. Evans, taught by one Biglow, a Northern man, and including among its pupils W. L., and J. H. Kilpatrick, Henry Sapp, Henry Hines and R. H. P. Day.

There was also the Millwood Boarding School near the present site of Hancock's Mill, where the teacher furnished not only scholastic instructions but bed and board as well. My friend L. L. Winter, whose father attended this school, in-

forms me that Mr. Millwood suffered from a dyspeptic ailment and that it was his custom to compel his boarding pupils to leave the table as soon as his own impaired appetite was satisfied. Whether this policy was due to a fatherly regard for their health or financial concern for his monthly grocery bill, this scribe it not prepared to say.

MOUNT ENON ACADEMY.

In the early dawn of the 19th century a number of wealthy rice planters on the Georgia coast selected an elevated site in this county not far away from Richmond Bath and made of it a Summer resort for their families. On account of its altitude it was given the name of Mount Enon. In 1805 the Baptist denomination in Georgia decided to establish a college at this place and application for a charter was made to the General Assembly under the title of "Mount Enon College." The State University then known as Franklin College had opened its doors at Athens in 1801 and the Legislature fearing that the new institution would draw from its patronage declined to grant the charter. It was then incorporated as the Mount Enon Academy and began its work in 1807 with Dr. Charles C. Screven as its teacher. Some years later William W. Holt, afterwards Judge of the Augusta circuit, succeeded him or taught with him until he began the study of law in Hon. Freeman Walker's office. Dr. Henry Holcomb of Savannah, one of the school's most active promoters, removed to Philadelphia some years after the incorporation of the Academy and the loss of his influence and support, combined probably with the establishment of the Bath School brought about its decline and final suspension. Among the later residents of Mount Enon were Dr. Baldwin B. Miller, William Evans, later of Brothersville, Geo. W. Evans later of Augusta, William Sturgess and Simeon Garlick of Waynesboro. In 1837 Mrs. Sturgess, mother of William and John R., kept a hotel or boarding house there and J. Madison Reynolds and family were numbered among her boarders. Some time after the war Dr. Miller moved his Mount Enon residence to Hephzibah. It was probably the

"Last of the Mohicans," and today the brick from some of its old chimneys are the only remnants left to mark the site of this ancient educational center while for fifty years or more it has been numbered among the "Dead Towns of Georgia."

The writer's connection with the Brothersville Academy was antedated by his attendance upon two smaller schools.

In 1848 Miss Amarinta Rheney taught in a building located near my father's home and occupied for a time as a dwelling by the Dowdy family and later by an old man known as Billy Pierce. In 1849 my father built an Academy on his own land and engaged the services of Thomas Pearce Sims as teacher. He was succeeded in 1850 by Deborah Curtis. These two universities in embryo furnish inspiration for the following tribute to

THE OLD FIELD SCHOOL.

Sixty years ago in the unceiled, unpainted and largely unfurnished room of an old field school, holding a blue backed speller in my boyish hand I sat with a row of barefoot urchins on a plain pine bench and watched with sleepy eyes the mellow sunshine creeping all too slowly towards the 12 o'clock mark cut by the teacher into the schoolroom floor. This primitive time piece that marked the boundary line between school hours and the midday intermission, known in that day as "playtime," was never patented, although it had the happy faculty of never running down and never needing repairs. To the student of today, reveling in the luxuriant appointments of the present public school system, there may come sometimes a touch of pity for the simple methods and the meager equipment of the old field school, whose teachers, in addition to the inconvenience of having to "board around," were forced sometimes to accept partial compensation for their work in home-made "socks."

Such of my readers as may be disposed to question the free and unlimited knitting of socks as a circulating medium for the payment of school salaries in those days, are respectfully referred to my old friend, W. J. Steed, now tax receiver at Augusta, Ga., for the historical accuracy of this statement.

And yet—and yet, minimize as we may the limited advantages of those old days in the '40s, and magnify as we do the wondrous advance in educational method and appliance in every grade from the kindergarten to the university, the fact remains that "there were giants in those days" who seem to have no successors.

I do not know that every institution to which the above title was applied had a veritable old field as one of its necessary adjuncts, but I do know that the special school referred to and in which the writer began, with faltering step, to climb the hill of knowledge, had the good or bad fortune to be so endowed. The building, measuring perhaps eighteen by twenty feet, stood by a running brook, and was furnished with a sufficient number of plain pine benches to supply seating capacity for the pupils who worshipped educationally at its altars. There were no desks, no blackboards, no globes, and in the line of proper school furnishing a son of Erin would have said there was no nothing, and very little of that. The writer's own equipment for the tasks assigned him consisted of a blue-backed speller and an unfortunate tendency to go to sleep in the intervals between recitations.

There was a little brown-eyed girl, whose educational advancement about equaled my own, and she and I formed one of the grades in the school, if grades there were. We were in the a-b, ab; e-b, eb, period, and I doubt if our progress during the six months session enabled us to read with any degree of facility, "She fed the old hen," "The old hen was fed by her," and other similar interesting stories written by Mr. Webster for the improvement of the primary pupils of that day.

As limited as was our advancement, I recall the fact, however, that we found the pictures that adorned the closing pages of the book and with the pigment furnished by the wild flowers growing near the school grounds we took our first lessons in art by painting the boy in the apple tree and the milk-maid as she soliloquized on the prospective purchase of her new silk gown.

Our teacher was known to us as "Miss Amarinthy," and like all teachers of that day, she was an orthodox believer in

the strenuous life. I remember that in consequence of various misdemeanors, whose specific character I do not now recall, she was accustomed at times to take me on her knee and administer an old-fashioned spanking, subjecting me on other occasions to sundry other experiences of a punitive character which were doubtless effective mental tonics and moral antiseptics, but not specially conducive to my physical comfort. If my information is correct, she still lives, and if these lines should meet her aged eyes, it gives me pleasure to assure her even at this late day of my gratitude for her earnest efforts to guide my errant feet aright.

Some months ago, while spending a day at the old home-stead, I took advantage of the opportunity to revisit the site of this old school. Not a vestige of the old building remained to tell the tale. The same skies bent over it, the same streamlet rippled along its sandy bed to its far-away ocean home, the soil my boyish feet had pressed, the giant oaks under whose cooling shadows I had played, the old box spring, whose limpid waters had quenched my childish thirst, were there, but the schoolmates of those far-gone days—where were they? Roaming over those old grounds with a flood of tender memories tugging at my heart, I could recall but a single face among them all, that had not in the passing years paled under the touch of the “old, old fashion death.” Amid the bloom and freshness of life’s morning hour or in the strength of midday womanhood and manhood, or in the gathering twilight of its eventide,

“God’s finger touched them and they slept.”

To those of us for whom a kindly providence has lengthened out our span of life, these prospects will always bring a touch of sadness, for as the friends who bore us company in other years drop by the wayside, our sunset years grow lonelier as we near the end.

But this was not the only old field school that taught my young ideas how to shoot, nor was the passage of the Potomac by McDowell’s army the first invasion of the South by our Northern neighbors. In the days of which I write there had

been a large influx into this section of a class known as "Yankee School Marms." This invasion was due, perhaps, less to a lack of competent material in the South than to the fact that Southern ladies, as a rule, did not feel the necessity for supplementing their incomes in this way. In addition to this, there was possibly a feeling of pride, which made them reluctant to accept positions which would in some measure lower their social rank. This feeling, false though it may have been, was largely the outcome of the special deference paid to woman in the old South, a deference amounting almost to reverence, that raised the fairer sex to a pedestal above the plane of toil, and in degree has found no parallel in any other age or race. In this era of commercialism and the new woman the pendulum has swung perhaps too far the other way, and the throne where once she reigned as queen has given place to a sphere of ill-required labor.

The first of these invaders with whom the writer came in educational contact was a Miss Deborah C., hailing, as I remember, from some point not far below the Canadian line. She was tall and angular, with a face that seemed to have imbibed some of the hardness and bleakness of the New England clime from which she came. If she had descended from her ancient Jewish namesake, she had certainly inherited more of the martial than the poetic characteristics of that old-time conqueror of the Cannanitish Sisera.

The building used by Miss Deborah had been erected by my father, had acquired in some way the euphonious title of "Lick Skillet." For the frequency with which seasoned hickories were brought into play for the enforcement of school discipline, "Lick Scholar" would have probably been a more appropriate designation. In lieu of the clock with which academies are now supplied, marks were cut into the school room floor and the sun in his daily round marked the hours for morning and afternoon, recess and for the midday intermission. In place of the school bell which now summons the pupils to their daily tasks, the teacher stood in the doorway and shouted to the scattered children, "Come into books." Among other educational advantages of those old days, I recall the further

fact that no kindergarten enabled the mother to clean up the house while the little tots were cared for by the teacher, there was no football or baseball nine to aid in solving the mysteries of Euclid, no "Ponies" to divide all Gaul into three parts, and last, but not least, there was in all our vocabulary no such word as "Nit."

And yet despite the meager equipment of only rustic benches and unrusting hickories, despite the handicap of primitive text-book and primitive methods in its use, the old field schools laid the broad foundation for moral and mental power that ruled the government for more than half a century and made the South, in culture and in courtesy, in honor and in honesty, in virtue and in valor, to bud and blossom as a rose.

OLD ACADEMY LIFE.

The educational advantages of the Old South were not confined exclusively to the privileges furnished by the old field school. While, fortunately or unfortunately, the present public school system was not then in existence in the South, this section was dotted with academies manned by its best teaching talent. Aside from the Richmond Academy, in Augusta, whose organization runs back almost into ancient history there was as early as the thirties of the last century a school of high grade at Bath, in this county, presided over by Rev. Otis Smith. Some estimate of the character of the instruction given at this school may be formed from the record made by its pupils in after years. Among them was Herschel V. Johnson, who served three terms as Judge of the Superior Court, two terms as Governor of Georgia, an unexpired term as United States Senator, one term as Confederate States Senator, and who was a candidate for vice president of the United States on the Douglas ticket in 1860. There was also Gen. W. H. T. Walker, who served with distinction in three wars, and fell gallantly leading his division in the battle of Atlanta in 1864. Numbered among the pupils was also Col. Alexander C. Walker, of Richmond County, who was deemed worthy to wear the mantle of Alexander H. Stephens on the retirement

of Mr. Stephens from long continuous service as Representative of the old Eighth Congressional District, and who declined the honor. There was also Hon. Isaiah Irvin, a distinguished lawyer of Washington, Ga., who received the nomination after Colonel Walker's failure to accept, and who also declined because he was not the first choice of the convention. In writing of the differences that exist between those old days and the present, it is perhaps hardly necessary to suggest that the precedent set by these able gentlemen, either one of whom would have worn worthily the honor conferred, and the difficulty encountered by this convention in securing a nominee, find rare duplicates among congressional timber in the present day.

In illustration of the methods of discipline in use in those days I have heard Colonel Walker say that when the exercises of the school grew dull, it was Mr. Smith's custom to call up the late Rev. E. R. Carswell, of Hephzibah, Ga., and thrash him simply to vary the monotony of the session. This habit of Mr. Smith recalls a similar custom in vogue at the Richmond Academy in the earlier decades of the last century, when William T. Brantley held the reins of that institution. On one occasion Mr. Brantley was forced to absent himself from the morning session and installed one of the larger pupils as preceptor pro tem. When the recitations were ended and the hour for noonday intermission arrived the acting teacher said, "School is now dis— No, hold on; I forgot; I. P. Garvin hasn't been whipped yet. Come up, Ignatius, and take your daily thrashing." The Doctor, in embryo, advanced and took his punishment and the session ended. For the authenticity of this special feature of the Richmond Academy curriculum my late friend Dr. D. B. Plumb is sponsor, the account given having been received by him from the late Dr. I. P. Garvin, who occupied the leading role in this educational drama.

Besides the institutions named there was the old Brothersville Academy, built by Mr. James Anderson, one of the original brothers for whom this rustic village was named, and presided over during my boyhood by such efficient teachers as Rev. W. L. Kilpatrick, Mr. Thomas H. Holleyman, Rev.

James T. Lin, Judge Heman H. Perry, and Rev. Josiah Lewis, Jr. To this academy the writer was promoted after three years' instruction in old field schools. The most vivid recollection I have retained of my first year's tutelage at this school is the savage pinch my teacher, Miss Parsons, gave one of my boyish ears for my failure to comprehend the mysteries of long division. Her attack upon that particular organ was probably due to its rather abnormal prominence as a feature of my physiognomy. I recall the further fact that under her supervision I began the study of Primary Geography. There were only two in the class, and I found no difficulty, therefore, in standing at least next to "head." I remember further that my classmate and myself were both averse to undergoing any unnecessary mental strain, and to prevent the possibility of overtaxing our youthful intellects, we prepared ourselves only on the questions that in the natural order of recitation would fall to each of us to answer. We did not deem it necessary to take our teacher into our confidence in making this arrangement, which worked very smoothly so long as correct answers were given, but very unsatisfactorily when a slip in the mental cogs threw the machinery entirely out of gear. School sessions in that day began at 8 a. m., and ended at 5 or 6 p. m., with a morning, midday and afternoon recess. Pupils whose homes were not located very near the academy belonged to the tin bucket brigade, their midday meals being carried in that convenient, but hardly aesthetic, receptacle. These lunches always embraced a bottle of molasses, and this saccharine addition to our meals was utilized by being poured into the inverted bucket top, or into finger holes punched into the sides of the biscuits, and these doctored products of the old-time oven were eaten with a relish that a swell luncheon at the Bon Air would not bring to me now.

The text books used were selected by the teacher for their supposed fitness to meet the wants of the pupil undisturbed by the competition of rival publishing houses or the comparative hustling ability of their respective agents. Webster's Spelling Book, The New York Reader, Mitchell's Geography, Smith's Grammar, Davies' Arithmetic and Algebra, Com-

stock's Natural Philosophy, and Bullion's Latin Grammar and Reader were the standards. The schools were ungraded, and the teacher had to contend with every degree of advancement, from an A. B. C. tot to the student preparing for the Junior Class at college. Despite this disadvantage, and despite the wonderful improvement in text book and school method since that day, I can recall pupils of that old time, who at twelve years of age were studying Greek and reading seventy-five lines in Virgil's "Aeneid" daily, without the aid of the teacher, or the proverbial "pony." And yet despite this apparent precociousness, the students of that day did not know it all, as the following incidents will show. It was in the early 50's, and the class in Natural Philisphy at the Brothersville Academy had been called to the recitation bench by the teacher, Rev. W. L. Kilpatrick. The hydrostatic paradox was the subject of the lesson for the day. The teacher, turning to the pupil who sat at the head of the class, and who chanced to be, as I recall it, Miss Moselle Carswell, afterwards Mrs. W. A. Wilkins, of Waynesboro, Ga., said, "What is a paradox?" In reply she began to quote the opening sentence of the lesson. "No," said he, "I want to know what a paradox is outside its hydrostatic association," and she was silent. The question was passed to the next pupil with similar results. My brother was sitting at the other end of the bench and as the inquiry came down the line he began to move restlessly in his seat, fearing that the question would be answered correctly before he had an opportunity of showing off his superior knowledge. His apprehensions were groundless, however, and the teacher finally said: "Well, Edward, can you give us the definition of a paradox?" "Yes, sir," said my brother very confidently. "it's what you sing after preaching." The teacher's ministerial labors had presumably familiarized him with the usual methods of closing a religious service, but this was probably his first personal contact with a "hydrostatic doxology."

Friday afternoons were devoted to declamation and the reading of original compositions by the pupils. During Mr. Thomas H. Holleyman's administration at this academy in 1854, my old schoolmate, Jasper D——, had selected Catiline's

oration before the Roman Senate as the medium through which to give vent to his embryonic oratorical powers. After its rendition Mr. Holleyman said: "Jasper, do you know who Catiline was?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. Well, who was he?" asked the teacher. "Well, sir, I knew him, but I—I can't say that I was personally acquainted with him."

And Mr. Holleyman proceeded to give him a dose of Roman history.

* * * *

These reminiscences of the old Brothersville Academy recall an old schoolmate of those far-away days, whose girlish charms furnished for years the inspiration for my every boyish endeavor. She is a dignified matron now, and handsome still, but our paths in life have drifted far apart, and I think of her only as the bright-eyed lass, whose winsome grace made always sunshine in a shady place. I was an awkward, timid boy, and the wealth of silent adoration that I laid daily at her unconscious feet would have furnished many a novel with a supply of the tender passion. From morn till dewy eve I looked forward with beating heart to the large spelling class that closed each day's exercises, for with it came the coveted opportunity of "turning down" every pupil that stood below her in the class, and of standing by her side for the remainder of the recitation. If she missed a word I spelled it and kept my place. The turning down process had ended. There were other occasions when her applications to the teacher for aid in solving some arithmetical problem would meet with the response: "Get Walter Clark to show you, I haven't time now," and she would come daintily and trippingly to take her seat beside me, and I would bend low over the old-fashioned slate, for tablets were unknown then, and she would bend beside me until our cheeks were almost in touch, and I would solve the problem slowly, very slowly, to lengthen out the time, for while it lasted I was in paradise. In those old days I thought she had the brightest, tenderest eyes and the fairest, pinkest cheeks and the softest, kissiest lips that maiden ever owned, and the dainty aprons that gowned her girlish form were, as I thought, so snowy in their whiteness that no fuller on earth

could white them. But, alas! my gallantry in the spelling class and my willing contributions to her stock of mathematical knowledge were all, as the reader may have suspected, "Love's Labor Lost." His appreciation of the fact may, however, be emphasized by the recital of an incident which, though occurring nearly fifty years ago, comes back as freshly to me today as if it were one of yesterday's happenings. Pink teas and such like social functions were not much in vogue in that day, but "parties," with less elaborate paraphernalia and possibly more real enjoyment, were very much in evidence. At one of these entertainments she gave me an old-fashioned kiss verse, saying it was a reply to one received from me. I had neither given nor sent one to her, but hoping that it contained some evidence of her appreciation I made no sign and held my peace. Opening the precious paper I read as follows:

"You must have dined on razors,
You seem so very keen,
And were you not so big a fool
I'd ask you what you mean."

While this verse may be lacking in artistic finish and bears no marked internal evidence of the divine afflatus, its effect upon my budding affection may be inferred from the fact that I am able to quote it verbatim et literatim et punctuatum after all these years.

Among the educators whose teaching service gained for them an enviable reputation in this section during the writer's boyhood was Columbus C. Richards, who taught at Wrightsboro in Columbia, Thomson in McDuffie, and Summerville in Emanuel county. During his long and successful record as a teacher he became especially famous for "breaking in" boys who were not amenable to ordinary methods of school discipline. A friend who attended one of these schools once gave me an item in his experience which, while not educational in character, nay not be unworthy of record in these memories. Mania a potu, or delirium tremens or "the monkeys," as it was known to the unprofessional mind, was probably a more com-

mon ailment in those days than it is now. Whether this fact is due to a difference in the quality of the *spiritus frumenti* consumed or to a diminution in individual potations, the writer is not prepared to say. The story as told me by my friend was as follows: A gentleman living near Mr. Richards' school had been imbibing too heavily and continuously, and an attack of this disease supervened. As professional nurses were then practically unknown, the neighbors were accustomed to take upon themselves this duty, and my friend volunteered his services in that capacity. During the night the patient placed on exhibition for the benefit of his attendant audience the usual menagerie of monkeys and snakes, visible only to his demented vision, but before the morning dawned his brain gave birth to the following original couplet of verse:

"On the wings of love I fly
From grocer-ree to grocer-rye"

Whether this poetical effusion was intended to aid the physician in reaching a correct diagnosis, or whether he simply sang in numbers for the numbers came, the records do not show.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

While the athletic feature on the school ground was not so fully developed in the old days, yet school boys did not lack for games or sports. The morning and afternoon recess and the mid-day intermission were occupied with knucks, ring marbles, base, bull pen, cat, townball and shinny, or shinty, as the old Scotch game was known. The present game of baseball was evidently evolved from old-time townball and football, though manipulated with the hand instead of the old-fashioned stick with a curved end is a possible development from shinny. These old games had some advantages over their modern successors in the fact that while they furnished healthful exercise for our youthful muscles, there were no fatalities to report at the close of the game, and no umpires to encourage by their decisions a resort to lynch law. Solid rubber

balls were used, while a three or four-inch paddle with the handle trimmed to proper shape and size with a pocket knife, took the place of the modern bat. Bishop George F. Pierce once related in the writer's presence, an incident which indicates that even in his maturer years he had not outgrown his taste for townball. Passing a crowd of school boys engaged in the game, he decided to take a hand at the bat. He was walking with a hickory cane that had been used by his grandfather, and had been owned by the family for a hundred years. Using the stick instead of the paddle he knocked the ball so far that it was never found and his family relic was laid up for repairs.

During the writer's college course at Oxford, the faculty not according to the athletic fad the honored place it now holds in educational circles, issued a stringent order that no sports should be indulged in around the college building. Judge Frank L. Little, of Sparta, then a senior, reaching the college one morning in advance of the recitation hour, and finding that none of the faculty were in sight, decided to utilize the opportunity to beat the record as a jumper. While engaged in the pastime, Prof. Luther M. Smith came upon the scene unexpectedly and caught Frank in flagrante delicto. The latter began at once to excuse himself upon the plea that his physical system needed the exercise. "Oh, yes," said the professor, "Even the Bible tells us that 'bodily exercise profiteth Little.' "

WAYNIE, WIDDIE, WICKIE.

All progress is not improvement and in noting the changes that have taken place on educational lines in the past half century, there is one which fails to commend itself to the writer's judgment as belonging to the improvement class. While this is true the following protest is made more, possibly, for the satisfaction of having my say in the matter than from any hope of securing a reversal of the verdict through the medium of a new trial.

More than fifty years ago the writer began the study of the Latin tongue in the old Brothersville Academy under the tutelage of Mr. Thomas H. Holleyman of precious memory.

Through the Commentaries of Caesar, the Aeneid of Virgil, the Odes of Horace, the Satires of Juvenal, etc., my youthful fancy wandered with a glowing reverence for these old time worthies who had opened to my verdant mind the beauties of the ancient classics. Amid the prosy duties of a busy life my memory had retained but little in a literary way of

“The grandeur that was Greece
And the glory that was Rome.”

And yet I had not entirely lost my admiration for the pithy terseness of Caesar, the flowing measure of Virgil and the stately periods of Cicero until the dictum of modern scholarship burst the bubble and left me only the sad conviction that I had been the victim of misplaced confidence.

For nearly fifty years I have cherished the fond delusion that as in schoolboy days I tripped with nimble tongue through “Hic, haec, hoc,” “bonus, bona, bonum,” “Jusjurandum, juris, jurandi,” etc. I was strictly up-to-date, but now alas, these latter day literary saints with their “hic, hike, hoke,” “boonoce, bonar, bonoom,” “yoose, yurandoom, yureese, yurandee,” have laid my little hard won knowledge away on the shelf as a back number and I am no longer in it.

For all these years I had rested with implicit faith in the conviction that the Commentaries on the Gallic war were written by Julius Caesar, but these modern educational luminaries inform me that they were penned by Yulioose Kiser, a possible ancestor of the Kiser family in Atlanta. I had since boyhood admired the epigrammatic alliteration of the brave old Roman’s “Veni, vidi, vici,” but alas! that famous Caesarean message will now go ringing down the centuries as “Waynie, widdie, wickie.” I had been taught that the story of the Wandering Aeneas was sung by Publius Virgilius Maro.

“Wielder of the stateliest measure
Moulded by the lips of man,”

but now I am told that the author of this famous epic was christened as Pooblioose Wergilioose Mahro.

I had believed for all these years that the Philippics against Catiline and Verres and Anthony were delivered by Marcus Tullius Cicero, but I am now confronted with the fact that these masterly orations emananted from the brain of Markoose, Toolioose Kickero. Even the old Latin adage, "omnia labor vincit," that has inspired so many weary toilers in the world's broad field of battle, will henceforth stir their flagging zeal as "ome-nia labor win-kit," while the time-honored chair where old "verbum sat," will now be warmed for all the coming years by his successor young "werboom."

I had been puzzling my brain to find some plausible explanation for the fact that time and labor are spent in teaching the student of today the obsolete pronunciation of a language that is not only dead, but buried beyond the hope of a possible resurrection, and had been tempted to ask with becoming modesty "cui bono?" Opening an English lexicon at random today a possible solution of the question was presented. By actual count, nearly 50 per cent. of the words, on the page examined, were derived from the Latin tongue. As Sam Jones would say, "One of the most principalest" benefits arising from a study of the classics is the knowledge furnished the student of the derivative signification of the thousands of English words based upon these dead languages. A few illustrations will convince the reader of the happy influence of the present system in accomplishing this result. Take the word "civil" for instance. No student with a reasonable amount of grey matter in his brain would of course dream that it was derived from the Latin word "civilis," but change the latter to its present reading, as "kee-wee-leese," and the fact would occur to him instanter, if not sooner. Again, it would be unnatural to derive the word "ceiling" from "coelum," but as under the revised version the latter becomes "koyloom," the derivation would be as plain as the nose on your face even if that item in your physiognomy chanced to be of the Roman type. In like manner the words "cede" and "joke" and "vision" and "circumvent" would probably never be suggested by the simple forms of "cedo" and "jocus" and "visum" and "circumvenio," but transform the latter into their proper shape as

"kaydo," "vokoose," "weesoom," and "kurkoomwaneo" and the result would be as easy as falling from a log.

But I will not weary the reader with these examples. Those given will suffice to convince him of the beauty and benefit of the revised system. And now in conclusion I have only to add that the frequent stumbles I have made in my efforts to renew my acquaintance with the Latin tongue under its present environment recall the soliloquy of an inebriated individual, who unable to retain a perpendicular position gave vent to his feelings in the following impromptu parody:

"Leaves have their time to fall and so have I,
But the difference 'twixt the leaves and I,
I fall more harder and more frequent-lye."

It gives me a touch of sadness to feel that though my life has reached the season of its sere and yellow leaf, yet through all these years

I never knew 'twas "Kick-e-ro"
Nor "Werg-ils" liquid song
I've learned but little here below
And learned that little wrong.

* * * *

From records left by my father I find in addition to the list of teachers already given for the Brothersville Academy, that Daniel Mahoney taught there in 1845. Dr. James Mann in 1846. Samuel Phelps in 1847 and '48, Packard probably in 1849 and Miss Mary Jane Parsons in 1850 and '51.

BROTHERSVILLE, A LOST ARCADIA.

The rural village, in which the writer was reared, if village it could be called, was a typical old-time Southern community. In one of the earlier decades of the last century, on an elevated plateau covered with oak and resinous long-leaf pine and located in the central southern section of Richmond

county, three brothers, James, Augustus and Elisha Anderson, made their homes. These residences formed the points of a practically equilateral triangle, and near one of its sides lay then and lies today the old homestead where the writer on a spring day in the early forties made his debut into what a colored brother has termed "the toil and trouble and tossification of life." Or if it be true, as Rev. S. K. Talmage, uncle of the late Rev. T. DeWitt, has said, that "the first feeble pulsation in the infant's sinews is but the drum beat of an eternal march," then the locality I have named witnessed the initial notes made by the writer at the beginning of his personal participation in the aforesaid march. Of those very early days I have no very definite or distinct recollection, but it is probably safe to assume that I did not cut any very remarkable figure as I was unable at that time to cut anything but my teeth.

The healthfulness of the location, with its pine-laden air and its freedom from malarial influences, attracted a number of Burke county planters, who built comfortable residences near the homes of these three brothers, and in time the community had not only a local habitation, but the name of Brothersville, given it in honor of its original settlers. I do not know that it resembled our national capitol in many respects, but there was certainly one well defined point of likeness in the fact that our rustic community was a village of "magnificent distances." Streets were a luxury in which it did not indulge, the site of its residences being selected to please the individual taste of the owner and facing every point of the compass, while the intervening spaces were covered with original forest growth, save the carriage-ways that formed a means of communication between its homes.

And yet despite this seeming irregularity in physical construction, Brothersville had some very pleasant characteristics to its credit. Its citizens were well-to-do planters owning among the fertile lands of the adjoining county well kept plantations from whose fruitful soil under the tillage of hundreds of dusky laborers, comfortable incomes were derived. Relieved in large measure of the personal care of these landed

estates by the services of trained "overseers" these old-time Southern gentlemen had ample leisure for reading, for travel and for the cultivation of the social virtues. Every household had its family carriage and coachman ready for service in the periodical visit to the city, to the weekly or monthly church service and in the constant and pleasant interchange of neighborly courtesies. Every kitchen was brightened by the shining face of an old-time "mammy," whose skillful hands had been trained from girlhood in all the mysteries of the culinary art and were blissfully ignorant of the modern housewife's constant *bete noir*, the "service pan." No cold and rainy morning brought to the mistress of the home the apprehension that on completion of her toilet she would find the kitchen fireless, the breakfast table minus its accustomed menu and the cook off on a colored excursion or taking a permanent vacation, without the formality of verbal or written notice. The whole range of domestic service from the dignified coachman with his silk hat and "broadcloth" suit, on through the varying, grades of cook, laundress, seamstress, housemaid, nurse and down to the little black imp who brought to the "Big House" the barnyard keys at nightfall, was as perfect as training could make it and was rarely changed in its personnel save by death or the disabilities of old age.

Under the favoring conditions of practical freedom from business and domestic cares the social life of the community was at its best. In a shaded cove within the village limits Mr. Alex. Murphey, grandfather of the present clever and genial post master at Hephzibah, had built for the public benefit what would now be called a natatorium, but was then only a "bathing house." Near it was erected a comfortable pavilion and the site furnished a pleasant and convenient picnic ground for the community. During the summer months the citizens would alternate at brief intervals in supplying on these grounds picnic dinners with barbecued trimmings, to which the entire village was invited. Artificial ice was then unknown, but for the 24 hours preceding these social occasions the cool limpid water from a nearby "spring house" had trickled over the choicest products of Mr. Murphey's melon

patch. It may be that the distance of years as well as space lends enchantment to the view, but no melons of the present day seem to have the flavor and the fragrance of the crimson hearted fruit that lay cooling during a summer day and night in that old spring house under the hill.

They have sung of "the Old Oaken Bucket"
And its waters so clear and chill,
But today I sing of the old box spring,
That rippled and sang with its cooling flow
On the emerald rind and the crimson glow
Of the mammoth melons of long ago,
In the spring house under the hill.

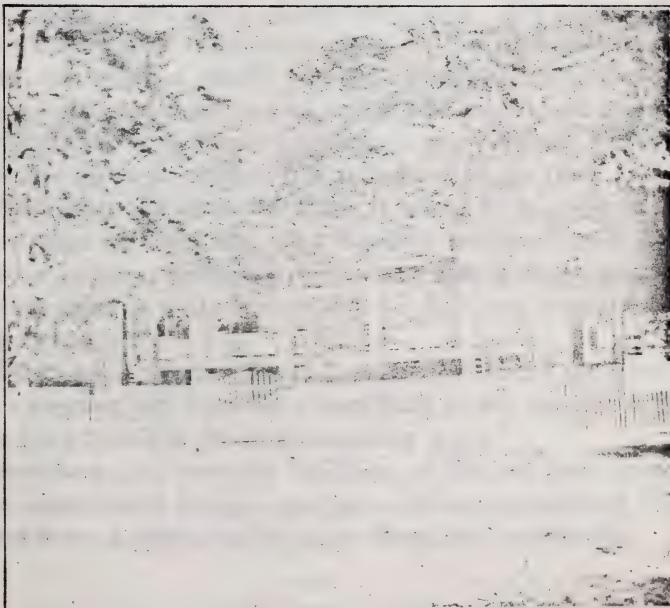
Whatever estimate may be placed on the lines above, the reader is asked to remember that they were written in "the good old summer time" and are in no wise intended as a contribution to the world's surplus supply of "spring poetry."

In the early history of the village Mr. James Anderson had built on his own land at his own expense a neat and commodious academy to supply the educational needs of the community. Under able management it won justly a wide reputation as an educational center of high grade drawing large patronage not only from the immediate section but from the adjacent counties as well. The interest felt by the citizens of our village in these matters is evidenced by the fact that the boys and girls within its limits had not only the benefits of this excellent school, but a majority of them received higher education at colleges or universities.

A mile or two away from the undefined limits of the village there was a little log church built in the early days of Georgia Methodism and known in the writer's boyhood by the rather contradictory title of "Old New Hope." Its altars had been blessed by the labors of George F. Pierce, James Danelly, William Peurifoy, John P. Duncan, Josiah Lewis, Nicholas Murphrey and other worthies of those old days, and the grace that permeated its hewn-log walls had provided during the early life of the village for the moral and spiritual wants of its people.



BROTHERSVILLE METHODIST CHURCH,
Erected 1853.



OLD HOME OF DR. SAMUEL B. CLARK,
Built in 1848.

In the course of time a handsome church was erected near the Brothersville Academy, was dedicated by Bishop Pierce in '54 and has been served since that day by a long line of faithful and Godly men.

Lying midway between the Georgia and Central Railroads and more than half a score of miles from either, our little village was kept in partial touch with the outer world by a semi-weekly mail delivered on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. On these occasions the village post office was the center of attraction and the community turned out en masse to do it honor.

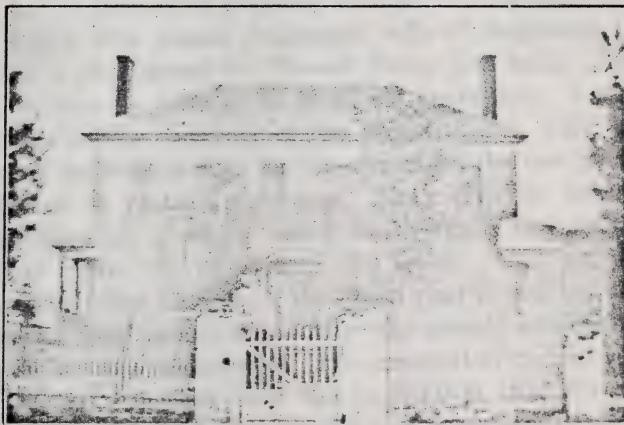
Nestled away in rural seclusion, "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife" and yet keeping open house to all who came, whether friend or stranger, they lived and loved, married and intermarried, served their generation by the will of God and when the evening shadows had fallen were laid unto their fathers. I can not believe that in all this broad land there was a better or a happier people. True to its name Brothersville was a village if not a city of brotherly love. More than thirty years of the writer's life were spent within its limits and yet he can not recall a single personal estrangement among its citizens. Peaceable and social, moral and intelligent, generous and hospitable, with no petty jealousies nor personal bickerings to mar the quiet of its rural life, it seemed to me then, and as I look back over the waste of years, it seems to me now to have been almost an ideal life. An honored minister, who served as pastor in the community, once said that it came nearer to his conception of what heaven will be than any community he had ever known.

Dear old Brothersville, as I write of it today the glamour of its charming old-time life comes back to me like the echo of "faint fairy footfalls down blossoming ways."

And now who were the residents of this old time Arcadia? There were fifteen homes, that lay within its undefined limits. Taking them alphabetically there come first on the list,

THE ANDERSON BROTHERS.

James, Elisha, Jr., and Augustus, sons of Elisha Anderson, Sr., and from whom the community took its name, have already been given notice in these records genealogically and otherwise. Of Elisha, Jr. I have no personal recollection as he died before my memory began to serve me. James and Augustus H. I recall as dignified, portly men, the latter suggesting in form at least the hero of *Pickwick Papers*. The residence now owned by E. E. Cadle was built by Col. E. B. Gresham and stands near the site of the original home of Elisha Jr. The James Anderson home was sold after the war to Dr. B. E. Fryer, then to Dr. Henry Garrett and later to W. G. Weathersbee, who still owns the site, the dwelling having been burned two years ago. The home of Augustus H., builded eighty years ago or more, still stands and is owned and occupied by W. P. Hudson. The following incident occurred at the Winter home of Col. Anderson in the later 30s of the last century and while not strictly a Brothersville reminiscence may still be worthy of record. Reference has been made to the marriage of Virginia, youngest daughter of Elisha Anderson Sr., to Dr. Edward Hughes and to the latter's early death. During her widowhood she was an inmate in the home of her brother, Augustus H. While there her hand was won again by Col. A. C. Walker. The date for their marriage was fixed, friends from far and near were invited and arrangements were made to give them an elaborate wedding. On the morning of the appointed day Col. Walker rode over to the home of Col. Anderson and called for the bride to be. When she appeared he said, "Virginia I don't propose to be married before all that crowd tonight. I understand that the preacher is here, call him in and we'll get through with it now." She protested against such a course, but he was insistent and her consent was finally gained. The minister was summoned, the family gathered in the parlor, the solemn words were spoken and Col. Walker and the handsome widow were made man and wife. When the ceremony was ended, the groom mounted his horse and taking his gun and dogs spent the day in hunting, return-



THE JAMES ANDERSON HOME.

ing at night fall to witness the discomfiture of the guests, who were forced to enjoy the marriage feast without the fragrance of orange blossoms or the rhythmical jingle of wedding bells.

After the death of Col. Anderson his Brothersville home was occupied by his namesake, nephew and son-in-law, Augustus H., Jr., and for a time in 1860 by Col. Charles E. Nesbit, son of Judge Eugenius A. Nesbit of Macon. In 1859 the late Judge Herman H. Perry was teaching at the Brothersville Academy and was boarding at the Anderson home. James Gardner editor of the Augusta Constitutionalist was publishing also a literary journal known as the "Field and Fireside." In one of its weekly issues there appeared a poem of marked merit sent to the journal as original stuff by an Alabama contributor. When Mrs. Susan Anderson, wife of Augustus H., Jr., had read it she turned to Heman Perry and said, "That poem was written by George D. Prentice years ago. I wish you would advise Mr. Gardner of the imposition." This was done and after making apology for the oversight the two poems were published in parallel columns. They differed only in the transposition of a single word in a single line, which failed to mar either the rhythm or the sense. And yet this Alabama genius came back with the claim that it was his own production and their apparent identity was simply evidence of a remarkable literary coincidence. His contention carried with it to the journal's readers only the conviction that his credentials justly entitled him to instant and unanimous admission as a "free and accepted" member of the leading "Ananias Club" of that old day.

WILLIAM E. BARNES.

Of this old-time resident of Brothersville I have no personal recollection as he left the community during my early boyhood. In the early '40s of the last century he built the residence on what has been known in later years as the Schaffner Place, occupied it for a time and sold it to Robert A. Reynolds. Later it became the property of Dr. J. F. Schaffner formerly of Charleston and who had married my old school mate Mary Dillard. William E. was the son of John A. and brother of Hon. George T. Barnes of Augusta. He married Eliza, daughter of Seaborn and Margaret Jones and sister of the late Jno. J. Jones of Waynesboro, where a son by this marriage John A. is now living. A later marriage brought to him three sons, Harry V., Geo. T. and Albert L., who now reside in or near Augusta. William E. served in the Confederate army and died in a military hospital at Sumter, S. C.

After the death of Dr. Schaffner his widow and younger son Clarence made their home in Cincinnati while the elder, Fred L., played in some measure at least, the role of a cosmopolitan. During their absence the old home was burned, but in the recent past my young and versatile friend, Fred, after years of errant absence has returned to the old homestead—has erected Phoenix like from its ashes a modest castle of artificial stone, which he says with pardonable emphasis will be only in its prime a hundred years from now. And now within the cosy bachelor walls of "Greystone," unawed and unsubdued by the charms of the female face divine he serves as his own chef de cuisine and furnishes gastronomic entertainment to his Augusta guests in the tempting form of barbecued opossum, roasted and toasted and salted and peppered and vinegared by his own practiced and expert hands. At least such is the story given me by my friend Tennent Houston, and Tennent like Brutus is an honorable man.

JUDGE JOHN W. CARSWELL.

I have written it "Judge" for the reason that his long and honorable association with Joseph A. Shewmake, William W. Hughes, Jerry Inman and others as members of the old Inferior Court Bench in Burke County conferred upon him the title that he wore gracefully, ably and justly until his death. He was one of my father's nearest neighbors and probably his most intimate friend in the community. They were bound together by ties of blood, constant association as official members of the same church and by an abiding friendship that I cannot believe was ended even by death for I feel assured that it has found a happy renewal in the unknown land. His genial temperament, broad information and full equipment of common or possibly uncommon sense made his frequent visits to my father's home always enjoyed. Over the gulf of nearly fifty vanished years I can recall today some of his terse, sententious sayings. Talking to my father one day on the matter of their accumulating years he said "old age is always ten years ahead of us." Discussing the marriage of a mutual lady acquaintance he expressed the hope that she had done well and when my father, who had paid a recent professional visit to her home, gave him some information as to her new environment he replied, "Well Doctor, that isn't living much." Referring one day to the prospective marriage of one of his wards to a minister of some distinction he said, "He is an educated, Christian gentleman," and then turning to my brother and myself he continued, "Boys that is as high as you can go." During a visit of the writer to his home in the heated term he said, "I don't like to admit that I'm lazy, but I must confess to an indisposition to doing anything this hot weather." Standing six feet three or four inches in height, weighing two hundred and twenty five pounds or more, and of markedly erect bearing he was a fine specimen of physical manhood.

He was the son of John, and the grandson of Alexander and Isabella Carswell, who came to America from Ireland about 1765 or 1770. My good friend and relative Mrs. Ella Salter who is a granddaughter of Judge Carswell's sister Nancy.

wife of Rev. Nicholas Murphey, has traced this line back to Lord Ruthven, first Earl of Gonrie and the head of the "House of Cassiles" in the following direct course of descent. Isabella, wife of Alexander Carswell, was the daughter of William Browne, who was the son of Lady Jane (Gordon) Browne who was the daughter of Lady Isabella (Ruthven) Gordon, who was the daughter of Lord Ruthven, First Earl of Gonrie, etc. She has informed me further that the Isabella aforesaid was a lineal descendant of Robert Bruce, William Wallace, Sir. James Douglas, hero of Bannockburn, and probably other Scottish Chiefs. The connecting links between Isabella and these old-time worthies have not as yet been "diskivered," but my friend is satisfied that they exist and that if she were in Scotland she could "sholy" trace them out. A year ago while my time was largely occupied in gathering genealogical data for these sketches, my brother Samuel R., on meeting Alma, my youngest born, asked her if I would be in my office on the following day. "No sir, he is going to Wrens, Ga." "What for?" he asked, and she replied, "I think he is going there to find out what kin I am to Adam." And so as I belong to the Carswell line through my grandmother, Eleanor Carswell daughter of Edward and granddaughter of the aforesaid Isabella, it may be that if life lasts with my friend Ella and her genealogical energies do not suffer an eclipse she may succeed in carrying our mutual line back to Adam, or at least to Noah, or possibly to the traditional Irishman, who seated upon the topmost pinnacle of the tallest mountain in the deluge-girdled world, with the whirling waters only a few feet below him, asked Noah as the floating Ark passed by to take him aboard and when the request was turned down, replied, "Go on with your old boat, I don't think there is going to be much of a flood anyway."

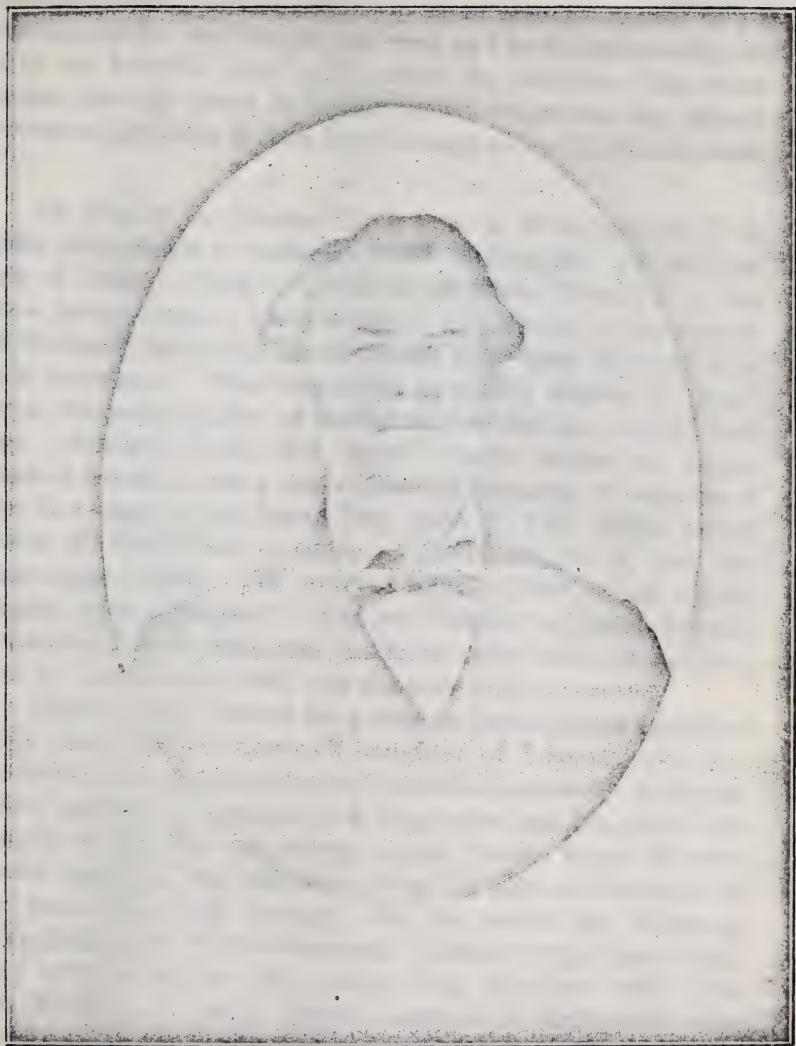
My friend has also given me the gratifying information that we are justly entitled through our Carswell, Brown, Murray, Cassiles, Ruthven, Gordon connection to a whole lot of "Scotch Plaids" too numerous to be scheduled here. Some years ago there came to my inner consciousness an overweening desire to look again upon my pictured face and form as

it appeared in all its childish beauty when the world with me was young, very young. The only documentary evidence on that line still existent was an old time daguerreotype presented by my father to his near relative Matthias Clark of New York more than fifty years ago. Through the kindly courtesy of James O. Clark, son of Matthias, the picture was returned to me and as my children looked upon it, one of them said, "Papa wasn't pretty even when he was a boy," which of course was very consoling and comforting to me. But in addition to this I found that my good mother had gowned my little form for the occasion in a costume bearing a broad conspicuous figure, which suggested to my friend Judge Eve the convict stripes, with which his service as County Commissioner had made him quite familiar. And I wondered why my youthful symmetry of face and form had been adorned in this peculiar way. But the mystery is solved and the problem no longer vexes my righteous soul. This gorgeous habiliment must have been simply and solely one of the numerous and flaring Scotch plaids to which I was justly, legally and genealogically entitled.

My friend tells me further that the name "Carswell" is derived from the old Scotch word "carse" which means alluvial land bordering a stream. Walls built to protect these lands from overflow were known as "carse-walls" and their owners James or John of the "carse-wall" were finally designated as James or John Carswell. Bishop John Carswell was a prominent and distinguished member of the tribe in the 16th century and made the first translation into the Gaelic language, the work being John Knox's Liturgy, and the Gaelic version being known as "Carswell's Prayer Book."

Judge John W. Carswell married Sarah Ann Devine and to them were born two children, a son and a daughter. The latter Anna Eliza Moselle was married to Major Wm. A. Wilkins and their children Inez (Jones), Lily (Neely) and Wm. A. Jr. live in Waynesboro, Ga., and Nina (Scutter) in Athens, Ga. The son John Devine married Linda Royal who bore him two sons John D. Jr., of Savannah, and Porter who married Arabella Walker and who died some years ago.

Judge Carswell's Brothersville home was built in the '40s of the last century, was sold after the war to Cyrus Hudson, was burned a few years later and was never rebuilt. The following incident of his service on the bench of the Inferior Court was given me years ago by his associate, Judge Joseph A. Shewmake. Major William Bennett, sixty years ago was one of the "characters" of the Waynesboro bar. He and Dr. Edward Carter shared the distinction of being the most brilliant and entertaining talkers of Burke and for this reason they probably avoided coming into colloquial contact with each other. When Judge Carswell entered upon his judicial duties he found that Major Bennett had been occupying professionally an office in the Court House for a long, long time and no charge had been made against him for rent. The suggestion was made that he be requested to ante up for all of the back rations and a bill was accordingly presented. The Major had represented the county in a little case involving a small amount and when the court convened for the transaction of county business he rendered as an offset to the rent account a bill for professional services equaling exactly the charge against him, not a cent more and not a cent less. After reading the bill Judge Carswell said, "Major, this seems to be a rather exorbitant charge for the service rendered," and the Major with a twinkle in his bright, brown eyes replied, "Judge, my conscience is always equal to any demand made upon it and to every emergency that confronts it." What the final outcome was I do not recall. Judge Carswell's late years were spent in Waynesboro where his remains now rest. His son John Devine died in comparatively early manhood and his wife and daughter Mrs. Wilkins have been dead many years.



JUDGE JOHN W. CARSWELL.

DR. SAMUEL B. CLARK.

He was my father and as I write his name today tho' four and forty years have passed since on an Autumn day in 1864 I looked into his face for the last time as I bade him goodbye to take my humble place again under the Southern flag, there comes into my heart in undiminished tenderness the infinite reverence and love it bore him through all my boyhood years.

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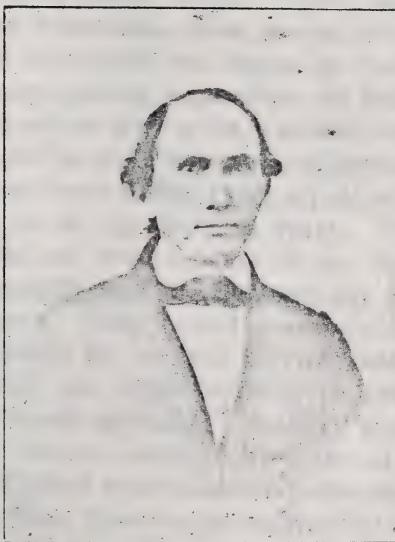
In 1803 or '04 Charles Clark, born at Westfield, N. J., in 1780, came down to make his home in Georgia. He was the son of Charles Clark, Sr., who in 1813 was President of the New Jersey Senate. He was also, I feel assured, a descendant of Richard Clark, who in 1620 came over from England as a ship carpenter. This conviction as to his descent is based upon the perpetuation of family names and the further fact that Abraham Clark, the "signer," with whom my father claimed kinship, was a descendant of Richard. I mentioned this fact once to my friend Mrs. John P. Dill, whose father Ralph P. Clark was a native of Westfield, N. J., and she laughingly replied, "Oh, every Clark in New Jersey claims kinship with Abraham." And yet despite my good friend's pleasantry I still think that the facts make out a *prima facie* case for our descent from this old time ship carpenter.

Charles Clark located for a time in Savannah and married while there Eleanor Carswell daughter of Edward, who was the eldest son of Alexander and Isabella Carswell. And now before bidding my ancient sire Alexander and his good wife Isabella a final but not as my young friend, Roger Winter, would express it "an elaborate adieu," it may not be amiss to say that this couple brought into the world the following seven children in the years named: Edward 1755, Agnes 1757, John 1760, Alexander 1762, James 1765, Matthew 1768. The late Matthew J., and J. Frank Carswell of Hephzibah were sons of Alexander, who was the son of John. The Late Dr. E. R. Carswell was the son of Matthew and the grandson of John. J. Frank Carswell of Augusta is the son of Wm. Alexander, grandson of Alexander and great grandson of John.

Charles Clark remained in Savannah only a little while and removed to Burke Co., where he built the home now owned by Mrs. Louisa Clark near Blythe, Ga. Here the remaining years of his life were spent and here he died in 1852 at the age of 72. Eleanor, his wife, brought to him seven sons and daughters who grew to maturity, Charles E., Jane (Brown), Samuel B., Sarah (Brown), James W., John W., and Mary Eleanor (Rheney). In 1825 my grandmother, Martha J. Walker bought a small tract of land in the community in which the Anderson homes were then or afterwards located and built the residence in which the writer was born. It was almost an exact counterpart of the home described by Thomas E. Watson in "Bethany" as belonging to his grandfather. Nov. 16th, 1837, my father then a young physician, married Martha Rebecca Walker and bought then or later my grandmother's home, adding in later years a larger tract of land bought of John D. Mongin. In 1848 to meet the wants of a growing family he replaced this primitive residence with a larger and more modern home, within whose walls through all his later years he lived and loved and labored until, worn down by the added duties imposed by the absorption of younger members of his profession into Confederate service, on a winter day in February '65 the angels "touched his eyelids into sleep."

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

This old-time Southern home embowered in oak and elm, its front graced by tall colonial columns, still stands in all its pristine strength and charm. Within the enclosed and shaded yard there stands a walnut tree that found its permanent habitat by accident rather than design. During my mother's girlhood she was playing in her own backyard one day when her brother, afterwards known as Col. A. C. Walker, attempted to take a walnut from her hand. To foil him in his purpose she ran around the old dwelling and while hidden from his view she buried it hurriedly and went her way. He failed to find its hiding place and she failed to recover it, and the tree towers



DR. SAMUEL B. CLARK.

in midair today more than fifty feet in height and has borne its toll of fruitage for fifty years and more.

This old homestead with its broad domain of nearly a thousand acres, wears the distinction of being the only one of the fifteen original Brothersville homes that is now occupied by descendants of its old-time owners. Eight of them have gone to ashes and all save three have passed to other and alien hands. It bears the further distinction of having preserved within its walls for three score years an itemized account of its original cost, save only the timbers hewn by my father's slaves from his own forest lands. These well preserved records now in my possession reveal to me further the exact day in 1848 when my boyish feet began to climb the hill of knowledge under the guiding aegis of an old field school and the precise date in a later year when I walked the earth monarch of all I surveyed in my maiden pair of boots. They give me the cost of those boots and of every article of apparel that gowned my form in all my boyhood years. They give me likewise the annual and total expense of my education from that Spring day in 1848 until the Summer day in 1860 when my graduation came. They record every dollar of income received by my father for medical service rendered on the Sabbath, all of which was scrupulously given away to church or charity. They reveal my father's dealings with his slaves, the gifts in money that he made to them, the advances made upon the crops he allowed them to cultivate for themselves and their total income from these crops ranging in amount from smaller sums to more than fifty dollars. They record many other things besides and among them every item in the cost of this old home save the heavy timbers already named. My father paid for material, for painting, plastering and masonry \$1,540.12, and to Joseph Boulineau for building \$1,505.51 $\frac{1}{2}$. Since reviewing this record I confess to some curiosity as to the special consideration for which that surplus one and a half cents was paid to the builder. I recall the fact that during the progress of the work Joseph Boulineau would frequently lose his gimlets and other small tools in the mass of shavings that covered the hall floor where his work bench stood and my

6 year old eyes and fingers would ferret them out, and time and time again he told me that he was going to give me a white rabbit for my boyish service. The work ended and he went his way. For days and weeks and months I watched and waited with eager, anxious eyes for the advent of Brer Rabbit, but he came not and now that sixty years have passed I have practically given up hope.

* * * *

And now I close this sketch with an evening scene in the long ago at this old home. Edgar A. Poe once took the public into his confidence as to the construction of poetry in general and of "The Raven" in particular. In this charming essay he makes the statement that the closing verse of that world famous poem was the first to find expression in his weird and rhythmic fancy. Some years ago I began the preparation of a series of sketches on the old slave days and under the shadow of so illustrious a precedent I had penned their closing feature in the following pen picture of

AN EVENING SCENE AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

And now there comes before me a picture whose softened lights and shadows will never fade until the hands that pen these lines are cold and pulseless. It is an evening scene at the old homestead. The twilight shadows have fallen o'er grove and field and wood. The cares and toils of the day are done. The faithful slaves have finished their daily tasks. The farm and driving stock are housed and fed, while from the barnyard the tinkling bells of the resting kine grow faint and fainter on the drowsy air. The evening meal is ended in the "Big House" and the cheery old oak fire is casting fitful shadows on the whitened walls. Beside the hearthstone with book in hand sits one with saintly face and thinning hair while scattered here and there within the circle of the glowing lamplight the children con their lessons for the morrow's school. The tall old fashioned clock that has ticked away for half a century chimes out the hour of nine and books and lessons are laid aside. Out on the rear veranda a sweet toned bell summons

the dusky slaves and led by old "Aunt Hannah" they come with quiet step and reverent air to take their places in the waiting hall. From its accustomed place the sacred book is taken down and lips, that now have long been silent, repeat the words of Isreal's poet king: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; Yea though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me,"

Or the lesson read, it may be, is from the Master's holier lips: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

And now as the reading ends and the book is closed, the keys of the old time organ are touched by girlish fingers and in the chorus of sacred song the voices of "Master and Mistuss" and of the children blend with the stronger, sweeter tones of the old time slaves, rising it may be beyond the narrow, confined pale of our material sense, beyond the music of the spheres to chord with softer, holier ministrelsy on the unseen shore. And now as its echoes die away they kneel together, and sometimes the master and sometimes the slave leads in the simple prayer, that in touching faith goes up to the common Lord of all. And now the service is ended—no not ended for on all the hearts that kneeled there in childish faith and trust, whether bond or free, the benediction of that fireside hour through all the years has rested and is resting still.

* * * *

A PSYCHIC MISTERY.

In connection with the picture drawn above there occurred a strange coincidence, whose mystery I never yet have solved. Rev. Charles T. Walker, whose gifted tongue and brain have justly given him the name of the "Black Spurgeon" and who is conceded to be the most eloquent minister of his race, is the youngest son of old "Aunt Hannah" named above

and in his early life attended with his mother these family services. After I had penned this sketch there came into my mind the thought that possibly his religious life, which in these later years has found such wonderful development, might have had its earliest awakening at this fireside Bethel in the old slave days. For days the thought grew on me and then while weighing the propriety of adding it to the sketch as a probable fact, there came to me from "Charlie" as I have always known him, a letter which read in part as follows: "I intended giving you a copy of my book while in Augusta, but was suddenly called to New York by the death of one of my deacons and I failed to find opportunity to see you. I send you a copy today by mail. You will find in it that I have attributed my earliest religious impressions to the family services in your father's house, when he gathered his negroes into the hall to join in the family devotions. I can remember today the first hymn I ever heard him sing; I can repeat words that he used in his prayers. I have never been able to get away from the influence of those old-time family services." The very thought that for two days or more had stirred my own brain cells was finding voice at the point of Charlie's pen in his New York home a thousand miles away. Was this simply and solely a coincidence, or was it the result of some strange psychic force, some weird, ethereal mental agency that takes no note of space and yet some day will find its master and be made to do his bidding by some Marconi of the future? The reader can take his choice.

* * * *

My father was born Feb. 26, 1812, married Martha R. Walker Nov. 16, 1837, and died Feb. 1, 1865. There were born to them four sons and four daughters, viz: C. Edward, born Oct. 31, 1838, married Martha B. Allen Feb. 27, 1868, died June 29, 1883; William H., born May 14, 1840, died unmarried Mch. 29, 1867; Walter A., born Mch. 5, 1842, married Sarah E. Reney Oct. 24, 1880; Samuel R., born Feb. 15, 1844, married Evalina L. Allen Nov. 27, 1873; M. Eugenia, born Feb. 9, 1846, married George W. Hughes Feb. 27, 1868; Mary Anna, born January 21, 1846, died Sept. 4, 1864; C. Edwina, born May 7,

1850, married Dr. W. H. Baxley Oct. 18, 1893; Ella G., born Sept. 2, 1855.

And now I trust the reader will pardon the filial tribute to my father's worth, that comes unbidden from my heart to-day. It may be that no human life can claim perfection and yet if his knew aught of fault or blemish in all the years from boyhood to the grave, no human eye could see it. In lofty purpose and in lowly unremitting faithfulness to duty, he lived above the common plane of men, serving his generation by the will of God, doing justly, loving mercy, walking humbly in all the paths his Master's feet had trod and dying in the noontide of his usefulness, he left to those who loved him, a name as pure and stainless as the snows that winter winds have heaped upon his grave.

WILLIAM EVANS.

The Evans family is of Welsh origin and its earliest immigrants came to America in ante Revolutionary days. Daniel Evans served in that war as a member of Capt. Patrick Carr's Burke County Rangers and possibly in other commands. He lived in Burke County not far from the present site of Story's mill and he and his wife "Polly" gave to the world a number of children only three of whom bear personal relation to these records, viz: Robert H. and Martha J. to whom some attention has already been given, and the subject of this sketch.

William Evans married Mahala Wiggins and lived for a time at Mount Enon. About 1840 he located at Brothersville and his home is still owned though not occupied by one of his surviving daughters. Five children were born to him, Leonidas, Floyd, Claudia (Crockett), Sarah Eleanora (Walker), and M. Sophronia. Only the two last named still survive. William Evans died during my boyhood, but I recall his stalwart frame, his fondness for fox and deer hunting and his staunch adherence to the Baptist faith. His son Floyd was my boyhood schoolmate and when our academic days were ended I went to Emory College and he to the Kentucky Military Institute at Frankfort. In the summer of '61 an entertainment was given at the old Poythressville Academy near McBean for the benefit of the soldiers and Floyd, Bill Wimberly, my brother and myself were present. We had all arranged to go to the front and were talking in light and jocular vein of the life before us when Floyd said, "Boys you may laugh and joke about it, but we are not all coming home again." In sad fulfillment of his prophecy the war had not grown old before his young and manly form was sleeping in a soldier's grave. My classmate, Wimberly, came back again but maimed for life by a cruel minie at Gettysburg while my brother brought from the field before the end had come a fatal lung affection and his young life faded out in the bloom of early manhood. The writer alone came out unscathed by ball or shell or fell disease and yet despite this fact within these later years an enterprising manufacturer of artificial legs has plied me o'er

and o'er again with letters, circulars and other advertising stuff insisting that I allow him to supplement my walking outfit with this added and in his opinion, absolutely needed equipment. Many years ago I was playing with a little child—a child too young to place a seal upon her lips, and as she played she said to me, "Your legs looks like they was all breeches," and I could scarce deny the soft impeachment. And so it may be that my manufacturing friend had based his zeal and misplaced interest in my locomotive welfare upon the fact that nature had failed to give me, bodily at least, any "visible means of support."

MOSES P. GREEN.

The marriage of Martha Anderson, daughter of Augustus H., to Moses P. Green has already been noted in the Anderson feature of these records. This union and Moses P.'s change of residence from Burke County to Brothersville occurred probably in 1847. After his marriage Moses P. built a handsome residence near the Anderson home and occupied it until the Augusta and Millen branch of the Central R. R. was being constructed, when he sold his Brothersville holdings to Mrs. Seaborn Augustus Jones and built him another home near Green's Cut, a station which takes its name from a railroad cut that ran through his large plantation. He was the son of Jesse Green and was one of the wealthiest citizens of our community. I have been told that he kept at one time eighteen horses simply and solely for the use of himself and family, not one of these animals ever having occasion to cultivate the acquaintance of either plow or wagon. His children have been already named as descendants of Augustus H. Anderson.

COL. EDMUND B. GRESHAM.

George Walker, the Irish immigrant who came to Burke County with his brother Thomas about 1745, had among his twelve children a daughter Margaret, who was married to John Jones. There came of this union three children, Mary, Margaret and John. Mary, daughter of John and Margaret

Jones was married to Job Gresham, and if she developed the sweetness of the old time Mary of Bethany and her husband ran the patient schedule of his ancient namesake, their married life must have been ideal in its happiness. There came to them two sons; John J., who entered the legal profession and made his home in Macon, and Edmund B., the subject of this sketch. After practicing at the bar for a time John J. abandoned the law and became a successful banker.

The marriage of Col. E. B. Gresham to Sarah Anderson and the building of his residence near the site of the old Elisha Anderson, Jr., home have been already noted in the Anderson sketches. Though a de facto resident of Brothersville and an active promoter of its social, educational and material interests, he retained his citizenship in Burke, representing that county many times in the General Assembly and as a member of the Secession Convention, that severed for a time Georgia's relation with the Union. He was a successful planter and a man of kindly, genial nature and gentle, generous heart. He confessed to me once that he had never made a horse trade in his life without worsting himself, and this was perhaps to his credit. On one occasion I heard him say, "Do a man a wrong and you'll hate him for it all your days," and I am sure through all his years he never had occasion for such a cause to bear ill will to any human being.

After his death in 1872 his family occupied the old home for a time but later sold it and removed to Waynesboro, Ga. Eight children were born to Col. Gresham and his wife Sarah: Mary J., Sarah Adeline, Job A., J. Jones, Hattie G., Rosa V., Oscar and Maggie. Mary J. married first Jesse Green, and after his death Dr. G. B. Powell; children, Jesse and Walter Green and Lewis Powell. Job A. married Dollie Lassiter: children, Ida, Emmett, Margaret and Milledge. J. Jones married Ella Lassiter; children, Mamie, Orrin, Nellie and Arthur. Hattie married Robert Burton, and while "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" may possibly adorn the shelves of her clever husband's library I am sure that it has found no place in their happy home life. Rosa, whose Aeolian fingers drew melody from the old-time organ when the writer was playing a soprano

role in the Brothersville church choir, married my old friend Dick Milledge, the cleverest man in the State. There were born to them six children, John, Kate, Hattie, Richard, Rosa and Adeline. Oscar married Lola Scales; children, Wiley and Fannie. Dora married Gilbert Banks but left no issue. Of those who survive, Sarah Adeline, Job A. and J. Jones are now residents of Waynesboro, and Hattie (Burton) of Midville.

And now I trust my old schoolmate, Miss Addie Gresham, who has been my constant friend since the old days when as children we played "Hail Over" and turned each other down in the big spelling class at the Brothersville Academy, will pardon me for closing this sketch with an incident or two personal to herself. Our human life is made up largely of little things and these are only minor chords in the rhythmic cadence of its never ending psalm. Years and years ago, we stood chatting pleasantly on the porch of the old Brothersville church when a young lady came up the broad steps and she and Miss Addie greeted each other with a cordial handclasp and with a mutual kiss whose fervid warmth would have done credit to a pair of maiden lovers. As her friend's form disappeared within the church door, Miss Addie turned to me and said, "Walter, who—was—that?"

During my recent residence at Hephzibah and soon after the death of Rev. Young J. Allen, she came to the village to secure from his relative, Mrs. V. L. Davis, some information to be used in a memorial exercise in the Waynesboro church. As she stood at the depot awaiting the train that would bear her homeward, we were chatting again when a young girl came forward and extending her hand said, "I expect you have forgotten me Miss Addie." And she replied. "Yes child, I do not recall you." And then I said to her, "Whenever I fail to identify the girls, I tell them that my failure is due to the fact that they have grown so much prettier than when I saw them last," and then she turned upon me a sober, reproachful face as she answered, "I have quit telling stories," and the curtain fell.

HENRY D. GREENWOOD.

Of the Greenwood antecedents, I have no information. Henry D. must have had an ancestry or he would scarcely have been here, but none of his progenitors have volunteered the necessary information and weather conditions just now are not specially favorable to genealogical research. The calendar that hangs before me has "July" printed in flaring capitals on its pages and the summer sun is raining down caloric on the just and on the unjust without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude. Long years ago in my schoolboy days I was required to translate into limpid English the Satires of old-time Juvenal written eighteen hundred years ago. One day there came into my lesson the phrase "Julius ardet," and not being a mind reader and having no convenient opportunity of conferring with the old Roman Satirist as to what he intended to say, I rendered it "Julius burns." My teacher kindly informed me that the proper translation was, "July is hot." And it has been hot through all these vanishing centuries, too hot indeed to be digging at the roots of old family trees. I know however that Henry D. had a brother Edmund, a sister who married Ruddell and probably one who became the wife of a McCall. He married Harriet, daughter of Elisha Anderson, Jr., built a summer home at Brothersville and occupied it as late as 1860, and possibly through the years of war. Only one child came to them, a son John, who was for a time my schoolmate. His hearing and his speech were both defective and he was never able to articulate distinctly. He always called me "Water Lye" tho' I do not know that he spelled his version of my surname precisely that way.

Henry D. was a man of large, muscular build and a practical joker of no mean distinction as the following incident will show.

The 4th of July celebration held in Brothersville in 1860 had as one of its features an elaborate basket dinner furnished by the hospitable ladies of the community and to which every attendant upon the exercises was an invited guest. While Mrs. Greenwood was preparing her contributory share to this feast, Henry D. gathered a supply of green persimmons and

instructed his good wife to convert them into a pie without the aid of a single grain of sugar, or a single drop of flavoring of any kind whatsoever. To such of my readers as may be unfamiliar with the personal habits of the festive persimmon, that never loses its acrid, astringent flavor until sweetened by the alchemy of the Winter frosts, the following stories may be educational. Gen. Jubal Early riding in rear of his army corps at a stage of the war when the Confederate Commissary department was in a semi state of collapse, spied a straggler from his command partially hidden in the spreading branches of a tree that stood by the roadside. "What are you doing up that tree?" the General sternly asked. "Drawing my stomach up to the size of my rations by eating green persimmons," the soldier answered, and Early went his way.

A hungry traveler saw beside his pathway a shapely persimmon tree laden with its wealth of emerald fruit and to allay the lonesome feeling in his epigastrium he ate with greedy appetite the pungent pulp, but when his lips began to take on unfamiliar curves he sat him down to meditate with sorrow on the aftermath. Another traveler passing by and noting the puckered mouth said to him, "My friend are you trying to whistle?" And the sufferer replied, "Whithle nothin, I'm pithened."

And so amid the tempting dishes that graced the menu on that long gone July day there lay the Greenwood persimmon pie wearing upon its flaky crust no sign to indicate the sorrow that lay beneath. I do not now recall how many of the guests were taken in by its outward and seeming innocence, but I know that Judge John W. Carswell was among them. Frequent allusions to it during the after dinner hours fretted the Judge's nerves a little and when a boy attempted to twit him he said, "I ate the pie but I do not care for every whipper snapper on the ground to joke me about it," and this unsavory triumph of the culinary art became only a chastened memory.

After the war the Greenwoods remained on their Burke plantation and their Brothersville home passed into other hands. My friend John, I think, was never married and this special branch of the Greenwood family is probably extinct.

SEABORN AUGUSTUS JONES.

The blood of the Jones tribe tinged so thoroughly the strain and lineage of our community that Jonesville might properly have been added as an "alias" to its title. Four of its old time homes were presided over by charming matrons, who had borne before their marriage the name of Jones. One of its clever residents married a widow Jones. My grandwother, Martha Jones Walker, one of its earliest settlers, was the grandchild of William Jones who married Mary Jones, and in the early '50s the family of Seaborn Augustus Jones purchased the home of Moses P. Green and became residents of the village.

In 1725 there died in Petersburg, Va., a Peter Jones, who was the ancient sire of all this goodly tribe. He must have been a man of some note, for Petersburg was named in his honor. He had the further distinction of being known as "Sweat House Peter," having acquired that title by reason of the fact that he builded and owned the only "sweat house" in his community for the curing of his own and his neighbors' crops of tobacco. He was also somewhat as to lineage, his father Abram being the son of Richard Jones of Wales, who married Lady Jeffries.

This Peter of Petersburg and sweat house fame had a son bearing the same name and Peter the Second had three sons. Abram, Henry and William, who migrated to Georgia in ante Revolutionary days, located in Burke County and became the progenitors of the numerous Jones contingent in this and other sections of the State. William Jones lived near the present site of Story's Mill and was its original builder and owner. The Jones tribe before or after their advent in Georgia developed two marked characteristics, first for marrying their kinsfolk and second for giving their male progeny the name of Seaborn. I have been informed that the original owner of the name was born at sea—was literally sea-born, but if he was a scion of this particular Jones tree he must have lived, as the rural preacher said of Moses, "away back in the fu-char." for this section failed to hold a sea among its material assets.

GEORGIA.

By his Excellency JARED IRWIN, Governor
and Commander in Chief in and over the said
State.

To Batt Jones Esq. GREETING.

Recd. 1775
BY virtue of the power and authority in me vested by an Act of the
General Assembly of the State aforesaid, passed the twenty-second
day of February, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six, I DO
HEREBY commissionate you the said *Batt Jones* —
one of the Judges of the Inferior Court for the county of *Burke*
in the said State.

You are therefore hereby authorised and required to do and perform all
and singular the duties incumbent on you as a Judge of the said Court,
according to law and the trust reposed in you.

GIVE N under my Hand and Seal, at the State-House in Louis-
ville, this twenty third Day of *May*
Anno Dom. one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six; and in the
twentieth Year of American Independence.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

COMMISSION OF BATT JONES—1775.

But the Seaborns came all the same and came with the variations. Sometimes it was Seaborn Augustus and then Augustus Seaborn, sometimes Seaborn Henry and sometimes Henry Seaborn, as in the case of the present Col. Henry Seaborn Jones of Hephzibah, who will receive further notice in these records as the untiring, unexcelled and unpaid agent of the Hephzibah Express.

And they married and intermarried. Abram Jones married Martha Jones and James, their son, married another Jones, and Seaborn son of James married Margaret Jones. William brother of Abram married Mary Jones and their daughter Mary, my great grandmother, not finding a Jones exactly to her taste, married a relative, Daniel Evans, for the Jones and Evans blood had mingled in Virginia. William, Jr., son of William, married two sisters of Daniel Evans, and Thomas, son of William, married another sister of Daniel. In evidence of this general family tendency, Col. Henry S. Jones is descended from two of the brothers, Abram and Henry, and his bright little son Willie Henry Jones includes in his ancestral lineage the full trio, Abram, Henry and William, as do also the children of my two brothers Samuel and Edward. In further evidence of the Jones strain in the community, Nancy Jones, daughter of William, Jr., and Mary and granddaughter of William, Sr., who married Samuel Bugg and afterwards Alexander Kennedy lived at "Goshen," which while not known as a Brothersville home was only a mile away.

Aside from the characteristics named above, this goodly race has been notable in other ways. John J. Jones, descendant of Abram, served as a member of Congress in the later '50s, and for long years was the foremost citizen of his county. Col. A. C. Walker and Gen. Reuben W. Carswell, descendants of William Jones, were both tendered Congressional honors and both declined. John A. Jones served for one or more terms as State Treasurer. Seaborn Jones of Columbus was one of its leading lawyers, and Seaborn Jones of Augusta is named by its historian, Col. C. C. Jones, as one of its most prominent and influential citizens. Many of them have gone to the Legislature some of them possibly to jail or other place

of equal honor and distinction, but according to the statement of a prominent member of the tribe made in the presence of the writer "only one of the name has ever gone to the dogs."

The Seaborn Augustus Jones of this sketch was the son of Thomas and grandson of Abram Jones. He was never himself a resident of Brothersville save for a year or less as an inmate of the home of James Madison Reynolds, but his family soon after his death in the early '50s, purchased and occupied the Moses P. Green home and remained there for some years after the war. He was married to Maria Law and as a result of their marriage there were two daughters, Mary, who became the wife of Wm. H. Chew, and Ida, who married Philip Jones. There were also two sons, Thomas and Seaborn Augustus, both of whom died in early manhood unmarried. The oldest daughter Mary, or Mollie as she was more generally known, died some years ago leaving two sons, Benjamin and Hull, and a daughter, Ruth, who is living with her husband in New Jersey. Ida and her children, George, Seaborn, Sydney (Renfroe) and Ruth, are living in Burke County.

They were both charming girls, lovable women, and I entertained for them both a very warm and tender esteem. Writing of them today there comes back to me a quaint remark made by the elder sister when she was only a girl and almost a child. Some allusion had been made in her presence to another girl, who had developed symptoms of affectation, of seeming to be what she was not, and my young friend Mollie said, "I would rather be natural if I have to be a natural fool."

Seabie the youngest child was a partial cripple from early boyhood and died when less than thirty years of age, but a more perfect gentleman I have never known. Honor, manliness, truth, gentleness, were written in every lineament of his face and his unfailing courtesy lingered even as his waning footfall touched the border land. I sat by his bedside when only a few hours of life were left to him, when even whispered

speech was labored and yet there was no loving service that his sister's willing hands could render that failed to bring from his whitening lips a grateful "Thank you sister." Before his health had failed him he attended with me once a Methodist District Conference at Thomson, Ga. During the session I was invited by a friend to spend the night at his home some miles away from the town. Before leaving I presented my friend Seabie to a young lady resident and asked her to look after him in my absence. Another friend standing by said, "You are wasting words—that boy can run his face anywhere in the world," and few faces have had better right to such a tribute.

The old home has failed to feel the pressure of its owners' footsteps for many a year and was recently sold to J. E. Roberson of Augusta.

* * * *

In connection with the Jones home it is only proper that another inmate should find a place in these records. She was a niece of Mrs. Jones and her name was Kate C. Wakelee. She was a Northerner by birth but came South about 1850 to make her home with her aunt. She was a woman of culture and of marked literary talent, contributing frequently and acceptably both to the Augusta and Waynesboro press. Two of her literary efforts adorn the pages of an old scrap book now in my possession. In the later '50s she had written for the Waynesboro News a sparkling pen picture in verse of a number of prominent young men, who were residents of Waynesboro or other sections of Burke County and giving to each a soubriquet suggested by some personal characteristic of the party referred to. One of the victims to whom the title of "Bank Bill" had been applied, responded in rather sarcastic vein and the

following extracts constitute the opening and closing lines of her reply.

"Dear 'Bank Bill' I'm worried and puzzled tonight;
'Tis hard to be blamed when the heart is all-right;
I thought with sly mischief to tease a few friends
And then by acknowledging all make amends,
But I find some are wounded, who never were meant,
A misprint has thwarted the kindest intent,
So with errors of printing and errors of guessing
I'm in a dilemma that's almost distressing.

* * * *

I wait a true penitent, am I forgiven?
Each penitent tear is a pure pearl in Heaven.
With this "buenos noche" dear Mr. "Bank Bill,"
Pleasant dreams, happy wakings.

Melanie Maxwell."

After the first Battle of Manassas she wrote a very pretty tribute in verse to the memory of Gen. Francis S. Bartow, which was published in the Augusta Constitutionalist. She also secured a prize offered by the Field and Fireside for the best story written for its columns.

She was a teacher by profession and an optimist by nature. She never seemed to see the dark side of anything or anybody. I knew her for a long time and I cannot recall a single instance in which she spoke uncharitably or disparagingly of any human being. She was always bright and witty and a charming correspondent. Her last years were spent at the home of her cousin, Mrs. Ida Jones, and her death was a very sad one. Sitting in her room some years ago before a glowing fire and busied with pen and paper, her dress became in some way ignited and before aid could reach her she was fatally burned.

REV. J. H. T. KILPATRICK.

Was born in Iredell County, North Carolina, July 24, 1788, migrated to Louisiana in early manhood, taught in one of the State schools for a time and fought as a soldier under Andrew Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8, 1815. He married a Miss Tanner in that State by whom he had one son, Robert T., who became a physician of some distinction. In 1822 he came to Georgia, located in Burke County and chose as his second wife Harriet Eliza, daughter of Batt Jones and granddaughter of Abram Jones. By this marriage there came to him two sons, Washington L. and James H., and three daughters, Eliza, who was married to Matthew J. Carswell, Mary who became the wife of J. Frank Carswell, and Sarah who married Rev. Wm. H. Davis. In 1831 or '32 he began to spend his summers at Brothersville, occupying a residence near the "Miller Spring," and probably the former home of Elisha Anderson, Sr. In 1834 he made the village his permanent place of residence, building his home on the site where his remaining years were spent and where he died Jan. 9, 1869.

Like Zaccheus of the old Jewish days, Father Kilpatrick, as he was familiarly termed in his later years, was low of stature, but a man of strong mental gifts, broad culture and earnest consecrated spirit. Few families in Georgia have wielded a stronger and wider influence for good than he and his two able and devoted sons, and no trio of the same name and blood have done perhaps so much to spread the special tenets of their own religious faith as they.

Like many other preachers of his day, he never grew weary in well doing either in sermon or prayer.

The following story came to me long years ago, but I am unable from personal knowledge to vouch for its unembellished truthfulness. One evening at the family service of prayer one of his daughters, then a little girl, fell asleep while on her knees. When she awoke the petition to a throne of grace was still unfinished and turning to her sister kneeling at her side she whispered, "How far has he gotten?" and when

the low toned answer "Just to Jerusalem," fell on her ears she said, "I'll have time to finish my nap then," and her sleepy eyes wandered again into dreamland.

In boyhood and in manhood I was thrown into more intimate association with Rev. Washington L. Kilpatrick than marked my personal knowledge of his father and younger brother. For three years he was my teacher at the old Brothersville Academy and for whatever measure of knowledge I may have been able to garner into my boyish brain I am largely indebted to his patient and skillful tutelage. I have always felt and feel today that few men in Georgia, or out of it, have ever been gifted with fuller equipment mentally and temperamentally for successful labor in the schoolroom than was he. Indeed his aptitude to teach and his power of illustration as he stood before his classes, fell nothing short of genius. As a preacher he was able, earnest and successful and as a pastor no man was more beloved. In our last interview not long before his death, he took my father as his theme and in warm and loving words he paid a glowing tribute to his purity as a Christian, his usefulness as a man and to his constant, unremitting faithfulness in every field of duty. His kindly words are lingering with me yet and I am sure that his own radiant life, that even then was rounding to its close, had won in fullest measure through all his years the tribute that his kindly lips were paying to another.

He was twice married, first to Sarah Shick of Savannah and last to Emma Hudson of Brothersville.

His surviving children by his first marriage are George P. of Waynesboro, Lizzie (Hunter) of Decatur, Ga., Henry H. of Burke County, Sarah (Hamilton) of Grovetown, Ga., Eliza (Gaffney) of LaGrange, Ga., and by his second, Dr. Andrew J. of Augusta, Ruth (Landsdell) of Laramie, Wyo., Emma G. and Derrelle D. of Hephzibah, Ga.

Rev. James H., the younger son, left Brothersville in my boyhood to take up his residence at White Plains, Greene County. He shared his father's and brother's talent and for

fifty years and more he filled large space in the labor and councils of the Baptist Church in Georgia. His retention of a single pastorate for more than half a century attest his merit and his faithfulness. So far as the writer knows, this record has no duplicate in any pastoral charge in any denomination in Georgia. The sisters, Mary and Eliza Carswell and Sarah Davis, did not figure so prominently in the public eye as did their father and brothers, but they married well, lived well, died well, and their gentle, generous lives have found reincarnation in their children, who from many sections in this and other States "rise up and call them blessed."

Rev. James H. Kilpatrick married first Cornelia Hall of Greene County, and his surviving children by this marriage are Hugh, who occupies a position on the Judicial bench in Texas, and James, who is a professor in some institution of learning. He married last Edna Heard of Augusta, Ga., and four children of this union survive, Heard, Professor in Columbia University, N. Y., Sarah (Jenkins), Helen and Howard. He died during the present year, 1908, at the age of 75.

The Kilpatrick home was twice burned, once in 1869 and once at an earlier date. It was rebuilt in the later year by Matthew J. Carswell and was owned by his children until 1904, when it passed into the possession of the writer.

ROBERT MALONE.

Of this old-time resident I know nothing personally, for the reason that he died during my childhood or at an earlier date. He merchandised both in Augusta and Savannah and in the '30s of the last century he built a summer home at Brothersville, which after his death his family occupied permanently. This home he beautified with a long avenue of cone shaped cedars stretching away from its front, while the yards surrounding the residence were all aglow with blooming flowers of every tint and hue. A tall white pine planted by his hand is standing today near the old dwelling.

He married Nancy Rutherford of Sandersville, Ga., and there were born to them two sons, James F. and William T., and three daughters, Laura (Mongin), Andicce (Pierce), and Fannie Henry (Varner). James F. practiced law for a short time in Augusta but abandoned the profession and devoted himself to his planting interest in Burke County. He married Nellie Hill and two of his children, Annie (Tarver) and Kate, now live in Augusta, while another daughter Marion (Holley), is a resident of Birmingham, Alabama. I had the privilege of hearing James F., in a temperance address at the Brothersville Academy in my boyhood, and later in a political speech at a Breckinridge and Lane meeting in the Presidential campaign of 1860. He was a man of engaging address and a fluent and graceful speaker.

On the latter occasion Toombs was expected but failed to show up and Jno. J. Jones, Jno. D. Ashton and James F. Malone occupied the morning hours. He died at his country home in comparatively early manhood.

William T. married Mary J. Evans, and there came to them three sons, Thomas, Robert and William, and two daughters, Fannie (Burton) and Mamie (Hatch).

In my boyhood he began the study of medicine in my father's office, but his strong aversion to scenes of pain caused him to abandon his purpose of entering the medical profession. During his early manhood he played very sweetly on the violin and the old-time serenades with which he and Jonie Reynolds and Bob Murphey and the Turknett boys enlivened

the midnight Summer hours were very much enjoyed. After entering the communion of the Methodist Church, he laid aside the instrument and would never strike its mellow chords again. One day he came to my father's home and my brother brought out his violin and asked him to play "Home Sweet Home." He took the instrument in his hands, tuned it perfectly and then laid it on the table without drawing from its sleeping strings a single note.

He served under Gen. Wheeler and was killed in an engagement with Kilpatrick's cavalry near Waynesboro, Ga., in the winter of '64 and I am sure no better, purer man fell under the Southern flag. A majority if not all of his descendants are living at Bartow, Tennille and other sections of Jefferson County.

Andicce Malone was married to Rev. Thomas F. Pierce, an eloquent and distinguished Methodist minister, whose effective service as a pastor and Presiding Elder lasted for more than fifty years. Three daughters were born of their union, Foster (Thornton), Mattie and Kate (Williams).

A lady friend has recently told me that their mother was conceded to be the prettiest woman who attended the ball given to Henry Clay on his visit to Augusta in March 1844, and she probably tripped the light fantastic toe with the great Commoner on that occasion.

Fannie Henry was married to Samuel D. Varner and her daughter, Jennie (Newsome), and her children are now living at Decatur, Ga.

In 1850 a Division of the Sons of Temperance was organized in Brothersville and steps were taken to erect a hall or temple for their use. In this work Fannie Henry, then unmarried, rendered very active and efficient service.

She organized a Fair at the Brothersville Academy, the proceeds of which went to the building fund, and her labors in its behalf were untiring and unremitting. A site for the building was donated by my father and the hall was completed and dedicated in 1851. Nelson W. Murphey was marshal of the day, Rev. J. H. T. Kilpatrick, Sr., made the opening prayer, L. D. Lallerstedt, of Augusta, installed the officers

and Rev. W. G. Conner, Pastor of St. John Church, delivered an able and eloquent address. During the exercises, in grateful recognition of the valuable aid of their fair friend, the Division through Rev. W. L. Kilpatrick presented to her a handsome Bible.

But the energies of this charming representative of the Malone name were not confined to the erection of Temperance Halls. She possessed marked literary talent and the files of the religious press of that day would show many contributions in verse from her gifted and rhythmic pen. Five of these poems have been preserved on the pages of the scrap book already referred to and the following brief extracts are taken from them. The opening stanzas of a poem entitled "Pere Le Chaise" read as follows:

"Here rest the dead, their silent sleep
Unbroken by life's busy dream,
No more through their cold bosoms sweep
The current of it's ruby stream.

No more times' faintly sounding shore
Heaves up before their sightless eyes,
Their wearid hearts are tossed no more
By vain ambitious burning sighs."

The following stanzas are taken from a poem based upon the Psalmists prayer, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove."

"Oh for thy wings sweet dove,
With sunlight floating o'er thy peaceful breast,
That with them I might flee away
And be at rest.

But I must linger here,
Till life's fast waning lamp shall cease to burn,
And mourn with bitter tears the dust
In memory's urn.

Yet, Father, hear me now,
And grant when nature yields the painful strife,
To waft my spirit home and give
Eternal life."

All of these poems show practically faultless rhythm, and breathe in every line a devotional spirit of the purest type.

* * * *

The Malone home was occupied for a time after the war by the family of William T., but was later exchanged for a residence and farm near Bartow, Ga. The building still stands but it is only a semblance of its former selft.

JOHN D. MONGIN,

Belonged to an old South Carolina family cultured and courtly, and wearing in their blood the traditional courtesy and courage of their Palmetto lineage. One of the tribe had faced the muzzle of a rifle on the dueling ground, but with what result I do not now recall. John D. came to Georgia probably in the early '30s, married Laura, daughter of Robert Malone, and built a home not far away from the Malone residence. Three daughters came of this union, Laura (Reynolds), Mary Astrepia (Redding) and Fannie. There were also four boys, Daniel William, Robert Malone, John and Albert. The two older boys were my school mates and Daniel William was my comrade for a time in the 1st Ga. Regiment.

John D. was fond of a good horse and always kept a fast roadster for his personal use. Driving to Augusta one day, he chanced to strike the Louisville Road immediately in front of his neighbor, Rev. J. H. T. Kilpatrick, who was holding loose rein over an uncomely sorrel, that belonged apparently to the "Plug" variety. John D. chatted pleasantly with the minister for a time and then with a courtly bow said to him, "I want to reach the city at an early hour today and I trust therefore that you will excuse me for driving on." Rev. J. H. T. nodded acquiescence and John D.'s fast roadster was given the reins. After trotting at good speed for a mile or two he turned to see how far he had distanced his companion and found to his surprise that he could lay his hand on the homely sorrel's nose. Chagrined a little by the result, he took the whip from the socket and gradually increased the speed of his horse until in modern vernacular he was doing his "levelest best," and still

the sorrel was not a length behind. John D. finally gave up the effort, having become satisfied that while his steed's ungainly competitor was, in the language of Bishop Marvin, "not much on looks," he had a "get there" attribute in his make up that made amends for his plebeian appearance.

In the Fall of 1860 the Mongin home was sold to Wm. T. Timmerman, a native of South Carolina who had merchandised in Augusta for a time as a member of the clothing firm of Hora, Wise & Co. The Hall of the Sons of Temperance, after suspension of that Order, had been converted into a dwelling and this was occupied for some years by the Mongin family. In one of the early years following the war they removed to a rice plantation near Savannah, and my information is that none of them now survive save Mary Astrepia, who had married a second time and was living some years ago near Midville, Ga.

John D. attended in his boyhood the Citadel Academy in Charleston and my first acquaintance with the science of war was made under his tutelage in the Spring of '61 on the ground of the old Brothersville Academy. Daniel William married a Miss Anthony of Augusta but of the other matrimonial alliances made by the younger children I have no information.

* * * *

Wm. T. Timmerman and his family went into the Mongin home in January, 1861, and were therefore ante-bellum residents of Brothersville for only a little while, but their intelligence, high standard of morals, and charming social qualities fitted them into our rural village groove most delightfully. William T. had married Mrs. Martha Dobey of Edgefield County, S. C., one of the most lovable women I have ever known, and there came with them to their new home three children of her former union, Mary K., Sarah C., and Elbert, with two sons and two daughters of her later marriage, Joseph A., George W., Maria and Mattie. Some years later a third daughter, Lula, was born to them. The home was occupied by the family until its loss by fire in one of the early years following the war. After a temporary residence in the Brothersville Parsonage and the Temperance Hall building

Wm. T., bought the old Robert Evans home that lay in the outskirts of our village, and here after some years he died. He had served gallantly as a Confederate officer and when in the days of Reconstruction it was thought advisable as a precautionary measure to establish a military organization in the community for the protection of person and property he was made its commander. If necessity had arisen we would probably have bloomed out as a regular branch of the Klu Klux Klan and I am sure that our commander's Carolina blood would have made effective use of our white gowned organization. After his death his widow spent her remaining years in Augusta.

Sarah C. Dobey was married to the late Edmund T. Murphey and Joseph A., entered the Methodist ministry and is now an honored and able member of the North Georgia Conference. My genial friend Mary K., is at this writng an inmate of her sister's home and when we meet she never fails to give me a courteous invitation to call, and in the recent past has rarely failed to be "out" when I complied with the request. I scarcely think, however, that this was due to any mental telepathy that gave her premonition of my coming. George W., is also a resident of Augusta while the younger girls have married and are living in South Carolina.

"Thus endeth the second lesson" in the story of "Ellerslie" the old time Mongin home.

ALEXANDER MURPHEY.

This old-time resident has already received recognition in the write up of his father, Edmund Murphey, and not much is left to be added. He was a man of large body, large soul, large family and owned a large wife, a large house and a large plantation. His Brothersville home was a sort of double barreled affair, two houses in one. This arrangement was probably necessitated by the fact that when his last marriage occurred, both he and his wife included among their personal assets a goodly batch of children, who had come to them through former matrimonial alliances and an apartment house had to be provided for their accommodation. This segregating policy may have been adopted also to prevent their respective olive plants from marrying each other, but if so it failed very signally as has heretofore been recorded, of accomplishing that purposes. "Uncle Aleck" had also a large fund of humor to which he sometimes gave play at his own expense.

Southern planters in those old days were accustomed to entertaining their guests by giving them a ride over their crops. I have been told that Uncle Aleck had phenomenal tact and talent for so arranging the ride or drive as to let his visitor's eyes rest admiringly on every blooming, luxuriant field of corn and cotton through all his broad acres but never letting them fall on any that gave a promise of inferior yield.

He died long years ago and while a man of rather unusual girth, few waistbands I am sure have held within their circling limits a larger store of human kindness and genuine homely grace.

The Murphey home was sold to John S. Byne and occupied by his family for some years following the war. It was burned many years ago and was never rebuilt. The land is now owned by David S. Holmes.

JAMES MADISON REYNOLDS.

The Reynolds home faced the Walker's Bridge Road and stood about midway between the residences of William Evans and Moses P. Green, the latter being known later as the Jones Place. It was built in 1837 and occupied from that year by the Reynolds family as a summer residence. The enclosed yard was shaded by shapely water oaks and with its broad grove extending to the public highway it became one of the most attractive homes in the community. Its owner James Madison Reynolds was the son of Joseph, who belonged to a Revolutionary family in Maryland and who had married Eugenia Heyser of Hagerstown in that State. William Heyser father of Eugenia established the first bank in Hagerstown eighty years or more ago, and this institution is still in existence. Joseph Reynolds migrated to Georgia in the early years of the last century and after his death Eugenia, his widow, was married to Judge Atton Pemberton. James Madison married Mary Ann daughter of Thomas who was the youngest child of Abram Jones. By this marriage there came to them three sons, Robert A., who married Laura daughter of John D. Mongin, J. Jones, who married first Rosa V. and afterwards Lizzie W. both daughters of James Anderson, Sr., and John W. who married Mary, daughter of Judge Joseph A. Shewmake of Burke County. Two daughters were also born of this marriage, Eugenia H. (Rushing) and Lila J. (Jones). Of the surviving children, John W. with his wife and children, Hon. Joseph S., Julius and Lila (Reynolds), are living in Augusta. Eugenia (Rushing) and daughters, Susie May (Dreger) and Lila, are living in Atlanta, and Lila (Jones) and children, Franz A. and Annie are residents of Augusta, Ga. Robert A. lived for a time at the home built by William Barnes but after the war moved with John D. Mongin to the coast near Savannah and died there many years ago. J. Jones died in Waynesboro where his widow and son Joseph now live, the other surviving son, Foster P., being a resident of Hephzibah. James Madison owned large planting interests in Burke County and was probably the wealthiest citizen in the community. He

was a man of culture and attractive personality but spent most of his time in Burke and I knew little of him personally.

Some days ago his son John W. and I were riding together when he recalled an incident of our boyhood days that he will pardon me for reproducing here. We were schoolmates for a time at the Brothersville Academy and then his father placed him under the tutelage of Columbus C. Richards of Wrightsboro, Ga. During his vacation I spent a night at his home and his good mother at the evening meal gave me the first cup of chocolate my lips had ever tasted, while John was kind enough to read to me a poem that he said he had written for recitation at the closing exercises of the school. Its rhythm did not suggest either Byron or Moore, Longfellow or Poe as its author, but it jingled well and my boyish heart could but envy his ability to woo the muse so successfully. A little later I saw the poem in published form but failed to find my friend accredited as its author. I saw it again and again and his name was always missing and then there dawned upon me reluctantly the conviction that I had been the victim of misplaced confidence.

Many years ago, like many other undistinguished Americans, I played the role of a rural pedagogue. One day while engaged in this pleasant pastime a little pupil showed me a selection he had made for declamation on the following Friday. He seemed to think it a literary gem that had probably never before charmed my mental vision, but when I had read its opening lines,

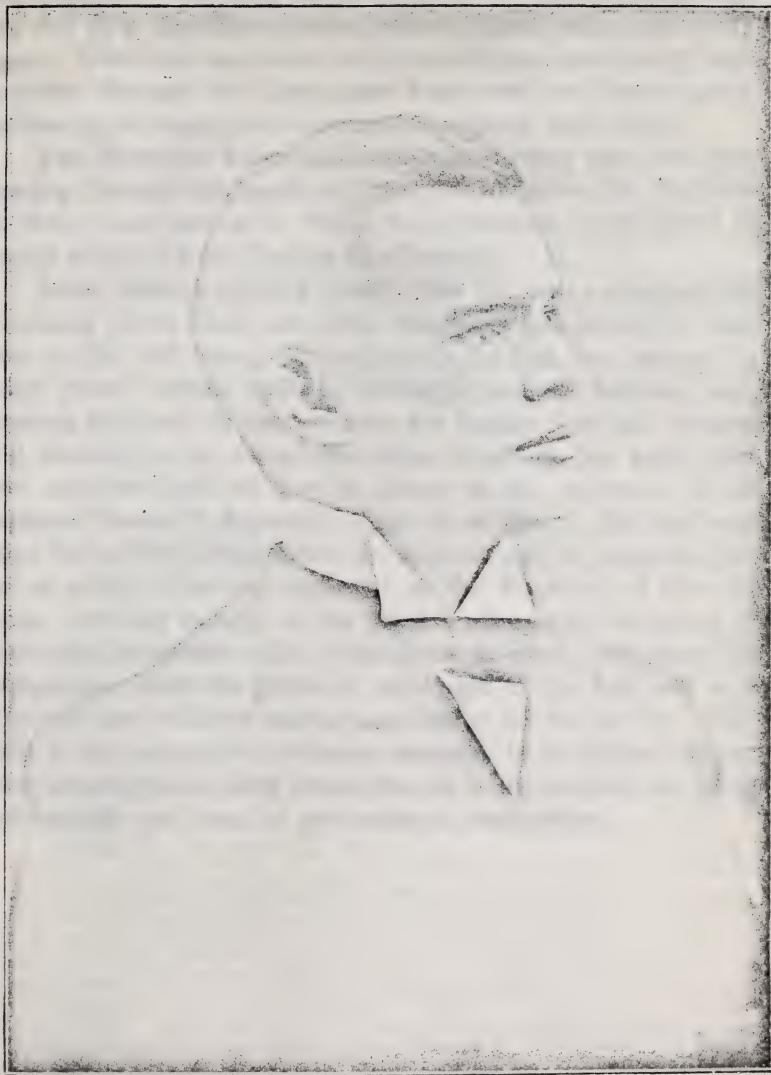
"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,"

I was prepared to assure him that I had not only met it somewhere in my travels, but had a speaking acquaintance with it.

And so it may be that the readers eye has chanced to fall some time in life upon the early rhythmic offspring of my long time friend John W. which jingles thusly,

" 'Twas the night before Christmas, all over the house.
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

or words to that effect.



HON. JOSEPH S. REYNOLDS,
Grand Son of James Madison Reynolds.

Ah well, John and I were both boys then and little boys at that and I am glad to say that his reformation was early and complete. He hung his harp upon the willows, abandoned the role of a poet laureate and never played on my credulity again. When we meet now our memories and our lips go back together through the long gone years and our hearts grow mellow as our feet grow bare and suntanned once again.

The Reynolds home was sold many years ago and after passing through the hands of Amos W. Wiggins, Dr. Baldwin B. Miller, and Samuel G. Story, Sr., it became the property in recent years of Rev. Charles M. Carswell.

Some months ago my friend John W. was surveying the adjoining Jones place and when the work was ended he rode over to the old home, whose portals he had not entered in forty years. After walking through the old familiar hall, feasting his eyes on the grounds his boyish feet had pressed and naming to its owner the room in which his baby eyes first saw the light of day he drove to the residence of his nephew, Foster P. Reynolds, a mile or so away. He had been there but a little while when his nephew saw an ominous pillar of smoke climbing skyward in the direction of the old home. Driving rapidly to the place he found the dwelling in flames and in a little while it had gone to ashes. No plausible explanation could be given of the origin of the fire, and so I offer one here without making any charge for the service. Possibly in the warmth of welcome extended to its former inmate after an absence of forty years, the old home overdid the thing and brought on a case of spontaneous combustion.

ABSALOM W. RHODES.

The family record of this old-time citizen has been given in the sketch of his father, Lewis Rhodes, but the personality of Absalom W. deserves some additional notice. He was one of the indispensables in the community, having served simultaneously and effectively as Postmaster, mail carrier, private express agent and general utility man for a long, long, time. In addition to these more public duties he was always ready through some process of conjuration to remove the unsightly excrescences known technically and anatomically as hypertrophied cutaneous papillae from hands shapely or unshapely and to do so without fee or reward pecuniary or otherwise. If the reader fails to recognize as old acquaintances the individuals named above I do not mind saying to him that they are known to the unprofessional mind as warts. How my old friend Absalom W., or any other claimant of this mysterious art, managed to accomplish the result with the simple means employed has always been to me an unsolved problem. He was a man of some peculiarities and one of these was his aversion to calling his friends by their names. In my earlier years it was his habit to address me as "Steamboat." Whether he gave me this title as a pet name or for the reason that steam and I were rather antipodal in our general characteristics or because the name was easy of pronunciation I have never known. He was also something of a humorist or he would not have told me the following story. During one of his semi-weekly trips to Augusta for the village mail he saw his friend John Trader lying in the shade near his growing corn. Thinking that he might be ill Absalom W. made some inquiry and received in response, "O, I am simply 'laying by' my crop."

His usefulness to the community may be shown by a single illustration. During my boyhood John Anderson, son of James, and then in early manhood was stricken with fatal lung trouble and went to Tampa, Fla., hoping its sunny skies and unchilled air would bring health again to his wasted form. He died there and as no railway line tapped the southern section of the State, Absalom W. drove by private conveyance from his

home in Brothersville to Tampa and brought the young man's remains to his old home for interment in the family burying ground. He and his good wife lived to extreme old age and the Rhodes home remained in possession of his children until a few months ago when after sheltering four generations of the name and remaining a family heritage for a hundred years it passed into other hands.

A BROTHERSVILLE HOME COMING.

It seems a little strange that the honor of inaugurating the "Home Coming" movement in Georgia should be due to a little rural community nestled away in rustic seclusion amid the sylvan shades and pine laden air of Richmond County, and yet the old-time village of Brothersville, whose name and fame have largely faded from the minds of men, merits that distinction.

This social reunion of its ante-bellum residents, this happy renaissance of the Old South, was scheduled to begin Oct. 21, 1903, and the invitations closed with these words: "Come and let us renew around the old hearthstones the tender grace of a day that is dead."

On that red letter day these wanderers from the scenes of their early years came back from Macon and Midville, from Waynesboro and Augusta, and from other sections to receive glad and gracious welcome at the home of Samuel R. Clark, the old-time home of Dr. Samuel B. Clark, builded in 1848 and dedicated to God and to Christian fatherhood and motherhood in the infancy of its home life by a special religious service, a home on whose time honored walls there have rested for sixty years "the dews of Zion and the smile of God."

Through all the years of absence their hearts had turned back lovingly to the old village and to the fair familiar grounds their childish feet had trod. And as they looked into each others faces once again, as they clasped hands around the old hearthstone and renewed the goodly fellowship of other days, the joy and gladness of their meeting and the mellowed tenderness of their intercourse through all their stay together

seemed like a breath from Heaven. As they revived the old-time friendships and recalled the tender memories of the long ago, their hearts grew young again, "the sere and yellow leaf" took on a tinge of green and they forgot for a time at least that for them all there were "silver threads among the gold."

They rode to the old school ground where they had romped and played in childhood and if the foot-worn pathway to the spring had not been covered by the plowshares cruel touch they would have quaffed again the limpid waters that quenched their childish thirst. They visited the old post office, that in bygone years had been their Mecca on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and Miss Addie Gresham forgetting that forty years had passed asked for her mail. With bared heads they entered the old church where they had kneeled long years ago and walked with mellowed hearts among the graves of their sainted dead.

As they trod the old familiar paths and talked in tender tones of the long ago, they could but feel with my old friend Joe Lewis, that "it is sweet to lay aside for a time the burdens and cares of later life, to let the spirit of dreaming return, to catch the far-off twinkle of the lights that childhood saw and to revel again in the music gushes that gladdened the morn of life—sweet to feel upon our furrowed brows the breath of unseen wings, the touch of unseen hands, that opened glory's morning gate and poured the light and minstrelsy of Heaven upon our cradles."

Eighteen of the old time residents were present at this Home Coming and the provision for their comfort and entertainment made by their hospitable host seemed absolutely perfect in its appointments, while a kindly Providence smiled on them in their gladness in three bright and balmy Indian Summer days. Among the invited guests were three of their old time slaves on whose heads had fallen the frosts of more than seventy winters. They were gladly welcomed and entertained, not as social equals it is true, and yet in a way that gladdened their old hearts and brought back many a tender memory of "Marster and Mistiss" in the old, old days.

I cannot believe that larger measure of unalloyed happiness could be compressed into any human hearts than shone in every face at this reunion.

The appointed days sped all too swiftly and when the parting hour had come the goodly company gathered in the spacious parlor for the closing scene. The faithful old-time slaves were given places in the hall, where fifty years before they had joined in the family devotions with their sainted master. The company had thought to sing at parting, "God be with you till we meet again," but their hearts were all too full to give it utterance. One of thier number voiced in simple, earnest prayer their gratitude to God for the blessedness of this reunion, for the Providence that had spared them to renew the tender associations of the hallowed past, for the precious home influences that had blessed their childhood and had lingered in their hearts and lives through all these years and then with quivering lip and broken voice pronounced the old familiar benediction that they had heard from infancy.

With misty eyes the parting hand was given and then they went their ways to meet no more, it may be, this side the sunset, yet carrying with them in their mellowed hearts a warmer friendship for each other, a deeper, fuller trust in God and with it all a bright and shining memory of this glad and sweet renaissance of glorious Auld Lang Syne.

HEPHZIBAH.

Our little town was born October 24, 1870. Rufus B. Bullock, defacto but not de jure Governor, having on that date given his official sanction to an Act of the General Assembly, granting it municipal being with all the powers, rights, privileges, immunities and communities, hereditaments, issues political or otherwise, and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining. In area at least it was a lusty infant at its birth, extending like the spokes of a mammoth wagon wheel, one mile in every direction from the school building as its center or its hub. This wheel arrangement has at least one marked advantage in the fact that it gives the wife of the teacher, who occupies the hub, additional reason and excuse for addressing him as "Hubbie." The town's imaginary boundary, which no engineer, civil or uncivil has ever been required to locate, is of necessity an exact circle and it was possibly given this rounded form for the reason that its residents actual and prospective would be required to act upon the square, and would in this way solve the old unsolved and unsolvable problem of squaring the circle.

ITS NAME.

When the movement to establish a denominational High School within the limits of the Hephzibah Baptist Association culminated in 1860, Brothersville, Ga., was selected as its location. Succeeding and superseding the old Brothersville Academy the School began its opening session in the spring of 1861 and for ten years under the guiding hands of such able and efficient teachers as Vincent T. Sanford, Lincoln L. Veazy, W. L. Kilpatrick, Rev. W. H. Davis and Jas. J. Davis, it grew in honor and in usefulness. To the two original dwellings that stood near the site of the school there had been

added in '62 the home of Rev. W. L. Kilpatrick, in '63 or '64 the home of Berry Farmer now owned by Frank W. Carswell, in '67 the home of J. Frank Carswell and in '69 the home of Rev. William H. Davis, the old-time dwelling of Rev. J. H. T. Kilpatrick after its loss by fire in the last named year having been rebuilt by Matthew J. Carswell. With a growing school and increasing population there came a need for corporate powers and a corporate name. With the school officially located "at Brothersville, Ga.," standing for a decade on Brothersville soil, midway between the old Brothersville homes of Rev. J. H. T. Kilpatrick and Absalom W. Rhodes, both of whom had made liberal donations of land for its benefit, with three old-time Brothersville residents, A. W. Rhodes, Col. Edmund B. Gresham and Dr. Samuel B. Clark in its initial Board of Managers, the first having been Postmaster of the old community through all its history and the last two having controlled the destinies of the old Brothersville Academy and having contributed liberally both in cash and patronage to the new school, it seems a little singular that the old name was not retained.

It was a goodly name, a brotherly name, a name honored and stainless through all its history, a name fragrant with the kindly deeds of a kindly people, a name blessed by the happy memories of an ideal old-time Southern Community, but the old days were gone and the old name has gone with them into the grave of the unreturning past, with never a stone to mark the mound where lies its sleeping dust.

And yet the seeming strangeness will disappear when we consider the reasons that controlled the powers that be in making it. The first was evidently the phenomenal euphony and sweetness of the title given our town. Let the reader repeat a half dozen times the name of Hephzibah and then the

following lines from "Drifting," and he will recognize at once how charmingly alike they are in melody and rhythmic cadence. Hephzibah, Hephzibah, Hephzibah, Hephzibah.

"Today, so mild,
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

I heed not, if
The hippling skiff
Floats swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes,
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

But its euphony is not its only claim to public favor. It has another and I will have to coin a word to name it—its unspellability. Few children, past the kindergarten stage at school, would trip at Brothersville but college graduates stumble and stumble oft at Hephzibah. Even in the official record of the town's incorporation, the published Acts of 1870, the name is not correctly spelled either in the index, the title or the body of the Act. I doubt if twenty-five per cent of those who live beyond its limits can give correctly its orthography. Some years ago I chanced to bear a sort of honorary relationship to the distribution of its mail. The manifold and multiform versions and perversions of the name so impressed me that I began a record of them and in a period of perhaps eighteen months I had a bonafide list of 86 distinct and separate Hephzibahs. In response to a request to furnish something for a

Friday afternoon exercise at the school I wrote the following
verses:

HEPHZIBAH WITH THE VARIATIONS.

Near Georgia's Eastern boundary line,
Embowered in groves of oak and pine,
From city's dust and din remote,
There lies a rural town of note.

Of note we mean not for its size,
Nor wealth that in its coffers lies,
Yet noted still and known to fame
For its peculiar much-spelled name.

It matters little where or when
The place received its cognomen,
No name in old or modern days
Is spelled in half so many ways.

A postal friend whose inclinations
Leads him to note these variations,
Has more than eighty on his list
In which the name was spelled and—missed.

A few of these we quote below
The names capacity to show
With every varied transformation
To stir a mail clerk's indignation.

There's Hepsheber and Hephssibah
With sometimes "h" and sometimes "r"
And Hepicomb and Hexabee
And Hepsibagh with an extra "g."

There's Hepsiville and Hepsebell
And Hepheibal with a single "l"
There's Hephssabeth and Hepsivar
Hephizibel, Hespizibah.

There's Hephisbar, Hepsebia,
Hexpereberville and Hipsibah,
There's Hepsebal, Hepzibui
And Hepbestya knocked into pi.

There's Hepsidar by a son of Ham
That looks a little like Hepsidam,
And Hepsyrbur spelled with a "y"
That beats Bill Arp's orthography.

But space would fail for me to tell
Of each and every awful "spell"
That has attacked our village name
And yet it lives on "all the same."

And now if they will read with care
The Book of Kings and then Isaiah,
The scribbling public near and far
May learn to spell it HEPH-ZI-BAH.

Our town began its corporate life having on the credit side of its municipal ledger seven dwellings and two mercantile emporiums commonly known as "general stores," though hardly of the "Department" type. On October 24th, 1907, it reached its thirty-seventh birthday and as during these years there have been exactly 37 additional residences of the Anglo-Saxon persuasion erected within its limits, it would show an average annual increase of one dwelling per annum. If this rate is maintained through the coming centuries it will not require the talent of a "Philadelphia lawyer" nor the aid of a post-graduate course in higher mathematics to figure out the comforting conclusion that if this old planet of ours can manage to steer clear of "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" for the limited period of ten thousand years our town will by that date have just reached the halfway station on its pathway to the "metropolis" stage of its corporate existence.

My genial and clever friend, Jacob Denning, while on a Masonic visit to our burgh some months ago, casually re-

marked to me, "You have plenty of room for a town out here," and the statement is eminently correct. Our capacity for expansion in a material way is only equalled by our inability to measure up to the opportunities presented. With Augusta, Waynesboro, Blythe, Belair and Gracewood lying from six to eighteen miles away our "open door" for a "Greater Hephzibah" is practically limitless. The gifted and eccentric Rev. W. Watkins Hicks, D. D., in a sermon I chanced to hear long years ago referred in his characteristic way to "the ghost of murdered opportunities," that throng and haunt our pathway from childhood to the grave. And so it may be that in the unfilled spaces that lie along our public thoroughfares and on the gleaming hilltops and through the shaded valleys that form our broad domain as yet uncrowned by home or hearthstone, these weird and wandering phantoms of the unseen world are reveling today. The late Rev. W. L. Kilpatrick, once a loved and honored resident of our town, in a school comedy written more than fifty years ago described Waynesboro, Ga., as being "very pleasantly situated on both sides of the Big Road."

Our little town has improved on its suburban neighbor by locating itself on both sides of two "Big Roads." For fifteen years of its early life its railway connections lay twelve or fifteen miles away, but through the former courtesy of Col. Mitchell, and the present grace of the Southern road, we are bound by ties of steel to Augusta, Gibson, Sandersville, Tennille and all intermediate points, while our "Big Road" connections cover practically the larger part of North America.

Our commercial growth has hardly kept pace with our advancement on other lines, though our mercantile establishments have increased from two general stores to eight business houses conducted on either general or special lines. The old school comedy already referred to, contained the further statement that the commercial activity of old time Waynesboro was confined largely to the sale of "rum and red calico." While our town is probably not amenable to either of the last named charges an analysis of its sales would probably reveal the fact that coca cola was among its leading articles of commerce.

Our public utilities not yet turned over to public ownership are a public gin and saw mill located near the center of the town and as my friend Benjamin Franklin would say the residents of that section "pay rather dearly for the whistle" in the loss of their morning naps.

Our town has not only a corporate name but a corporate government consisting of a board of commissioners, whose sole duty seems to consist in being elected. My old friend and college mate, Syd Lewis, of the Sparta Ishmaelite, once left upon record the statement that the corporate authorities of the town in which he then lived were known as a board of intendants, but that the name was a misnomer, that they should have been called a board of intenders, as they were always intending to do something, but never did it. While our board may not be connected with this old-time corporation by any ties of blood they seem to be related by a sort of mental kinship. Their summer vacation spreads over the entire calendar year. No municipal problems vex their righteous souls. The teeming undergrowth rears its head in tropical luxuriance over the wide expanse of our beautiful Broadway, intercepting the vision and marring materially the charms of its Italian landscape. The emerald grass canonized and glorified by the gifted pen of John J. Ingalls, weaves in the summer sunshine its glistening carpet across our sidewalks, compelling lovelorn swain and maiden to traverse their meandering way in single Indian file. Tortuous gullies seam our footpaths, widening and deepening with every falling rain and no official hand is there to stay them in their course, for the Board is sleeping the sleep of the just with never a thought of the seaming gulf or the green and growing grass.

Our professional assets consist of one attorney at law, two M. D.'s of the Allopathic persuasion, one Homeopathist and one of no particular school of medicine, who engineers a furniture infirmary where chairs, tables and other household goods suffering from nervous or other prostration are nused back to their pristine health and strength. Our sole and single attorney, who is not likely to remain "single" always, varies his professional duties by conducting for the benefit of the

public a private express line on the Augusta Southern road. For a score of years he has carried on this delightfully entertaining work "without the fear of punishment or the slightest hope of reward." A personal witness of his constantly recurring and never-ending trials and tribulations along this line I have felt that his patient endurance of the affliction for all these years deserved some recognition, and I have tried to voice such feeling in the following verses:

THE HEPHZIBAH EXPRESS

I have dealt with the "Southern" and "Adams" too,
But in all the years of a long life through
I have met with none either near or far
Like the daily express to Hephzi-bah.

It has no office of brick or stones
And its only agent is Col. Jones,
Who for possibly twenty years or less
Has run for the public a private express.

On the evening train he sits or stands,
With his patient arms and his patient hands,
While porters are handing him bundles galore,
From millinery, grocery and dry goods store.

"Will you kindly take this package," they say,
"Out to Mrs. B. or Mrs. A?"
And they heap them up till the car seat groans,
All labeled, "In care of Col. Jones."

And the "Col." smiles with a faraway smile,
As he looks at the constantly growing pile,
And thinks of a winter that has no rain,
And a heaven unblessed with a "package" train.

The days may come and the days may go,
But in summer's heat and in winter's snow,
Unless there's a wreck on the curving rails,
The "Package" business never fails.

No fee is charged for the service given,
And he has but one day's rest in seven,
And I wonder sometimes when his work is done
And his final journey has begun,
Who'll take his place on the "Hephzibah run."

And again sometimes I can but fear,
When the summons comes he will seem to hear,
As he launches out on the silent sea,
"Won't you take this package to Heaven for me?"

Ah, well, perhaps in the by and by,
When he lives in the realms beyond the sky,
Of the stars that are given his crown to bless,
One will be labeled "The Jones Express."

Our town like all progressive communities has a suburban resort, whose character and color are possibly influenced by the prevailing denominational tint in our population. It is our natatorium, commonly known as "The Pool" where the nymphs and naiads of the village sport and splash and catch cold and redbugs through the long summer afternoons. The trolley system, through which this resort is rendered accessible, belongs as yet to the domain of what might properly be called "speculation in futures," but a one horse wagon line chaperoned by one of the accommodating matrons of the village furnishes free transportation to visitors and natives alike without regard to educational or property qualifications. When the mercury in the thermometer begins to cultivate a friendly acquaintance with the freezing point and al fresco bathing ceases to be one of the luxuries of life, a walk to the "Chalk Bed" brings the flush of health to the cheeks and weariness to the limbs, but this pastime is confined largely to the "frying size" members of the community. As already intimated we also have a school, around which the town revolves as a sort of horizontal "Ferris Wheel" or "Merry Go Round." It is a high school—two stories and a belfry. In its earlier life it became ambitious and sought through legislative enactment

to become the half of a college, with authority to confer degrees upon its sweet girl graduates but not upon its boys. I chanced through a scarcity in legislative timber to be a member of the General Assembly when this ambition developed and was asked to draft the necessary bill. While doing so, I became puzzled to know what the degree was called. I had never had the privilege or the pleasure of graduating at a female college and I began to make inquiries. I applied first to my friend Hon. Geo. F. Pierce, Jr., whose father for many years had guided the destinies of a female college, but he was unable to enlighten me. I then went to Hon. A. O. Bacon, who had spent his life under the shadow of the Wesleyan Female College at Macon, but he pleaded similar ignorance. I then sought out my friend Hon. Garnett McMillian, a very gifted man, whose early death after his election to Congress gave Benjamin H. Hill the opportunity to enter the National Forum and to floor James G. Blaine on the Andersonville issue. When the inquiry was made Mr. McMillian said, "Well let's see. The first degree in a male college is Bachelor of Arts. By parity of reasoning the first in a female college would be 'Old Maid of Arts.' Try that." But being a bachelor myself, not only of Arts but otherwise at that date and unwilling to lower my rating with the fair sex, I failed to try it.

In evidence of the fact that the pupils of our school do their own thinking and refuse to accept the dictum of any textbook without personal investigation as to its correctness, the following incident is given. Riding many years ago with a primary member of the institution, whose childish intellect had just been brought into maiden contact with the mysteries and miseries of primary Geography he said to me, "There's something in that book I don't understand." "What is it?" I asked. "Well it says that there is three times as much water as there is land, and I don't know how to believe it." And then pausing for a moment with a far-away look in his eyes, he continued, "But if you take papa's mill pond and all the creeks, maybe its true." My little friend has probably found many other mysteries lying along his pathway since that day, but he has a habit of finding some solution and he has grown

up to cultivated, courteous and useful Christian manhood, an honor to the school and the community in which he lives. He has come into personal contact with the "Big Pond" and the little inland lake that turned his father's mill wheel does not cut as much ice nor as much water either as it did in his childish fancy.

Our town has a hotel, which through no fault of its present owner but through some idiosyncrasy of its original projector consists largely of veranda. It is not a "House of Seven Gables" but it is a house of many stories, most of them being of drummer origin.

Of course our town has a postoffice. No progressive municipality could get along very well without that important adjunct to its official machinery. Located in elbow touch with the railway station it is the Mecca towards which the footsteps of our population "without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude" tend at morning and afternoon train-time, some on account of the mail, some on account of the female and some to see the train, which has paid us its daily visits for more than a score of years, but has never lost its interest to our rustic eyes. Our postoffice is presided over by a charming and comely maiden whose official service has been embalmed by some "inglorious Milton" in the following verse:

"And now comes Miss Alva of Post Office fame,
Whose face at the window is a picture in frame,
Whose labors have given her a patience immense,
And whose patrons supply her with plenty of sense (cents)."

Yet I fear when her life work is ended for aye,
And she stands at the gate in the "Sweet Bye and Bye."
St. Peter will say when she wants to go through,
I'm afraid on your life there's some postage that's due."

And now pleasantries aside, we have a real nice town whose rounded limits hold a clever, intelligent, generous and hospitable people. The moral needs of the community are supplied by two handsome village churches, served by able and faithful

pastors. Our school as an educational center of high grade has won a wide reputation in this and adjoining counties and gives promise of added and increased usefulness in the years to come. Crowning an elevated plateau, three hundred feet and more above the level of Augusta, our largest suburb, the ozone in our pure pine-laden air filters through our ancient forest trees bringing the glow of health to pale and fever-wasted life and joy and gladness to the hearts of all. We have as yet no canal, no "water works" and no electric lights save in the bonnie glint and gleam of our fair maiden's eyes. But some day these will come and then we'll stand before the world and say, this is a town.

The goodly men who brought it into being, J. H. T. and W. L. Kilpatrick, William H. and James J. Davis, Matthew J., J., Frank and Dr. E. R. Carswell, and others of their kind, have years ago been laid unto their fathers, but the fragrance of their gentle, generous lives and the influence for good they wrought in this community still lingers in our midst, a living benediction, for truth and virtue and patient loyalty to duty never yet have died.

And now in winding up this little story, this ringing out the old and ringing in the new, this Hail! and Farewell! I do not know that I can give it better or more fitting ending than in the closing words of a little tribute my memory laden pen once tried to pay to old-time Brothersville, my Lost Arcadia, and here they are:

"Since those old days this modern Eden has in the passing years, like all things human, suffered from chance and change. Time the tomb-builder, has not been idle and his remorseless fingers have wrought within its limits some saddening metamorphoses. The old-time worthies, whose manly forms once graced its sylvan shades, have long since gone to dust, and their descendants called by the tyranny of changed conditions to other scenes have scattered far and wide. The fair colonial homes they built and from whose hospitable boards they "scattered plenty o'er a smiling land," are standing yet, but their capacious halls and shaded groves, with few exceptions, now echo to the tread of strangers. The old school ground

that once resounded with the shout and glee of merry boyhood now feels the plough-share's cruel touch, and corn and cotton grow and bloom and fruit and die on soil made sacred by the print of girlish feet. The village church, where they were wont to gather on quiet Sabbath mornings to offer prayer and praise and under whose sacred shadow their dead were laid away, now lifts its spire toward heaven within the precincts of a near-by modern town, while their City of the Dead lies in pathetic solitude save only when its sacred soil is broken to receive another silent tenant to its bosom. Even the soughing pines stirred by the autumn winds yield to the listening ear a sadder music than of yore for change "dark, stern, all pitiless" is written everywhere.

But no cloud is said to float upon the ambient air but has its silver lining, and the picture I have drawn has too its fairer side, its light as well as shadow. Nearby the limits of our pristine village a railway line has laid its shining bars, and from the ashes of the old the new has sprung, for Hephzibah has come and come to stay. The name is not so typical perhaps nor so euphonious as that its predecessor bore, and may be worrying to those who write it because of its phenomenal capacity for being spelled amiss, but barring this misfortune and in spite of it I trust the coming years may find amid its groves of oak and pine, in lieu of that fair Eden we have lost, another Paradise Regained.

(THE END)

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